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Spenser Society

[Publications]

[Nos. 43-44]

THE

# TENNE TRAGEDIES

OF

# SENECA.

TRANSLATED INTO ENGLISH.

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PART I. - II.

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## The Spenser Society.

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THE Volume now issued to the Members of the SPENCER SOCIETY is printed from a beautiful copy in the library of the President. It is thus noticed by the Rev. Thomas Frognall Dibdin, in the fourth volume of the *Typographical Antiquities*:—

“Seneca’s Tragedies, 1581. Quarto. Seneca and His Tenne Tragedies, Translated into English Mercurij nutrices, horæ. Imprinted 1581. In the compartment with his mark at bottom. ‘Dedicated to Sir Thomas Heneage, Knight, Treasurer of her Majesties chamber. From Butley in Cheshyre, 24 Aprill, 1581. Tho. Newton.’ Then, The names of the Tragedies and by whom each of them was translated. Hercules Furens, Thyestes, and Troas, by Jasper Heywood. Oedipus by Alex. Neuile, 1560. Hippolytus, Medea, Agamemnon, Hercules Oetæus by John Studley. Octauia by T. Nuce. Thebais by Tho. Newton. Containes besides 217 leaves.

“This is the first English translation of Seneca’s Tragedies, and as such deserves some particular notice. It is printed in a



small and inelegant gothic letter, except the Octavia, which is in Marshe's usual enlarged and beautiful type. The arguments and choruses are generally in the roman and italic letter. The translation is uniformly in rhyme."

"Seneca's Ten Tragedies were translated at different times and by different poets. The Hippolytus, Medea, Hercules Oetæus, and Agamemnon, were translated by John Studley, educated at Westminster school, and afterwards a scholar of Trinity College in Cambridge. The Hippolytus, which he calls the fourth and most ruthful tragedy; the Medea, in which are some alterations of the chorus, and the Hercules Oetæus, were all first printed in Thomas Newton's collection of 1581, just mentioned. The Agamemnon was first and separately published in 1566, and entitled 'The Eyght Tragedie of Seneca entitled Agamemnon, translated out of Latin into English by John Studley, student in Trinitie college in Cambridge. Imprinted at London in Flete Streete beneath the Conduit at the signe of S. John Evangelyst, by Thomas Colwell, A.D. MDLXVI.'" This little book is exceedingly scarce, and hardly to be found in the choicest libraries of those who collect our poetry in black letter.

"Recommendatory verses are prefixed in praise of our translator's performance. It is dedicated to Secretary Cecil. To the end of the fifth act our translator has added a whole scene, for the purpose of relating the death of Cassandra, the imprisonment of Electra, and the flight of Orestes. Yet these circumstances were all known and told before. The narrator is Eurybates, who in the commencement of the third act had informed Clytemnestra of Agamemnon's return. These efforts, however imperfect or improper, to improve the plot of a drama by a new conduit or contrivance, deserve particular notice at this infancy of our theatrical taste and knowledge. They shew that authors now began to think for themselves, and that they were not always implicitly enslaved to the prescribed letter of their models.

"The Octavia is translated by T. N., or Thomas Nuce, or Newce, a Fellow of Pembroke-hall, in 1562, afterwards Rector of Oxburgh in Norfolk, Beccles, Weston-Market, and Vicar of Gaysley in Suffolk, and at length Prebendary of Ely Cathedral in 1586. This version is for the most part executed in the heroic rhyming couplet. All the rest of the translators have used, except in the chorus, the Alexandrine measure, in which Sternhold and Hopkins rendered the Psalms, perhaps the most unsuitable species of English versification that could have been applied to this purpose. Newce's Octavia was first printed in 1566. He has two very long copies of verses, one in English and the other in Latin, prefixed to the first edition of Studley's Agamemnon in 1566, just mentioned.

"Alexander Nevyle translated, or rather paraphrased, the Oedipus, in the sixteenth year of his age, and in the year 1560, not printed till the year 1581. It is dedicated to Doctor Wootton, a privy counsellor, and his godfather. Notwithstanding the translator's youth, it is by far the most spirited and elegant version in the whole collection, and it is to be regretted that he did not undertake all the rest. He seems to have been persuaded by his friends, who were of the graver sort, that poetry was only one of the lighter accomplishments of a young man, and that it should soon give way to the more weighty pursuits of literature. Nevyle was born in Kent in 1544, and occurs taking a master's degree at Cambridge, with Robert, Earl of Essex, on the sixth day of July, 1581. He was one of the learned men whom Archbishop Parker retained in his family, and at the time of the Archbishop's death, in 1575, was his secretary. He wrote a Latin narrative of the Norfolk Insurrection under Kett, which is dedicated to Archbishop Parker, and was printed in 1575. To this he added a Latin account of Norwich, printed the same year, called *Narvicus*, the plates of which were executed by Lyne and Hogenberg, Archbishop Parker's domestic engravers, in 1574. He published the Cambridge verses on the death of Sir Philip Sydney, which he dedicated to Lord Leicester, in 1587. He

projected an English translation of Livy in 1577. He died in 1614.

"The Hercules Furens, Thyestes, and Troas, were translated into English by Jasper Heywood. The Hercules Furens was first printed in London in 1561, and dedicated to William Herbert (Lord Pembroke), with the following pedantic Latin title: "*Lucii Annaci Senecæ tragœdia prima, quæ inscribitur Hercules Furens, nuper recognita et ab omnibus mendis quibus scatebat sedulo purgata et in studiosæ juventutis utilitatem in Anglicum tanta fide conversa, ut carmen pro carmine quoad Anglica lingua patiatur pene redditum videas, per Jasperum Heywodum Oxoniensem.*" The Thyestes, said to be faithfully Englished by Jasper Heywood, fellow of Alsone colledge in Oxenforde, was also first separately printed by Berthelette at London in 1560. He has added a scene to the fourth act, a soliloquy by Thyestes, who bewails his own misfortunes, and implores vengeance on Atreus. In this scene the speaker's application of all the torments of hell to Atreus's unparalleled guilt of feasting on the bowels of his children, furnishes a sort of nauseous bombast, which not only violates the laws of criticism, but provokes the abhorrence of our common sensibilities.

"In the Troas, which was first faultily printed in or before 1560, afterwards reprinted in 1581, by Newton, he has taken great liberties. At the end of the chorus after the first act, he has added about sixty verses of his own invention. In the beginning of the second act, he has added a new scene, in which he introduces the spectre of Achilles raised from hell, and demanding the sacrifice of Polyxena. This scene, which is in the octave stanza, has much of the air of one of the legends in the *Mirroure for Magistrates*. To the chorus of this act he has subjoined three stanzas. Instead of translating the chorus of the third act, which abounds with the hard names of the ancient geography, and which would both have puzzled the translator and tired the English reader, he has substituted a new ode. In his preface to the reader, from which he appears to be yet a fellow of All Soul's

College, he modestly apologizes for these licentious innovations, and hopes to be pardoned for his seeming arrogance in attempting "to set forth in English this present piece of the flowre of all writers Seneca among so many fine wittes and towardly youth with which England this day flourisheth." Our translator, Jasper Heywood, has several poems extant in the *Paradise of Daintie Deuises*, published in 1573. He was the son of John Heywood, commonly called the epigrammatist, and born in London. In 1547, at twelve years of age, he was sent to Oxford, and in 1553 elected fellow of Merton College. But inheriting too large a share of his father's facetious and free disposition, he sometimes in the early part of his life indulged his festive vein in extravagancies and indiscretions, for which, being threatened with expulsion, he resigned his fellowship. He exercised the office of Christmas-prince or lord of misrule to the college, and seems to have given offence by suffering the levities and jocularities of that character to mix with his life and general conversation. In the year 1558 he was recommended by Cardinal Pole as a polite scholar, an able disputant, and a steady Catholic, to Sir Thomas Pope, founder of Trinity College in the same university, to be put in nomination for a fellowship of that college then just founded. But this scheme did not take place. He was, however, appointed fellow of All Soul's College the same year. Dissatisfied with the change of the national religion within four years, he left England, and became a Catholic priest, and a Jesuit of Rome in 1562. Soon afterwards he was placed in the theological chair at Dilling, in Switzerland, which he held for seventeen years. At length, returning to England in the capacity of a Popish missionary, he was imprisoned, but released by the interest of the Earl of Warwick. For the deliverance from so perilous a situation, he complimented the Earl in a copy of English verses, two of which, containing a most miserable paronomasy on his own name, almost bad enough to have condemned the writer to another imprisonment, are recorded in Harrington's *Epigrams*. At length he retired to Naples, where he died in

1597. He is said to have been an accurate critic in the Hebrew language. His translation of the Troas, not of Virgil, as it seems, is mentioned in a copy of verses by T. B., prefixed to the first edition above mentioned of Studley's Agamemnon. He was intimately connected abroad with the biographer Pitts, who has given him rather too partial a panegyric.

"Thomas Newton, the publisher of all the Ten Tragedies of Seneca in English in one volume, as I have already remarked in 1581, himself added only one of these versions of Studley, Nevile, Nuce, and Jasper Heywood. This is the Thebais, probably not written by Seneca, as it so essentially differs in the catastrophe from his Oedipus. Nor is it likely the same poet should have composed two tragedies on the same subject, even with a variation of incidents. It is without the chorus and a fifth act. Newton appears to have made this translation in 1581, and perhaps with a view only of completing the collection. He is more prosaic than most of his fellow-labourers, and seems to have paid the chief attention to perspicuity and fidelity. In the general Epistle Dedicatory to Sir Thomas Henneage, prefixed to the volume, he says: "I durst not haue geuen the aduenture to approch your presence vpon trust of any singularity, that in this Booke hath vnskilfully dropped out of myne owne penne, but that I hoped the perfection of others artificiall workmanship, that haue tra-uayled herein as well as myselfe, should somewhat couer my nakednesse, and purchase my pardon. Theirs I knowe to be deliuered with singular dexterity: myne, I confesse, to be an vnflidge [unfledged] nestling, vnable to flye: an vnnatural abortion, and an vnperfect Embryon: neyther throughlye laboured at Aristophanes and Cleanthes candle, neither yet exactly waighed in Critolaus his precise ballance. Yet this I dare say, I have deliuered myne Authors meaning with as much perspicuity as so meane a scholar, out of so meane a stoare, in so smal a time, and vpon so short a warning, was well able to performe." Of Thomas Newton, a slender contributor to this volume, yet perhaps the chief instrument of bringing about a general translation of Seneca,



and otherwise deserving well of the literature of this period, some notices seem necessary. The first letter of his English Thebais is a large capital D. Within it is a shield exhibiting a Sable Lion rampant crossed in argent on the shoulder, and a half moon argent in the dexter corner. In a co-partment towards the head and under the semicircle of the letter are his initials, T.N. He was descended from a respectable family in Cheshire, and was sent, while very young (about thirteen years of age) to Trinity College, in Oxford. Soon after he went to Queen's College, in Cambridge, but returned within a very few years to Oxford, where he was readmitted into Trinity College. He quickly became famous for the pure elegance of his Latin poetry. Of this he has left a specimen in his *Illustria Aliquot Anglorum Encomia*, published at London in 1589. He is perhaps the first Englishman that wrote Latin elegiacs with a classical clearness and terseness after Leyland, the plan of whose *Encomia* and *Trophæa* he seems to have followed in his little work. Most of the learned and ingenious men of that age appear to have courted the favours of this polite and popular encomiast. His chief patron was the unfortunate Robert, Earl of Essex. One of his earliest philological publications is a notable *Historie of the Saracens*, digested from Curio, in three books, printed at London in 1575. He wrote a poem on the death of Queen Elizabeth, called "Atropoion Delion: or, The Death of Delia, with the Tears at her funeral. A poetical excusive discourse of our late Eliza. By T. N. G. Lond. 1603." The next year he published a flowery romance, "A plesant new history, or a fragrant posie made of three flowers, Rosa, Rosalynd, and Rosemary. London, 1604." Phillips, in his *Theatrum Poetarum*, attributes to Newton a tragedy, in two parts, called *Tamburlain the Great, or the Scythian Shepherd*. But this play, printed at London in 1593, was written by Christopher Marlowe. He seems to have been a partisan of the Puritans from his pamphlet of *Christian Friendship*, with an invective against dice-play and other profane games, printed at London, 1586. For some time our author practised

physic, and in the character of that profession wrote or translated many medical tracts. The first of these, on a curious subject, A direction for the health of magistrates and students, from Gratarolus, appeared in 1574. At length, taking orders, he first taught school at Macclesfield in Cheshire, and afterwards at Little Ilford in Essex, where he was beneficed. In this department, and in 1596, he published a correct edition of Stanbridge's Latin Prosody. In the general character of an author, he was a voluminous and laborious writer. From a long and habitual course of studious and industrious pursuits, he had acquired a considerable fortune, a portion of which he bequeated in charitable legacies."—*Warton*.

JOHN LEIGH,  
PRESIDENT.

*The Manor House,  
Hale, Cheshire.*



SENeca

*HISTENNETRAGEDIES, TRANSLATED INTO*  
Englysh.



*Mercurij nutrices, hora.*

IMPRINTED  
AT LONDON IN  
*Fleetstreete neere vnto*  
*Saincte Dunstons*  
church by Tho:  
mas Marsh.

1581



TO THE RIGHT VVOR-  
SHIPFUL, SIR THOMAS HEN-  
NEAGE KNIGHT, TREASVRER OF  
HER MAIESTIES CHAMBER:

*Thomas Newton wisheth all abundaunce*

of Felicitie, and Spirituall bene-

dictions in Christe.

\* \* \*



*OV* may think Sir, some want of discretion in mee, for thus boldly presuminge to thrust into your handes these Tragedies of *SENECA*. From whych boldnesse, the very Conscience of myne own unworthynes, might easely haue dissuaded mee, had not certayne learned Gentlemen of good credite and worship thereunto perswaded & animated mee. Assuring mee (where of I thought my selfe afore assured) that your VVorship (such is your loue to learning, & the generosity of your Heroicall mynde) would daygne not onely to dispence with my temerity, but also take in worth my affectionate simplicity. And yet (all this notwithstandinge) well durst I not haue geuen the aduētūre to approach your presence, vpon trust of any singularity, that in this Booke hath vnskilfully dropped out of myne owne penne, but that I hoped the perfection of others artificiall workmāship, that haue traуayled herein aswell as my selfe should somewhat couer my nakednesse and purchase my pardon. And hard were

the dea-

A 3.



## The Epistle

*the dealing, if in payment of a good round gubbe of Gold of full wayght and poyse, one poore peece somewhat clypped and lighter then his fellowes may not be foysted in amōg the rest, and passe in pay for currant coigne. Theirs I know to be deliuered with singlar dexterity: myne, I confesse to be an vnslidge nestling, vnhabable to flye: an unnatural abortion, and an vnperfect Embryon: neyther throughlye laboured at Aristophanes and Cleanthes candle, neither yet exactly waighed in Critolaus his precise ballaūce. Yet this dare I saye, I haue deliuered myne Authors meaning with as much perspicuity, as so meane a Scholler, out of so meane a floare, in so smal a time, and vpon so short a warning was well able to performe. And whereas it is by some squeymish Areopagites surmyzed, that the readinge of these Tragedies, being enterlarded with many Phrases and sentēces literally tending (at the first sight) sometime to the prayse of Ambition, sometyme to the mayntenaūce of cruelty, now and then to the approbation of incontinencie, and here and there to the ratification of tyranny, can not be digested without great daūger of infection: to omit all other reasons, if it might please thē with no forestalled iudgmēt to mark and consider the circumstances, why, where, & by what maner of persons such sentences are pronōced, they cānot in any equity otherwise choose, but find good cause ynough to leade thē to a more fauourable and milde resolutiō. For it may not at any hād be thought and deemed the direct meaning of S E N E C A himselfe, whose whole wrytinges (penned with a peerelesse sublimity and loftinesse of Style, are so farre from countenauncing Vice, that I doubt whether there bee any amonge all the Catalogue of Heathen wryters, that with more grauity of*

## Dedicatory.

*uity of Philosophicall sentences, more waightynes of sappy words, or greater authority of sould matter beateth downe sinne, loose lyfe, dissolute dealinge, and unbryddled sensuality: or that more sensibly, pithily, and bytingly layeth downe the guerdon of filthy lust, cloaked dissimulation & odious treachery: which is the dryft, wherunto he leueleth the whole yssue of ech one of his Tragedies. Howsoever & whatsoever it be, your VVorships curteous acceptaunce shal easily counterpoysse any of our imperfections. Vnto whose learned Censure, wee humbly submit these the exercises of our blufshing Muses. The Lord God in mercy long preserue you in health and dignity, with daily encrease of many his gracious gyfts, already rychly abounding in you: to the propagation, and aduauncement of his truth (whereof yee are a zealous Professor, to the honoure of her Maiestye, to whom you are a most loyall seruitour, and to the generall benefite of your Countrey, whereof you are a rare and most worthy Ornament.*

From Butley in Cheshyre the 24. of April.

I 5 8 I.

Your Worshippes most humble,

*Thomas Newton.*

# THE NAMES OF

## THE TRAGEDIES OF

### SENECA, AND

by whom each of  
them was tran-  
slated.

- |    |                         |   |                           |
|----|-------------------------|---|---------------------------|
| 1  | <i>Hercules Furens,</i> | } | <i>By Jasper Heywood.</i> |
| 2  | <i>Thyestes,</i>        |   |                           |
| 6  | <i>Troas,</i>           |   |                           |
|    |                         |   | 1560.                     |
| 5  | <i>Oedipus,</i>         | } | <i>By Alex. Neale.</i>    |
| 4  | <i>Hippolytus,</i>      | } | <i>By John Studley.</i>   |
| 7  | <i>Medea,</i>           |   |                           |
| 8  | <i>Agamemnon,</i>       |   |                           |
| 10 | <i>Hercules Octæus,</i> |   |                           |
| 9  | <i>Octavia,</i>         | } | <i>By T. Nuce.</i>        |
| 3  | <i>Thebais,</i>         | } | <i>By Thomas Newton.</i>  |

# The Argument

Fol. 1.

of this Tragedy.

**I**Vno the Wyfe and fifter of Iupiter, hating his bastard broode, cometh dovne from heauen, complayning of all his iniuries done to her, deuifing alfo by vvhat defpight ſhe may vexe his baſe Sonne Hercules. And hauing by experience proued, no toyles to be to hard for him, findeth the meanes to make his ovvne hand his ovvne vengeance. Hercules therefore returning novv from Hell (from vvhen he vvvas enioyned to fet Cerberus) and finding that the Tyrant Lycus had inuaded his coũtrei, deſtroieth the tyrant. For the vvch victory as hee ſacrificeth to his Goddeſſe, vvraathfull Iuno ſtrikes him into a ſodayne frenſy: Wherevvith he beinge fore vexed, thynking to flea the Children and Wyfe of Lycus, in ſteede of them, killeth his ovvne Wyfe and Children in his madnes. This done hee ſleapeth. Iuno reſtoreth to him agayne his Wits. He being vvakt, ſeing his Wyfe and Children ſlayne by his ovvne hand, at laſt alſo vvould kill himſelfe.

## THE SPEAKERS

Iuno.

Lycus.

Chorus.

Hercules.

Megara.

Theſeus.

Amphitrión.

## THE FIRST ACTE,

Iuno alone.



Syſter of the Thunderer,  
(for now that name alone  
Remaynes to me) Ioue euermore  
as though deuor̃t and gone,  
And temples of the higheſt ayre  
as wydowe thunned haue  
And beaten out of ſkyes about  
the place to Harlots gaue.

I muſt go dwell beneath on ground, for Whoores do hold the ſky.  
From hence the Beare in parte aboue of ycy poale full hy,  
A haughty ſtarre the greekiſh ſhyppes by Seas doth guyde about:  
From this way, whence at ſpring time warme the day is looſed out,  
Europaes beaver through the waues of Tyria ſhynes full bright.  
From thence, their ſtoyny fearefull ſlocke to Ships, and ſeas affright,  
B. The wan:

## Hercules furens

The wandring daughters here and there of Atlas upward sway,  
With staring bush of hayre from hens Orion Gods dorth fray:  
And Perseus eke his glitteryng starres of golden glosse hath here.  
From hence the twynnes of Tyndars stocke do shine, a signe full clere:  
And at whose byrth first stode the grounde that erst went to and fro.  
For onely Bacchus now himselfe, or Bacchus mother lo,  
Have clymd to Gods: least any parte should from rebuke be free,  
The skies the Gnosian strumpets crownes de beare in spight of mee.  
But I of old cōtempres complayne: me, one dire, fierce, and frowde  
Thebana land with wicked broode of Ioues base daughters shrowde,  
How oft hath it a stepdame made? though vp to heauen should ryse,  
The conqueryng drabbe Alcmena now, and hold my place in skyes,  
And eke her sonne to promisd starres obtayne the worthy way,  
At byrth of whom the staving worlde so long deferd the day,  
And Phœbus slow frome morning sea began to glister bright,  
Commaunded long in th' Ocean waues to hyde his drowned lyght.  
Yet shall my hates not leaue them so, a wrathful kindled rage  
His mynd in madnes shall stire vp, and yre that may not swage  
Shall euermore (all peace layd downe) wage warres eternally.  
What warres? what euer hideous thinge the earth his ennemy  
Begeres, or what soeuer sea or ayre hath brought to syght  
Both dyedfull, dire, and pestilent, of cruel fiercest might,  
Tis tierd and tam'd: he passeth all, and name by ills dorth rayse,  
And all my wrath he dorth intoy, and to his greater prayse  
He turnes my hates: whyle tedious toyles to much I him behest,  
He proues what farther him begot: both thence where light opprest  
Hath sea, and where it showde agayne, where Titan day dorth trayne,  
And with his brand approaching nere dorth dye those Aethiops twaine,  
His strength vntanide is honoured: and God eche where is hee  
Now cald? in worlde, and now more store of monsters want to mee,  
And laboure lesse to Hercules is r'acomplish all my will,  
Then me to bydde: at ease he dorth myne imperies fultyl.  
What cruel hestres of tyrante now so fyerce a yong man may  
Preuayle to hurt? for lo he heares for weapons now awaye  
What once he fearde, and put to flight: he armed comes at syde  
With Lyon fyerce and Hydra both: nor land sufficeth wyde,  
But broake he hath the threhold loe of that infernall Ioue,  
And spoyls with him of conquerd king he drawes to Gods aboute.  
But thats but light, broke is the league of spites that there do dwell.  
I saw my selfe, I saw him lo (the night now gone, of hell

And



# The first tragedie

Fol. 2.

And Ditis tamde) throw out abroad before his fathers sight  
 His brothers spoyles. Why drawes he not opprest and bound by might  
 Hymselfe in chaynes that equall thynges to Ioue by lot doth hold?  
 And beare the rule of captiue hel, and way to Styre vnfolde?  
 Up opened is from lowest ghostes the backward way to skye,  
 And sacred secrets of dire death in open sight do lye.  
 But he (the dyedful den of sprites) brake vp ful fierce and stout  
 Euen ouer mee doth triumph lo, and with proude hand about  
 The foule blacke dogge by Grekish towne he leades fro hel away.  
 When seene was ugly Cerberus I saw the fading day,  
 And fearefull sunne: euen me lykewyle a trembling dread opprest,  
 And looking on the fylthy neckes of conquerd monstrous beast,  
 I feared much myne owne behestes: but light things I complayne,  
 For heauen I may be frayde, lest he may get the highest rayne,  
 That lowest wonne, the sceptors from his father wil he take,  
 For hee to starres (as Bacchus did) his way wil gently make:  
 The way with ruine will he seeke, and hee in empty skyes  
 Wil reygne alone with force displayd hys haughty hart doth ryle,  
 And he that heauen it selfe by force of his might gotted hee,  
 It bearyng leand: quite vnderneath the world his head set hee.  
 For once his shoulers bowde the prayse of such a mighty mas:  
 And midst of heauen on Hercules necke alone (loe) settled was.  
 His necke vntwyde the starres aboue and skyes did only stay:  
 And me likewyle oppressing him, to Gods he seekes the way.  
 Goe ire, goe on, and beate hym downe that great things doth inuent  
 Hatch thou with him, and with thy handes now thou thy selfe him rent.  
 Such hates why dost thou meditate? let all wyld beastes now go:  
 And weary Euristheus now be free from geeuing charges mo.  
 The Tytans daryng once of Ioue to breake the impiety  
 Send out: let loose the denne abroad of mount of Sicilye.  
 The Dozicke land that with the turne of gyant quakes afraide,  
 Let it bring forth the dyedful neckes of monster vnder layd.  
 Let yet the haughty moone aboue some other beastes beget,  
 But these he ouercame. Seekes thou a match t' Alcides yet?  
 Thers none, except hymselfe: let him agaynst himselfe rebell.  
 Let present be from bottome deepe vprayst of lowest hell  
 Th' Eumenides, let flaming lockes of theyrs the fires out flinge,  
 And furious hands bestowe about the stroakes of vipers sting.  
 Go now ful prowde, and scale the skyes to seates of gods make waye.  
 Now must thy battels wages be ful cleere for thynges the daye.

## Hercules Furens

Despyse mans workes thinkest thou fierce wight & hell and soules glow  
Thou hast escapt ? nay here I wil another hel thee show.  
In deepe miste hid I wil call vp from bottome low of hell  
Beyond the wayes of gylty ghostes debateful goddesse fell.  
Wheras the roaring dreadful den resoundes with cryes about,  
From depest bond of Ditis raygne beneath I wil set out,  
What so is left. Let hateful hurt now come in anger wood,  
And fierce inpyety imbrew himselke with his owne bloud,  
And errour eke, and fury arnrd agaynst it selke to fight.  
This meane, this meane, let wrath of myne now vse to shewe my might.  
Beginne ye seruantes now of hell : the seruient burning tree  
Of Pyne shake vp : and set with snakes her dreadful flocke to see.  
Let now Megæra bring to sight, and with her mournful hand  
For burning rage bring out of hell a huge and direful brand.  
Do this, require you vengeance due, and paynes of hel his spoyle,  
Strike through his bresta, let fiercer flame, within his bosome boyle.  
Then which in Aetna fornaçe beates, so furiously to see.  
That mad of mind and witles may Alcides driuen bee  
With fury great through pearced quight, my selke must first of all  
Be mad. Wherfore doth Iuno yet not into raging fall ?  
Nee, me, ye Furies, sisters thre throwne quite out of my wit  
Tolle first, if any thing to do, I do endeavour yet  
For stepdame meete : let now my hates be turnd another way,  
Let him ( returnd ) his babes behold in safety I you pray.  
And strong of hand come home, I haue now found the day at length,  
In which may greatly mee auayle the hated Hercules strength.  
Both mee and eke hym selke let him subdue and wisth to die  
Returnd from hel, yea let it here be my commodity.  
That he of Ioue begotten is : here present wil I stand,  
And that his maistes goe streyght from bow, I wil direct his hand :  
The mad mans weapons will I guide, euen Hercules syghtryng, lo,  
At length I le ayde. This gylt once done then leessull is that so  
His father may admit to skies those gylty handes of his

Chorus

# The first tragedie.

3

## Chorus.

**T**He fading starres now shyne but seelde in sighte  
*In stipy e skye, night ouercome with day*  
*Plucks in her fyres, while spronge agayne is light,*  
*The day starre drawes the cleresome beames theire waye.*  
*The yce signe of haughtye poale agayne,*  
*VVith seuen starres markt, the Beares of Arcadye,*  
*Do call the light with ouerturned wayne.*  
*VVith marble horse now drawne, hys waye to hye*  
*Doth Titan toppe of Oetha ouer spread*  
*The bushes bright that nowe with berryes bee*  
*Of Thebes strewde, by daye do blushe full redde.*  
*And to retorne doth Phæbus syster flee.*  
*Now labor harde beginnes, and euery kynde*  
*Of cares it styrres, the Shephearde doth unfold :*  
*His flockes vnpende, do grase their foode to fynde,*  
*And nippes the grasse with hoary frost full colde.*  
*At will doth play in open medow faire*  
*The Calfe whose brow did damme yet neuer teare,*  
*The empty Kyne their vdders doe repayre.*  
*And lyght with course vncertayne here and there,*  
*In grasse full soft the wanton kidde hee flynges.*  
*In toppe of boughe doth sitte with chaunting songe,*  
*And to the Sunne newe rose to spreade her wynges,*  
*Bestirres herselfe her mourneful nestes amonge*  
*The Nightingall : and doth with byrdes aboute*  
*Confuse resound with murmure mixed ryfe*  
*To witnes day, his sayles to wynde set out*  
*The shypman doth committe in doubt of lyfe.*

B 3.

VVhile

## Hercules furens.

*VVhyle gale of wynde the slacke sayles filles full strayte,  
He leaning ouer hollow rocke doth lye,  
And either his begiled hookes doth bayte,  
Or els beholdes and feeles the pray from hye  
with paised hand.*

*The trembling fish he feeles with line extent,  
This hope to them to whom of hurtles lyfe,  
Is quiet rest, and with his owne content,  
And litle, house, such hope in fieldes is ryfe  
The troblous hopes with rolling whirlewynd great,  
And dredful feares their wayes in cityes keepe.  
He proude repayre to prince in regall seate,  
And hard court gates without the rest of sleepe  
Esteemes, and endles happynes to hold  
Doth gather goods, for treasure gaping more,  
And is ful pore amid his heaped gold.  
The peoples fauour him (astonied sore)  
And commons more vnconstant then the sea,  
VVith blast of vayne renoume listes vp full proude.  
He selling at the brawling barre his plea,  
Full wicked, sets his yres and scoulding loud  
And woordes to sale, a fewe hath knowne of all  
The careles rest, who mindfull how doth flitte  
Swift age away, the tyme that neuer shall  
Returne agayne do holde: while fates permitte,  
At quiet liue: the lyfe full quickly glydes  
VVith hastned course, and with the winged day  
The wheele is turnde of yere that hedlong slides,  
The sisters hard perfourme their taskes alway,  
Nor may agayne vntwist the threede once sponne,  
Yet mankind loe vnSURE what way to take*

*To*

## The first tragedie.

4

*To meete the greedy destenyres doth ronne  
And willingly wee seke the Stigian lake.  
To much Alcides thou with stomacke stoute  
The sory sprites of hell dost hast to see.  
VVith course prefixt the fates are brought about  
To none once warnd to come may respite bee  
To none to passe their once appointed day,  
The tombe all people calde by death doth hyde  
Let glory him by many landes awaye  
Display, and fame throughout all cityes wyde  
Full babling praise, and euen with skye to stande  
Auaunce and starres: let him in chariot bright  
Ful haughty goe: let me my native land  
In safe and secrete house keepe close from sight.  
To restful men hoare age by course doth fall,  
And low in place, yet safe and sure doth lye,  
The poore and base estate of cottage small.  
The prouder pompe of minde doth fall from hye,  
But sad here comes with losed lockes of heare  
Loe Megara with little company,  
And slowe by age drawes Hercules father neare*

The

B 4.



Hercules furens.  
THE SECOND  
ACTE.

Megara.



Consider great of heauen, & of the world O Iudge full hie,  
Yet now at length apointe a meane of carefull miserie,  
And ende of our calamitie. To mee yet neuer day  
Hath carelesse thin'de: the ende of one affliction past away  
Beginning of an other is: an other ennemy  
Is forthwith founde, before that hee his ioyfull family  
Retourne vnto an other syght hee taketh by behest:  
Nor any respite giuen is to him nor quiet rest:  
But whyle that he commaunded is: straight him pursueth shee  
The hatefull Iuno. Was yet once from toyle and labour free  
His infants age? the monsters (so) he banquisht hath and slayne,  
Before he knew what monsters ment. The skaled serpents rwayne  
Their double neckes drew on toward him, agaynst the which to ryse,  
The infant crept to meete with them, the serpents glittering eyes  
Lyke fyre, with quiet carelesse brest he looking fast vpon,  
With countenance cleere, hard wrestled knots of them he caught anon:  
And strangling then the swelling throates of them with tender hand,  
To Hydra prelude made, the beast so swyfte of Mænale land,  
That with much Golde bare vp full bryght his beautified head,  
Is caught in course. of Nemey wood likewise the greatest dread  
The Lyon prest with Hercules armes hath roarde with dreadfull crie.  
What should I speake of stables dyre, of steedes of Bystonye?  
Or King cast out himselke for foode his horses fierce to fill?  
And byttled beast in thicke tops woont of Erymanthus hill?  
The boare of Mænayle, the woods of Arcady to shake?  
And Bull that did no litle dread to hundred peoples make?  
Among the flocks of Hesper lende that hence farre distant bee.  
The shepherde of Cartesian coast of triple shape to see  
Is slayne, and diuyn is the pray from farthest parte of weast,  
Citheton quak'r when by him past to sea the well knowe beast.  
He being bid to make by coastes of sommer sunne his way,  
And parched landes which sore with heate dorth boyle the middell day,  
The mountaynes brake on either side and rampiers all vndoone,  
Euen vnto swyft and raging sea hath made a way to roone.

Then en-



# The first Tragedy.

5.

Then entring in of plenteous wood, the pleasant gardeins gay,  
 The waking dragons golden spoyles with him he brought away.  
 The Lerna monsters numerous til what neede to tell haue I?  
 Hath he not him with fyre at length subdewde, and taught to dye?  
 And which were woont with wings abrode to hyde the day from sight,  
 Euen from the cloudes he sought & draue the Stymphale birdes to flight.  
 Not him subdewde who euer lyes in bed vnmatcht at night  
 The wyddowe queene of them that tooke to Thermodont their flight.  
 Nor handes that well durst enterpryse his noble trauayles all  
 The filthy labour made to mynke of soule Augias hall.  
 What bayle all these? he wants the world which oft defended he.  
 And th'earth well knowes the worker of his quietnes to be  
 Away from earthe: the prosperous gilt that beareth happy sway,  
 Is vertue callde, and now the good to wicked doe obey.  
 The right doth stand in might of armes, feare treadeth downe the lawe.  
 Before my face with cruell hand, euen presently I sawe  
 Reuengers of theyr fathers reygne, the sonnes with sworde downe cast,  
 And of the noble Cadmus eke himselke the offspring last  
 Then slayne: I sawe his regall crowne at once from him away  
 With head bereft. Who Thebes alas enough betwayne now may?  
 The fertile land of Gods, what lorde now quakes it for to knowe?  
 Out of the fieldes of which somtyme, and fructifull holome lowe,  
 The youth vpsprong with sworde in hand preparte to battell stode:  
 And walls of which Amphion one of mighty Ioue his broode,  
 Hath built with sounding melody in drawing to the stones:  
 To towne of whom the parent chiefe of Gods not onely ones  
 Heauen being left hath come. this land that Gods aboue alway  
 Receiue, and which hath made them Gods, and (leesul beete to say)  
 Perhaps shall make, with lothsome yoke of bondage is prest downe.  
 O Cadmus stocke, and citezens of olde Amphions towne,  
 Whereto are yee now fall'ne? dread yee a cowardly cruell thus,  
 His coastes to dwell in, lacking, and to ours iniurious?  
 Who though the worlde pursues the gylts and wrong by sea and land,  
 And cruell lectors broken hath with iust and ryghtfull hand,  
 Rowe absent serues, and what he cal'de in other doth sustayne:  
 And now doth bannysht Lycus holde of Hercules Thebes the rayne.  
 Yet shall he not: he shall come home, and him with vengeance quight,  
 And sodaine rise to scarres: he will soone finde the way to light,  
 Or make it els. retorne thou safe, repayre to thine in haste:  
 And conquerour to conquer'de house yet come agayne at laste.

Ryse vp

## Hercules furens

Ryse vp my spouse, and darknes deepe repell'de of helly shade  
Breake vp with hand, if no way may for thee kept backe bee made,  
And passage be shut vp, retorne with world bprent by night.  
And what soeuer it's the posselt hyneath in darkest night,  
Send out with thee, as when the tops of haughty hylles vndoone  
A headlong passage making througħ for hasty floude to roone  
Thou somtyme stoodst, whā with great might of thyne a sunder broake  
The Tempye woods wyde open lay: and beaten with thy stroake  
The mount, now here, now there fell downe: and rampier rente of stay,  
The raging brooke of Theffaly did roon a newe found way.  
Thy parentes so, thy sonnes, thy land repayng home to see,  
Breake out, and lowest bonde of things out bringging thence with thee,  
And what soeuer greedy age in all these long peares race  
Hath hid, shew forth, & ghosts that haue forgot theyr former case,  
And people vp before thee dꝛiue that fearefull are of light.  
Unworthy spoyles for thee they are, if thou but bring to sight  
What bidden is. great thinges, but farre to much I speake for mee,  
Unwotting of myne owne estate. when shall I hap to see,  
The day when thee, and thy right hand, I may embrace agayne,  
And slowe returnes, noꝝ yet of me once myndefull, may complayne?  
To thee for this O guide of Gods, vntamed Bulls shall bring  
Their hundred necks: to thee O Queene of fruits on earth that spring  
I'le geue thee secret sacrifice: to thee with much fayth loe  
Long fyre brands at Eleusis towne full silent wyll I thꝛoe.  
Then to my bꝛethꝛen shall I thinke to bee restoardē agayne  
Theyr soules, and eke himselſe aliue and guiding of his rayne  
My father for to flouꝛyſhe yet. if any greater might  
Doe keepe thee ſhet, we followe thee: with thy retorne to sight  
Defend vs all, oꝝ els to hell drawe downe vs all to thee.  
Thou shalt vs drawe, no God shall rayse vs vp that broken bee.

AM-

# The first Tragedy.

6.

## AMPHITRYON,

MEGARA.

O Faithfull fellowe of our bloud, with chaste true faythfulnes  
 The Bidehed keeping, and the sonne of haughty Hercules,  
 Conceiue in mynde some better thinges, and take good heart to thee :  
 He will come home, as after all his labours woonteth bee,  
 Of more renowne. ME. What wretches doe most chiefly wishe of all,  
 They soone beleue. AM. Pray what they feare to much lest it may fall,  
 They thinke it neuer may bee shoon'de, nor rid by remedy.  
 ME. Beleeue is ready still to dreade the woozler mystery.  
 Deepe drownde, & whellm'de, & farthermore with all y<sup>e</sup> world full lowe  
 Oppressed downe, what way hath he to light agayne to goe ?  
 AM. What way I pray you had he then whē through the burning coste,  
 And tumbling after maner of the troubled Sea by toste  
 He went by lands: and create that twyle with ebbe away doth slip,  
 And twyle bpflowe: and when alone with his forsaken ship,  
 Fast caught he stucke in shallowe soordes of hyspye Syrtes lande,  
 And (nowe his ship on ground) did passe through leas a foote to land?  
 ME. Iniurious fortune vertue most of men most stout and strong  
 Doth seldome spare: no man alpyue himselfe in safety long  
 To perills great and daungers may so often times out cast,  
 Whom chaunce doth often ouerslip, the same it findes at last.  
 But cruell loe, and greuous threats euen bearing in his face,  
 And such as he of stomacke is, doth come euen such of pace,  
 Proude Lycus who the sceptors shakes in hande of other king,  
 The plentuous places of the towne of Thebes gouerning,  
 And euery thinge about the whych with fertile soyle doth goe  
 Sloape Phocis, and what euer doth Ismenus ouersloe,  
 What euer thing Cithæron seeth with haughty top and hye,  
 And slender Isthmos Ile, the which betweene two seas doth lye.

Lycus,

# Hercules furens

Lycus    Megara.

*Amphitrion.*

NOT I of native country bowres possesse the auncient right  
Unworthy heir, nor yet to me are noble men of might  
The grandfathers, nor stocke renound with titles hie of name,  
But noble vertue: who so boastes of kinred whence he came,  
Of others vertue makes his vaunt, but got with fearful hand  
My sceptors are obtaynd: in sword doth all my safety stand.  
What thee thou worst agaynst the will of cyteyns to get,  
The bright drawne sword must it defend: in forrayne country set  
No stable kingdome is. But one my pompe and princely might  
May ratify once ioynd to me with regall torches full bright,  
And chambers Megara: of stocke of such nobility  
Let vpstart state of myne take shape. I do not thinke that thee  
Refuse it will, or in the bed with mee despyse to lye.  
But if with proude vnbredled mynde thee stubborn do denye,  
Then quite I purpose to destroy the house of Hercules  
The hate of men will then my pyde, and peoples speech oppres.  
Chiefe knacke of kingdome is to beare thy subiectes hates eche one.  
Lets proue her then, chaunce geuen hath to vs a place alone.  
For thee her head in fold of bayle full sad and wofully  
Enwrapt the Gods that are her guides for succour standes fast by,  
And at the syde of her doth leane Alcides father trewe.  
Meg. What thing doth this destroyer of our stocke agayne anew  
Prepare? what proueth he? Ly. O Queene that name renowned hys  
And tytle takke of regall stocke full gentle and easily  
A litle whyle receiue and heare my wordes with patient eare,  
If alwayes men eternal hates should one to th'other beare,  
And rage be gone out of the hart should neuer fall away,  
But th'happy still should armour holde, th'vnhappy stil obay,  
Then shall the battayles nothing leaue: with wide fieldes then the lande  
Shall lie vntild, with vnderlayd to, housen fiery brand  
Then ashes deepe shal ouerwhelme the buried people all.  
Expedient is to conquerour to wish that peace befall:  
To conquerd nedefull partner of the kingdome come to me:  
Let's ioyne our myndes, take here this pledge of fayth and truth to thee.  
My



# The first Tragedy

7.

My right hand touch. Why whistest thou with cruell face and mood? Meg. Should I abyde, that I the hand sprinckt with my fathers blood, Should touch, and double death imbrewd of both my betheren? nay fyrst shall sunne ryle extinguisht quite, and West shal bring the day: first faythful peace betweene the snowes and fiers there shalbe tryde, And Scilla shall t'Aufonius fyrst soyne his Sicilian lyde: And fyrst, the sleeryng foud that with swift turnes of course doth flowe Euripus with Euboik waue shall stand ful stil and slow. My father, th'empire, betherne, house, thou hast me cleare bereft, My countrey to: what may he more? one thing to me is left, Then brother, father, kingdome, house, that dearer is to mee The hate of thee, the which to me with people for to be In commune woe I am: how great to myne alonly part? Rule on ful proude, beare vp ful hye thy sprites and haughty hart: Yet God the proude behynd theyr backes doth follow them to wreake. I know the Thebauc kingdomes: what should I the mothers speake, Both suffring, and aduentring gyltes? what double mischiefe done? And mixed name of spouse at once, of father and of sonne? What bretherens double tentes? or what as many roages also? The mother proude of Tantals hood congeald in mourning loe, And soyr stone yet slowes with teares in Phrygian Sipplye. Himselfe likewise erected vp his scaled heade awrye. Euen Cadmus measuring throughtout th'Illyrian landes in sight, Behynd him left of body drawne long synny markes in sight. All these examples wayte for thee: rule thou as likes thy will, Whyle thee our kingdomes wonted fates do call and oft hap yll. Ly. Goe to, these fierce and furious wordes thou woman mad restraine, And imperyes of princes learne of Hercules to sustayne. Though I the scepters gotten by the force of war do beare, In conquering hand I all do rule without the law his feare. Which armes subdue, a few wordes yet to thee now speake I shall For this my cause thy father did in bloudy battel fall: Thy betheren sell, the weapons kepe no measurable stay. For neither easily tempred be, nor yet repressed may The drawne swordes yre, the battels doth the bloud delite out shedde. But he yet for his kingdome fought, wee altogether led With wicked lust: yet th'end of war is now complained, loe, And not the cause, but now let all remembraunce therof gae: When conquerour hath weapons left, the conquerds part should be To leaue his hates. Not I that thou with lowly bended knee

Me

## Hercules furens

Hee raygning worſhip ſhould'ſt, require: euen this doth mee delight,  
That thou thy myſteries do'ſt beare with mynde ſo ſtout bryght.  
Thou for a king a ſpouſe art meete, let's ioyne our beds anone.  
ME. A trembling colde doth run throughout my bloudles lims ech one.  
What hainous thinge comes to myne eares? I feare'de not then at all,  
When (all peace broake) the noyle of warre did by the city wall  
Reſounde about, I bare all that vnfearefully to ſee,  
I feare the wedding chambers: now I captiue ſeeme to mee.  
Let heauy chaynes my body greeue, and eke with hunger long  
Let lingring death be ſlowly brought, yet ſhall no force full ſtrong  
My trueth ſubdue: for euen thine owne Alcides will I dye.  
LY. Doth then thy huſband drown'de in hell geue thee this ſtomacke hie?  
ME. The hells alowe he toucht, that he the height againe might get.  
LY. The heauy paine oppreſſeth him of all the earth full great.  
ME. Hee with no burdein ſhall be preſt, that heauen it ſelfe ſuſtain'de.  
LY. Thou ſhalt be forſt. ME. He wots not how to die, that is conſtrain'd.  
LY. Speake, what may rather I prepare then wedding netwe for thee.  
More royall gyft? ME. Thine owne death eſt, or els the death of mee.  
LY. Thou ſhalt mad woman die. ME. I ſhall then to my huſbande go.  
LY. More then my Sceptors is to thee a ſeruaunt lobed ſo?  
ME. How many hath this ſeruant ſlayne of kings with handy ſtroake?  
LY. Why doth he yet a king then ſerue, and ſtill ſuſtaine his poake?  
ME. Take once away the hard behelts, what's vertue then at laſt?  
LY. Do'ſt thou it vertue counte, to bee to beaſts, and monſters caſt?  
ME. Tis vertues part, to tame the things, that all men quake to know.  
LY. Him great things braggig, darknes deepe of tartare preſſe ful low.  
ME. There neuer may from ground to ſtars an eaſy paſſage be.  
LY. Of whom begot, the houſen then of Gods through pearcerh he?  
AM. O wretched wiſe of Hercules great, thy words a while now ſpare.  
My parte it is, the father of Alcides to declare,  
And his true ſtocke. yet after all of man ſo ſtoute as this  
So famous deedes, and after all appeal'de with hand of his  
What euer Titan ryſen bp, doth ſee, or els at fall,  
And after all theſe monſters tam'de, and Phlegrey ſprinkled all  
With wicked bloud, and after Gods defended all on hye,  
Is not his father yet well knowne? or Ioue doe we beelye?  
Beleeue it yet by Iunoos hate. LY. Why do'ſte thou ſclaunder Ioue?  
No mortall kinned euer may be mixt with heauen aboue.  
AM. To many of the Gods in ſkyes is this a common trade.  
LY. But were they euer ſeruauntes yet, befoze they Gods were made?  
AM. Of



# The first Tragedy.

8.

AM. Of Delos Ile the sheeperde loe the flocks of Phercy fed.

LY. But througħ all coasts he wandred not abroad as banished.

AM. Whō straying mother first brought forth in wandring land to sight.

LY. Yet Phœbus did no monsters feare, or beasts of cruell might.

AM. First Dragon with his blood embrew'd the shafts of Phœbus lo.

Howe greivous ills euen yet full yong he bare, doe you not knowe ?

From mothers wombe ye haue out thron with lightning flame frō hie,

Euen next his lightning Father stood forthwith aboue in skye.

What ? he him selfe that guides the starres, & shakes the clouds at will,

Did not that Infant lurke in Den of hollowe caued hill ?

The byrthes so great full troublous pyce to haue loe alwayes ought :

And euer to be boyne a God, with colte full great is bought.

LY. Whom thou a miser see'st, thou ma'st know him a man to bee.

AM. A miser him deny yee may, whom stout of heart yee see.

LY. Call we him stout, from shoulders hye of whom the Lyon throwne

A gift for mayden made, and eke his Club from hand fell downe,

And paynted side with purple weede did shyne that he did weare ?

O may we him call stout of heart, whose staring lockes of heare

With ointment flowde ? who hands renownde & knowne by prayles hye

To sound vnmeeete for any man of timber old applye,

With barbarous mytar cloasing in his forehead rounde about ?

AM. The tender Bacchus did not blushe abroad to haue layde out

His hayded heares, nor yet with hand full soft the Thyrsus light

For to haue shooke, what time that he with pace vnstout in sight

His long train'de barbarous garment drew with golde full sayre to see.

Still vertue after many workes is wont releast to bee.

LY. Of this the house of Euritus destroyde doth witnesse beare,

And virgins flocks that brutishly by him oppressed weare.

No Iuno did commaunde him this, nor none Eurytheus loe.

But these in deede his owne workes are. AM. Yet all yee doe not knowe.

His worke it is, with weapons of his owne hand banquished

Both Eryx, and to Eryx ioynd Antæus Lybian ded :

And aulters which with slaughter of the straungers flowing fast,

Busyris well deserued blood likewise haue drunke at last.

His deede it is, that he that met the wounde, and sword is slayne

Constrain'de to suffre death before those other Geryons twayne.

For one all onely Geryon doth with one hand conquer'de lye.

Thou shalt among these be which yet with none adulterye

Haue wedlocke hurt. LY. What is to Ioue, to king is leessull thyng :

To Ioue thou gaur'st a wyfe, thou shalt nowe geue one to a kynge.

And euen

## Hercules furens-

And euen of thee thee shall it learne to bee a thing not newe,  
Her husband euen approuing it the better man t'enfewe.

But if thee stubberne to be matcht with me deny it still,

Then euen by force a noble childe of her beget I will.

Meg. O Creons ghossts and all yee Gods of th'house of Labdacus,

And wedding torches blasing hyght, of wicked Oedipus,

To this my wedding geue yee nowe our wonted deskenyes.

Now, now ye bloudy daughters of all Ægyptys king likewyse,

See here whole hands defyled are with so much bloud out spilt:

One daughter lacks of Danaus, I wyll fyll vp the gylt.

Ly. Because that stubburnely thou do'st refuse my wedding so,

And fear'ste a king, thou shalt know what the Scepters now may do.

Embrace thyne aulter, yet no God shall euer take away

Thee from my hands: no not although with world vpturned, may

Alcides victor yet agayne to Gods aboue returne.

The woods on heapes together cast, let all their temples burne

Euen throwne vpon theyr heads: his wyfe, and all his stocke at laste

With vnderlayed fyre, let one wood pyle consume and waste.

AM. This only bowne I father of Alcides aske of thee,

Which well may me beleeme to craue, that I fyre dayne may bee.

LY. Who all appoynts with present death to haue their punishment,

He tyrant wots not how to be: more sundry greues inuent.

Restrayne the wretched men from death, commaunde that th'happy dye,

I, while with beames prepar'de to burne the pyle encrease thyre,

Will him with bowing sacrifice that rules the leas entreate.

AM. Oh chiefeest powre of Gods, and oh of heauenly things so great

The guyde, and parent eke, with whose throwne thunderbolts do shake

All things humane throughout the world of king so cruell stake

The wicked hande: but why do I to Gods in bayne thus cry?

Where euer thou be, heare me soone. why start so todayne

The temples thus with moouing shake? Why roareth out the ground?

The noyse of Hell from bottome deepe byneathe hath made a sound:

Alce herde are, loe it is the sound of Hercules his pace.

Chorus

# The first tragedie.

9.

## Chorus.



Fortune hating men of stoutest brest,  
How ill rewards dost thou to good deuyde?  
Eurystheus raynes at home in easy rest,  
Alcmenaes sonne in euery battayle tryde,  
To Monsters turnes hys hande that Skyes dyd stay:  
And cruell Neckes cuts of, of hydous Snake,  
And Apples brynges from Systers mokit away,  
When once to sleepe hys watchfull Eyes bectake,  
Dyd Dragon set ryche fruite to ouersee.  
Hee past the Scythian bowres that straye abroad,  
And those that in their countreys straungers bee  
And hardned top of frosen freate hee troade,  
And sylent Sea with bankes full dumme about.  
The Waters hard want there their floudes to floe.  
And where before the Shyps full Sayles spred out  
Is worne a pathe for Sarmates wylde to goe.  
The Sea doth stande to mooue in course agayne,  
Nowe apt to beare the Ship, nowe horsfemen bolde  
The Queene that there doth ouer Wydowes rayne,  
That gyrds her Wombe wyth gyrrh of glittering gold,  
Her noble spoyle from body drawne hath shee  
And shyelde, and bandes of breast as whyte as snowe,  
Acknowledging the Conquerour with Knee.  
Wyth what hope drawne to headlong Hell alowe,  
So bolde to passe the vnreturned wayes  
Saw'st thou Proserpines rayne of Sicylie?  
Wyth Southern wynde, or Western there no seas  
Aryse wyth waue and swellinge Surges hye.  
Not there of Tyndars stocke the double broode  
Two starres the fearefull Shyps doe ayde and guide.  
Wyth gulph full blacke doth stande the slouthfull floode  
And when pale death with greedy teeth so wyde.

C.

Vnn

## Hercules furens

Vnnumbred Nations hath sent downe to sprightes  
Wyth one Boateman all ouer feryed bee.  
God graut thou maist of Hell subdue the rightes  
And vnreuoked webs of Syfters three.  
There kyng of many people raygneth hee,  
Who when thou did'st wyth Nestors Pylos fight,  
Pestiferous handes appli'de to matche with thee  
And weapon bare with triple mace of might :  
And prickt with litle wounde he fled away,  
And lorde of death hymselfe did feare to dye.  
Breake Fate by force : and let the sight of day  
To sorry sprightes of Hell apparant lye  
And porche vnpast shew way to Gods aboue.  
The cruell lordes of sprightes wyth pleasaunt song  
And humble bowne full well could Orpheus moue,  
Whyle he Eurydicen them craues among.  
The Arte that drew Woods, Byrds, and stones at will :  
Which made delay to Floudes of flitting flight  
At sound whereof the sauage Beastes stooode still  
With tunes vnwont doth Ghosts of hell delight  
And clearer doth refounde in darker place :  
And weepe wyth teares did Gods of cruell brest :  
And they which faultes with to seure a face  
Doe seeke, and former gylt of Ghosts out wrest :  
The Thracian Daughters wayls Eurydicen.  
For her the Iudges weeping sit also.  
Wee conquer'de are, chyefe kyng of death sayd then  
To Gods (but vnder this condition) goe,  
Behynde thy husbandes backe keepe thou thy way,  
Looke thou not backe thy Wyfe before to see.  
Than thee to fight of Gods hath brought the day  
And gate of Spartane Tænare present bee.  
Loue hates delay, nor coulde abyde so long.  
His gyft, hee lost, while hee desires the fyght.  
The place that coulde be thus subdew'de with song  
That place may soone bee ouercome by myght.

## THE THYRDE

## ACTE.

Hercules.



Comfortable gupde of light, and honour of the skye, (hye  
 That copassing both Hemysspheres with flaming chariot  
 Thy radiat head to ioyfull lads about y<sup>e</sup> world dost bring,  
 Thou Phœbus pardon geue to me, if any vnlawful thing  
 Thyne eyes haue seene: (cōmaūded) I haue here to light  
 The secretes of the worlde: and thou of heauen o guider gret, (out let  
 And parent eke, in flashe out throwne of lightning hide thy syght.  
 And thou that gouernest the seas with seconde sceptoys myght,  
 To bottomie synke of deepest waues: who so from hye doth see,  
 And dreading yet with countnaunce newe the earth defil'de to bee,  
 Let him from hence turne backe his sight, and face to heauen vpholde,  
 These monstrous sights to shun: let twayn this mischiefe great behold,  
 Hee who it brought, and thee that bad. for paynfull toyles to mee,  
 And laboures long, not all the earth thought wide inough may bee  
 For Iunoos hate: things vncome to all men I did see,  
 Vnknowne to sonne, and spaces wyde that darke and shadefull bee  
 Which woozler poale geues dyer Ioue to raygne and rule therein.  
 And yet if thyzde place pleased more for mee to enter in,  
 I there coulde raygne. the Chaos of eternall nyght of hell,  
 And woozle then night, the dolefull Gods I haue that there doe dwell,  
 And fates subdu'de, the death condemn'de I am return'de to light.  
 What yet remaynes? I sawe and shod'de the spygghts of hell to light:  
 Appoynt, if ought be more, do'st thou my hands so long permit  
 Iuno to ceasse? what thing byd'st thou to be subdued yet?  
 But why doe cruell souldiars holde the holy temples wyde?  
 And dread of armour sacred porche beset on euery syde?

C 2.

Amphi-



# Hercules furens

## Amphitryon, Hercules,

*Theseus.*

**D**O eyther els my great despyres delude and mocke myne eyes?  
O hath the tamer of the world and Greekes renowne likewyse,  
Forlooke the silent howle, besette with cloude full sadde to see?  
Is this my sonne? my members loe for ioy amased bee.  
Oh sonne, the sure and sauegard late of Thebes in misery,  
See I thy body true indeede? or els deceiue'd am I  
Mockt with thy spite? art thou y<sup>e</sup> same? these brawnes of armes I know  
And shoulde's, and thy noble handes from body hie that grow.  
Her. Whens (father) happes this vglines, and why in mourning clad  
Is thus my wyfe? how happes it that with filth so foule bestad  
My children are? what misery doth thus my house oppresse?  
Am. Thy father in law is slayne: the kingdome Licus doth possesse.  
Thy sonnes, thy parent and thy wyfe to death pursueth hee.  
Her. Ungrateful land, doth no man come that will an ayder bee  
Of Hercules house? and this behelde so great and haynous wronge  
Hath th'ayded world? but why were I the day in playnt so long?  
Let then my dye and this rensume let strength obtayne in haste,  
And of Alcides enemies all let Lycus be the last.  
I giuen am to goe to shedde the bloud of enmye out.  
Watch Theseu that no sodayne strength beset vs here aboute:  
We warres require, embracing yet deferre O father deare,  
And wyfe deferre them: Lycus shall to hell this message beare  
That I am now returnd. The, Shake of O Queene out of thyne eyes  
This weeping face, and thou synce that thy sonne is safe likewyse  
Thy dropping teares refrayne: yf yet I Hercules euer knew  
Then Lycus shall for Creon paye the paynes to him ful due.  
Tis lyght, he shal, he doth and that's to light he hath it done.  
Am. Now God that can them bring to passe, speede wel our wifthes soone  
And come to helpe our weary woes. O noble harted mate  
Of my stout sonne, of his renowne declare vs all the rate:  
How long away doth leade to place where soyr spirites doth dwell,  
And how the hard and heauy bondes the dog hath bozne of hell.  
The. The deedes thou dost constrayne to tell, that euen to mynde secure  
Are dreadfull yet and horrible, scant yet the trust is sure

De



# The first tragedie

I I.

Of vitall ayre, soze blunted is the sharpnesse of my sight,  
 And dulled eyes do scant sustayne to see thy vnwoonted light.  
 AM. Yet Theseus throughefully ouercome what euer feare remainyes  
 In holome deepe, nor do thou not of best fruct of thy paynes  
 Beguilde thy selfe. What thing hath once to suffre beene a care,  
 To haue remembred it is sweete. those dzedfull haps declare.  
 TH. All ryght of worlde, and thee lyke wyse I praye y<sup>e</sup> hearest the rayne  
 In kingdome wyde, and thee, for whom all round about in bayne  
 Thy mother througheout Aetna sought, that secret things alowe  
 And hid in ground, it freely may bee lawfull for to shewe.  
 The Spartane land a noble toppe of hyll aduanceth hye,  
 Where Tænarus with woods full thicke the Sea doth ouerly.  
 The house of hatefull Ditis here his mawth doth open set,  
 And rocke of hyll aboue doth gape, and with a denne full gret  
 A huge and gaping cleft of ground with Jawes full wyde doth lye,  
 And way full broade to people all doth spied to passe thereby.  
 Not straight with darkenes doth begin the way that blindes the sight.  
 A litle lingring brightnes lye behinde of late left light,  
 And doubtfull glittering yet of sonne afflicted falles alowe,  
 And mocks the sight: such light is wont vndoubtedly to shewe  
 The dawne of day, or twylight els at edge of euening tyde.  
 From hence to hollowe places wyde are leaste the spaces wyde,  
 To which needes peryshe must all kinde of men that once are throwne.  
 Nor it a labour is to goe, the way it selfe leades downe.  
 As oft the ships agaynst theyr willes doth tolle the swelling surge,  
 So downward doth that headlong way, and greedy Chaos vrges:  
 And hacke agayne to drawe thy pace thee neuer doe permit  
 The sprits who what they catch hold fast. alowe within doth sit  
 In chanell wyde with silent soorde the quiet lake of lethe,  
 And cares doth rid: and that there may to scape agayne from death  
 No meane be made, with many turnes and windings euery way  
 Foldes in his floude. in such sozte as with waue vn Timer doth play  
 Mæander wandring vp and downe, and yeldes himselfe vnto,  
 And doubtfull stands, if he toward banke, or backe to spyng may goe.  
 The foule and filthy poole to see of slowe Cocytus lyes.  
 On th'one the Gype, on th'other side the mournefull Howlet cries,  
 And sad lucke of th'unhappy Scirix likewise resoundeth there.  
 Full vglyly in mady bowes blacke Locks of lothsome heare,  
 Where Taxus tree doth ouer leane, which holdeth slouthfull sleepe,  
 And hunger sad with famisht Jawe that lyes his place to keepe,

¶ 3

And shame

## Hercules furens

And shame to late doth hide his face that knowes what crimes it hath,  
Both feare, and quaking, funerall, and fretting raging warth,  
And mourning dyre doth follow on, and trembling pale disease,  
And boystrous battayles set with sword: and hid beyond all thease  
Doth slouthfull age his lingring pace help forth with staffe in hand.

AM. Of coine and wyne in hell alowe is any fertile land?

TH. No ioyfull Meades do there bring forth with face so greene & sayre,  
Nor yet with gentill Zephyrus waggess ripened coine in th'ayre.

Nor any tree hath there such bowes as doe bring apples out.

The barrayne compasse of deepe soyle full filthy lyes about,  
And withred with eternall drought the lothsome land doth waste  
And bond full sad of thinges, and of the worlde the places laste:

The ayre vnmoued stands, and night sits there full darke to see  
In slouthfull world, all thinges by dread full horrible there bee.  
And euen farre worse then death it selfe, is place where death doth hide.

AM. What? he that doth those places darke with regall scepter guide,  
In what seate set, doth he dispose and rule those peoples light?

TH. A place there is in turne obscure of Tartarus from sight,  
Which mist full thick with fearefull shade doth holde and ouergoe.  
From hence a double parted streame from one wellspring doth flowe:  
The tone, much like a standing poole (by this the gods doe sweare)  
The which the sacred Stygian lake with silent floude doth beare:  
The rother fierce with tumult great is drawn his course to goe,  
And Acheron with raging floud the stones dzyues to and froe  
Unsaylable, with double foorde is rounde about beset

Agaynst it Ditis pallace dyre, and mansion house full gret  
In shadefull woode is couered: from wide den here the posts  
And thresholds of the tyrant hang, this is the walke of ghosts:

This of his kingdome is the gate: a fiede about it goes,  
Where sitting with a countnaunce proude abroade he doth dispose  
Fewe soules, a cruell maiesty is in the God to knowe:

A frowning forehead, which yet of his brethren beares the shoue,  
And so great stocke: there is in him of Ioue the very face,  
But when he lightens: and great part of cruell kingdomes place,  
Is he himselfe the lorde thereof: the sight of whom doth feare,  
What euer thing is fear'd. AM. Is fame in this poynt true, y<sup>e</sup> there  
Such pygours are, and gilty Ghosts of men that there remaine  
Forgetfull of theyr former faulte, haue there deserued payne?

Who is the rector there of ryght, and iudge of equity?

TH. Not onely one extorter out of faultes in seate set hye  
The iudge=

# The first tragedie

12.

The iudgements late to trembling soules doth there by lot awarde:  
 In one appoynted iudgement place is Gnosian Minos harde,  
 And in an other Radamanthe: this crime doth Aeat heare.  
 What eche man once hath done, he feesles: and guilt to th'author theare  
 Returnes, and th'hurtfull with their owne example punisht bee.  
 The bloody cruell captaynes I in pylson thee did see,  
 And backe of tyrant impotent euen with his peoples hande  
 All toyne and cut. what man of might with fauour leades his lande,  
 And of his owne lyfe lordes reserues his hurtlesse handes to good,  
 And gently doth his enmye guide without the thyrt of blood,  
 And spares his soule, he hauing long led forth the lingring days  
 Of happy age, at length to heauen doth eyther finde the wayes,  
 Or ioyfull happy places ells of fayre Elysius woode.  
 Thou then that here must be a iudge abstayne from man his bloode,  
 Who so thou be that raygneest syng: our gyltes are there acquit  
 In greater wyse. AM. Doth any place prescript of lymite hit  
 The gylty Ghosts, and as the fame reportes, doth cruell payne  
 The wicked men make tame that in eternall bondes remaine?  
 TH. Ixion roll'de on whyrling wheele is tost and turned hye:  
 Upon the necke of Sisyphus the mighty stone doth lye.  
 Amyd the lake with thyrsty Iawes olde Tantalus therein  
 Pursues the waues, the water streame doth wet and washe his chin,  
 And when to him nowe ofte decey'de it doth yet promise make,  
 Straight sits the fload: the fruite at mouth his famyne doth forsake.  
 Eternall foode to fleeing foule doth Tyrius hart geue still:  
 And Danaus daughters doe in dayne theyr water vessells fill.  
 The wicked Cadmus daughters all goe raging euery way:  
 And there doth greedy rauening hyde the Phiney tables fray.  
 AM. Howe of my sonne declare to me the noble worthy fight.  
 Brings he his willing vnckles gyft, or Plutoes spoiles to fight?  
 TH. A dyre and dreadfull stone there is the slouthfull foordes last hye,  
 Where sluggish treat with waue askon'd full dull and slowe doth lye:  
 This lake a dreadfull fellow keepes both of attire and sight,  
 And quaking Ghosts doth ouer heare an aged ugly wyght:  
 His Bearde vnkempt, his bosome foule deform'de in filthy wyse  
 A knot byndes in, full lothelome stand in head his hollowe eyes:  
 He feary man doth feare about his Boate with his long Oie.  
 He dzyning nowe his lightned Ship of burden towarde the Shore,  
 Repayres to waues: and then his way Alcides doth requyre,  
 The flocke of Ghosts all geuing place: alowde cryes Charon dyre,  
 What way

¶ 4.



## Hercules Furens

What way attemptest thou to holde? thy hastening pace here stay.  
But Nathales Alcmenaes sonne abyding no delay,  
Euen with his owne poale bet he dothe full tame the shipman make,  
And clymes the ship: the barke that coulde full many peoples take,  
Did yelde to one: he sat, the boate more heauy like to breake  
With shpyering ioyntes on eyther syde the lethey floud doth leake.  
Then tremble all the monsters huge, the Centaures fierce of myght,  
And Lapithes, kindled with much wyne to warres and bloudy fight.  
The lowest Chanelles seeking out of Strygian poole a downe,  
His Lernei labour sore affright his fertile heads doth drowne.  
Of greedy Ditis after this doth then the house appere.  
The fierce and cruell Strygian dogge doth fray the spirites there,  
The which with great and roaring lounde his heads vpthaking thre,  
The kingdome keepe his vgly head with filth full soule to see  
The serpentes lick: his hayres he fowle with byppers set among,  
And at his crooked wrested tayle doth hyll a Dragon longe:  
Lyke yre to shape. when him he wyll his pace that way to take,  
His bristle hayres he listeth vp with fierce vp bended snake:  
And lounde sent out he soone perceyues in his applyed eare,  
Who euen the sprits is wont to sent as sonne as stooode more neare  
The sonne of Ioue, the doubtfull dogge strait couched downe in denne,  
And eche of them did feare. beholde with dolefull barking then  
The places dumme he makes a dzed, the threathing serpent stout  
Through all the fieldes about doth hyll: the bawling noyle sent out  
Of dzedfull voyce from triple mouth, euen sprits that happy bee  
Doth make afrayde. from left side then straye way vndoeth hee  
The cruell Jawes, and Lyons head once slayne in Cleon felde  
Agaynst him sets, and couer doth himselfe with mighty shielde.  
And bearing in his conquering hande a sturdy club of Oke,  
Nowe here, now there he rolleth him about with often stroke:  
His stripes he doubles: he suddew'de his threates allwaged all,  
And all his heads the weary dogge at once full lowe let fall,  
And quite out of the denn he fled, full greatly feared (set  
In regall throne) both king and queene, and bad him to bee set.  
And me likewyse they gaue for gyft to Hercles crauing mee.  
The monsters heauy neckes with hand then stroaking downe all thre,  
In lynked chayne he bynderth faste forgetting then his strength  
The dogge the watchefull keeper of the kingdome darke at length  
Layth downe his eares full sore atiray'de: and luffing to be led,  
And eke acknowledging his lorde, following wrth lowly hed,  
With tayle

## The first tragedy.

13

With tayle that snakes thereon doth beare he both his sides doth smight.  
 But after that to Tænare mouth we came, and cleavenes bright  
 Had strooke his eyes of light unknowne, good stomacke yet agayne  
 He takes although once overcome, and now the happy chayne  
 He raging thakes: he had almost his leader pluckt from place,  
 And headlong backward drawne to hell, and moued from his pace.  
 And euen to my handes Hercules then his eyes did backward cast,  
 Wee both with double soynded strength the dogge out drawne at last  
 For anger woode, and battells yet attempting all in bayne,  
 Brought vp to world. as soone as he the cleere ayre sawe agayne,  
 And spaces pure of hyght fayre poale had once behelde with eye,  
 The nyght arose: his sight to ground he turned by and by,  
 Cast downe his eyes, and hatefull day forthwith he put to flight,  
 And backward turnd away his looke, and streight with all his might  
 To th'earthe he falles: and vnderneath the shade of Hercules then  
 He hyd his head. therewith there came a great resorte of men  
 With clamour glad, that did the bay about theyr forheads byng:  
 And of the noble Hercules deserued prayles sing.

## Chorus.



Vrystheus borne with swiftned birth in hast,  
 Did bid to bottome of the Worlde to go:  
 This onely lackt of labours all at last,  
 To spoyle the Kyng of thyrde estate also.  
 The dongeons darke to enter ventred hee,

Where as the way to sprits farre of doth bring  
 Full sadde, and woode so blacke and fear'de to bee:  
 But full with flocke full great him following.  
 As great a preasse as flocke in cyties streetes,  
 To see the Playes of Theatre newe wrought:  
 As great as at Eléus thundrer meetes,  
 When Sommer fift the sacred game hath brought:  
 As great as when comes houre of longer night,  
 And willing quiet sleepes to bee extent,  
 Holdes equall Libra Phœbus Chariots light,  
 A forte the secrete Ceres doe frequent,

And from

## Hercules furens

And from theyr howfen left doe haft to comme,  
The Atticke priestes the nyghte to celebrate :  
Such heape is chaste beneath by fieldes so dumme.  
With age full flowe some taking forth their gate  
Full sad, and filde with life so long now led :  
Some yet doe runne the race of better yeares,  
The virgins yet vnioynde to Spowfes bed,  
And yonglings eke on whom grow yet no heares  
And Infant lately taught his mothers name.  
To these alone, (that they the lesse might feare)  
Is graunted night to ease with foreborne flame.  
The rest full sad by darke doe wander theare :  
As in our mynde, when once away is fled  
The lyght, when eche man sorry feeles to bee  
Deepe ouerwhelmde with all the earth his hed.  
Thick Chaos standes, and darknesse fowle to see,  
And colour ill of night, and slouthfull state  
Of silent World, and diuers Cloudes about.  
Let hoary age vs thyther bring full late.  
No man comes late to that, whence neuer out,  
When once hee is come, turne agayne he may.  
To haft the hard and heauy Fate what vayles ?  
This wandring heape in wyde landes farre away,  
Shall goe to Ghosts : and all shall geue their sayles  
To slowe Cocytus. all is to thee enclinde,  
Both what the fall, and rife of sonne doth see :  
Spare vs that comme, to thee wee death are signde :  
Though thou be slow, our felues yet hafte doe wee.  
Fyrst houre, that gaue the lyfe, it loast agayne.

To



**T**H *Thebes* is come the ioyfull day,  
 Your Altars touch yee humblylly,  
 The fat fayre Sacrifices slay.  
 Maydes myrte with men in cumpany  
 Let them in solempne flockes goe royle :  
 And nowe wyth yoaake layde downe let cease  
 The Tillers of the fertile Soyle.  
 Made is wyth hande of *Hercles* peace  
 Betweene the mozne and *Hespers* Glade,  
 And where Sonne holding myddle seate,  
 Doth make the Bodyes caste no Shade.  
 What euer grounde is ouerweate  
 Wyth compasse longe of Seas aboutt,  
*Alcydes* laboure taemde full well.  
 Hee ouer ffoordes of *Tartare* brought  
 Returnde appeased beeing Hell.  
 There is remayning nowe no feare,  
 Nought lyes beyonde the Hell to see.  
 O Priest thy staring Lockes of heare  
 Whappe in wyth loued Poplar tree.

THE

# Hercules furens

## THE FOVRTHE

### A C T E .

Hercules, Theseus, Amphitryon, Megara.

**W**ith my reuēging right hād slayne now Dycus loe the ground  
 With groueling face hath smit: thē who soeuer fellow found  
 Of Tyraunt was, partaker of his paynes did also lye.  
 Powe to my father sacrifice and Gods victor will I,  
 And aulteris that deserue it, with slayne offerings reuerence.  
 Thee, thee O mate of all my toyles I pray and my defence  
 O warrefull Pallas, in whose left hand thy cleare shilde Aegis shakes  
 ffierce threats, w<sup>th</sup> head that eche thing stone that looks vpon it makes.  
 Let tamer of Lycurgus nowe, and of red Sea be heare,  
 That poynt of speare with Iuue greene in hand doth couer'de beare:  
 And two Gods powre, both Phœbus and his Sysser to I pray  
 The sister meeter for her shaftes, but hee on th'harpe to play:  
 And what soeuer brother ells of myne doth dwell in sky,  
 Not of my stepdanie brother. bring yee hyther by and by  
 Your plentuous flocks, what euer haue all th'Indians fructs brought  
 And what sweete odours th'Arabickes doe get in trees about, (out,  
 To th'aulteris bring: let vapour fat and fume smoke vp full hye,  
 Let rounde about the Poplar tree my hayres now beautifye  
 Let th'oliue howe thee hyde with braunche accustomed in our lande  
 Theseu: for fourthwith reuerence the thundrer, shall my hande,  
 TH. O Gods the builders of the towne and which of Dragon tell,  
 The wilde woods beng: and noble waues likewise of Dirces well,  
 And Tyrian house enhabite eke of straunger wandring king.  
 HE. Cast into fyres y<sup>e</sup> frankencense. AM. Sonne fyrst thy hands flowing  
 With bloudy slaughter, and the death of enmy purify.  
 HE. Would God the bloud of hatefull head euen vnto Gods on hye  
 I might out shed, for lycour loe more acceptable none  
 Myght th'aulteris slayne: nor sacrifice more ample any one  
 Nor yet more plentifull may bee to Ioue aboute dwtone cast,  
 Then king vniust. AM. Desyre that now thy father ende at last  
 Thy labours all: let quietnes at length yet giuen bee,  
 And rest weary folke. HE. I will thee prayers make, for mee

And Ioue

## The first Tragedy.

15

And Ioue ful meete in this due place let stand the haughty skye,  
 And land, and ayre, and let the starres dyue forth eternally  
 Their course vnstayde: let restful peace kepe nations quietly,  
 Let labour of the hurtles land all yron now occupye,  
 And swordes lye hyd: let tempest none ful vyolent and dyre  
 Disturbe the sea: let from the skyes no flash of lightning fyre  
 Fall downe whyle Ioue ful angry is: nor yet with winter snowe  
 Encreased flood the ground vpturnde, and field quyte ouerthrowe,  
 Let poysons cease: and from hensforth let bp from ground arple  
 So greuous hearbe with hurtful sappe: nor fierce and fell lyketwylse  
 Let tyrantes raygne but if to sight some other mischiefe bringe  
 The ground yet shall, let it make hast: and any monstrous thinge  
 If it prepare let it be myne, but what meanes this? myd day  
 The darkenes haue incloa'd aboute lo Phœbus goeth his way  
 With face obscure without a clowde who dyues the day to sight,  
 And turnes to east? from whence doth now his duslay hed the night  
 Unknowne bring forth? whence fil the poale so many rownde about  
 Of daytyme starres? lo here behold my labour first ful stout  
 Not in the lowest parte of heauen the Lyon shyneth bryght,  
 And feruently doth rage with yre, and byttes prepares to syght.  
 Euen now loe he some star wil take, with mouth full wyde to see  
 He thyeatning standes, and fires out blowes and mane bp rustleth he  
 Shaking with necke the haruest sad of shape, what euer thinge,  
 And what soeuer winter colde in frosen tyme doth bring,  
 He with one rage wil ouerpasse, of spring tyme bull he will  
 Both seeke and bryake the neckes at once. Am. what is this todayne yll?  
 Thy cruel count'naunce whether sonne dost thou cast here and there?  
 And seest with troubled daseld syght false shape of heauen appere  
 Her. The land is tam'de the swelling seas their surges did allwage,  
 The kingdomes lowe of hell lyketwylse haue felt and knowne my rage,  
 Yet heauen is free, a labour meete for Hercules to proue.  
 To spaces high I wil be bozne of haughty skies aboute  
 Let th'ayre be skaeld, my father doth me promise starres to obtayne.  
 What if he it denyde? all th'earth can Hercules not contayne,  
 And geeues at length to gods, me calles of one accorde beholde  
 The whole assembly of the gods, and doth their gates vnfolde,  
 Whyle one forhyddes, recepu't thou mee, and openest thou the skye,  
 Or els the gate of stubburne heauen draw after me do I?  
 Do I yet doubt? I euen the bondes from Saturne wyl vndoe,  
 And euen agaynst the kingdome proude of wicked father loe

My

## Hercules furens

My graundfyrer loose, let Titans now prepare agayne their fight  
 With me theyr captaine raging: stones with woods I will down smight  
 And hye hilles tops with Centaures full in right hande will I take.  
 With double mountayne now I will a staye to Gods vp make.  
 Let Chyron vnder Ossa see his Pelion mountayne gret:  
 Olympus vp to heauen aboue in thyrd degree then let  
 Shall come it selfe, or els be cast. AM. But farre away from thee  
 The thoughts that ought not to be spoake: of mynde vnfounde to see,  
 But yet full great, the furious rage allwage and lay away.  
 HE. What meaneth this? the Gyautes doe pestiferous armes assay,  
 And Tityus from the sprights is fled, and beating torne to see  
 And empty bosome, loe howe neere to heauen it selfe stooode hee?  
 Cythæron falles, the mountayne hie Pallene shakes for feare,  
 And torne are Tempe. he the tops of Pindus caught hath here,  
 And Oethen he, some dyedfull thing threathning doth rage about  
 Erynnis brynging flames: with stripes she soundes nowe shaken out,  
 And burned handes in funeralles, loe yet more neare and neare  
 Thowes in my face: scarce Tisyphone with head and vgly heare  
 With serpentes set, nowe after dogge set out with Hercules hand,  
 That empty gate shee hath shut vp, with bolte of fyre brande.  
 But loe the stocke of enmious king doth hidden yet remayne,  
 The wicked Lycus seede: but to your hatefull father slayne  
 Euen now this right hande shall you sende let nowe his arrowes light  
 My bowe out shoote: it seemes the shaftes to goe with such a slight  
 Of Hercules. AM. Whether doth the rage and fury blinde yet goe?  
 His mighty Bowe he drew with hornes together driuen loe,  
 And quier loose: great noyse makes with violence sent out  
 The shaft, and quight the weapon slewe, his middle necke throughout,  
 The wound yet left. HE. His other broode I ouerthrow will quight,  
 And corners all. What stay I yet? to me a greater fyght  
 Remaynes then all Mycenes loe, that rockye stones should all  
 Of Cyclops being oueturn'de with hande of myne, downe fall.  
 Let shake both here, and there the house, with all staves ouerthrowne,  
 Let breake the poasts: and quight let shrinke the shaken pillar downe:  
 Let all the Pallace fall at once. I here yet hidden see  
 The sonne of wycked father. AM. Loe his flattering handes to thee  
 Applying to thy knees dooth craue his lyfe with piteous mone.  
 O wicked gylt, full sad, and eke abhorde to looke vpon,  
 His humble right hand caught he hath, and raging rounde about  
 Him rolled twyfe, or thysfe hath cast. his head vfoundeth out,  
The sprinke-



The sprinkled houses with the hayne of him throwne out are wet.

But seee poore wretch her little sonne in bosome hyding yet

Loe Megara, like one in rage doth from the corners flee.

HE. Though runagate in bosome of the thundier hid thou bee,

This right hand shall from every where thee seeke, and bring to sight.

AM. Wher goest thou wretch? what lurking dens, seekst thou to take, or

No place of sauegarde is if once bee Hercules styde with yre: (sight?)

But doe thou rather him embrace, and with thy meeke desyre

Alay r'allwage him. ME. Husband spare vs I beseech thee now,

And knowe thy Megara, this sonne thy countenance doth shewe,

And bodys pytche: behould't thou howe his hands vp lyteth hee?

HE. I holde my stepdame: followe on due penaunce paye to mee,

And bounden Ioue from fylthy bonde deliuer free away:

But I before the mother will this litle monster slay. (Heade?)

ME. Thou mad man whither goest thou? wylt thou thine owne bloude

AM. Th'infant with fathers epy face astonnied all for dread,

Died euen before the wounde: his feare bath tooke away his lyfe.

And now likewise his heauy club is shaken towarde his wyfe:

He broaken hath the bones, her head from blocklyke body gone

Is quight, nor any where it staves. dar'st thou this looke vpon

To long lyu'de age? if mouruing doe the greene, thou hast then loe

The death p'parde. Doe thou thy breast vpon his weapons throe,

Or ells this club with slaughter stayn'de of monsters slayne that bee,

Nowe hyther turne. thy parent false, vnfit for name of thee

Kyd hence away, least he should be to thy renowne a let.

TH. Which way the father toward thy death dost thou thy selfe cast yet?

Or whyther goest thou mad man? flee and lye thou cloately hid,

And yet from handes of Hercules this onely myschiefe rid.

HE. T'is well, the house of shameful king is now quight ouerthrowne.

To thee O spouse of greattest Ioue I haue loe beaten downe

This offred flocke: I gladly haue fulfill'de my wythes all

Full meete for thee, and Argos now geue other offerings shall.

AM. Thou hast not sonne yet all perform'de, fill vp the sacrifice.

Loe th'offring doth at th'aultars stande, it waytes thy hand likewise

With necke full prone: I geue my selfe, I roon, I follow loe.

Hee sacrifice. what meaneth this? his eyes rolle to and froe,

And heauines doth dull his sight. see I of Hercules

The trembling hands? downe falles his face to sleepe and quietnes,

And weary necke with bowed head full fast doth downeward thynke,

With bended knee: nowe all at once he downe to ground doth sinke,

As in

## Hercules furens

As in the woods wylde Ashe cut downe, or Bulwarke for to make  
A Hauen in Seas. Liur'ste thou ? or els to death doth thee betake.  
The selfe same rage, that hath sent all thy family to death ?  
It is but sleepe, for to and fro doth goe and come his breath.  
Let tyme bee had of quietnesse, that thus by sleepe and rest  
Great force of his diseale suddew'de, may ease his greued brest.  
Remoue his weapons seruants, least he mad get them agayne.

### Chorus.



Et th'ayre complayne, and eke the parent great  
Of haughty Sky, and fertile land throughout,  
And wandring waue of euer mouing freat.  
And thou before them all, which lands about  
And trayn of Sea thy beames abroad doft throe  
With glittering face, and mak'st the night to flee,  
O feruent Titan : bothe thy settinges loe  
And rising, hath Alcides seene wyth thee :  
And knowne lykewise hee hath thy howfen twayne.  
From so great illis release yee nowe hys brest,  
O Gods release : to better turne agayne  
His ryghter mynde, and thou O tamer best  
O sleepe of toyles, the quietnesse of mynde,  
Of all the lyfe of man the better parte,  
O of thy mother Astrey wynged kynde,  
Of hard and pyning death that brother arte,  
With truth mingling the false, of after state  
The sure, but eke the worste foreteller yet :  
O Father of all thynges of Lyfe the gate,  
Of lyght the rest, of nyght and fellowe fyt,  
That com'st to Kyng, and seruaunt equally,  
And gently cherysshest who weary bee,  
All mankynde loe that dreadfull is to dye.  
Thou doost constrayne long death to learne by thee.  
Keepe him fast bounde wyth heauy sleepe opprest,  
Let slomber deepe his Limmes vntamed bynde,

Nor foo-



## The first tragedie.

17

Nor foner leaue his vnright raginge breaste  
Then former mynd his course agayne may fynd.  
Loe layd on ground with full fierce hart yet still  
His cruel sleepes he turnes : and not yet is  
The plague subdude of so great raging yll  
And on great club the weary head of his  
He wont to laye, doth seeke the staffe to fynde  
VWith empty handes his armes out casting yet  
VWith mouing vayne : nor yet all rage of minde  
He hath layd downe, but as with Sowthwind greate  
The waue once vext yet after kepeth still  
His raging long, and though the wind now bee  
Asswaged swelles, shake of the is madde and yll  
Tossinges of mynde, returne let piety,  
And vertue to the man, els let be so  
His mynde with mouing mad toste euery waye :  
Let error blynd, where it begun hath, go,  
For naught els now but only madnes maye  
Thee gyltles make : in next estate it standes  
To hurtles handes thy mischiefe not to know.  
Now stroken let with Hercules his handes  
Thy bosome founde : thyne armes the worlde allow  
VWere wonte to beare, let greuous strypes now smyte  
VWith conquering hande, and lowde complayning cryes,  
Let th'ayre now heare, let of darke pole and nighte  
The Queene them hear, and who ful fyercely lyes  
That beares his neckes in mighty chaynes fast bounde,  
Low lurking Cerberus in deepest caue.  
Let Chaos all with clamour sad resound,  
And of broad sea wide open waisting waue.  
And th'ayre that felt thy weapons beter yet,  
but felt them though.  
The breastes with so great yls as these beset,  
VWith litle stroake they must not beaten bee.  
Let kingdomes three found with one playnt and crye,

D.

And

## Hercules furens.

And thou neckes honour and defence to fee,  
His arrowe strong longe hanged vp on hye,  
And quiuers light the cruell stripes now smyte  
On his fierce backe his shouldars strong and stout  
Let oken club now strike, and poast of might  
VVith knots ful hard his brestee load all aboute.  
Let euen his weapons so great woes complayne  
Not you pore babes mates of your fathers praise,  
VVith cruell wound reuenging kinges agayne :  
Not you your lims in Argos barriers playes,  
Are taught to turne with weapons strong to smite  
And strong of hand yet euen now daring loe  
The weapons of the Scithian quiuer light  
VVith stedy hand to paife set out from bow.  
And stags to perce that saue them selues by flight  
And backes not yet ful maend of cruel beaft.  
To Stigian hauens goe ye of shade and night  
Goe hurtles foules, whom mischief hath opprest  
Euen in fyrst porch of lyfe but lately had,  
And fathers fury goe vnhappy kind  
O litle children, by the way ful sad  
Of iourney knowen.  
Goe see the angry kynges.

The

# THE FIFTHE

18

A C T E.

Hercules, Amphytrion,

*Theſeus.*



What place is this? what region? or of the world what coast?  
 Where am I? vnder ryle of sunne or bond els uttermost  
 Of thy'py beare or els doth here of sea of Hespery  
 The fardest ground appoynt a bond for thy'ocean sea to lye?  
 What ayre draw we? to weary wight what ground is vnderfet?  
 Of truth we are returnd from hell whence in my house downe bet  
 See I these bloudy bodyes? hath not yet my mynd of cast  
 Thy'infernall shapes? but after yet returnd from hel at last  
 Yet wander doth that helly heape before myne eyes to see?  
 I am asham'de to graunt, I quake, I know not what to me,  
 I cannot tell what greuous yll my mynde before doth know.  
 Where is my parent? where is thee with goodly childrens show  
 My noble harty stomackt spouse why doth my left syde lacke  
 The lyons spoyl? which way is gone the couer of my backe?  
 And selſe same bedde ful soft for slepe of Hercules also?  
 Where are my shaftes? where is my bow? then from my liuing who  
 Could plucke away? who taken hath the spoyles so great as these  
 And who was he that feared not euen slepe of Hercules?  
 To see my conquerour me lykes, yt lykes me hym to know  
 Ryle victor bp, what new sonne hath my father gotten now  
 Heauen beyng left? at byrth of whom myght euer stayd bee  
 A longer night then, was in myne? what mischief do I see?  
 My children loe do lye on ground with bloudy slaughter slayne:  
 My wyfe is kild: what Lycus doth the kingdome yet obtayne?  
 Who durst so haynous giltes as these at Thebes take in hand  
 When Hercles is returnd? who so Ismenus waters land,  
 Who so Acteons fieldes or who with double seas beset  
 The shaken Pelops kingdomes dost of Dardan dwell on yet  
 Helye me: of cruel slaughter show who may the authoꝝ bee.  
 Let rage my yre and all: my foe he is who so to me  
 Shewes not my foe dost thou yet hyde Alcides victoꝝ ly?  
 Come forth, euen whether thou reuenge the cruel charpots hye  
 Of Bloudy Thracian king or yf thou Gerions catell quight

W 2

Dr

## Hercules furens.

O lordes of Lybia, no delay there is with thee to fight.  
 Beholde I naked stande, although euen with my weapons loe  
 Thou me vnarmed sette vppon. Wherefore fleeth Theseus soe,  
 And eke my father from my sight? they faces why hyde they?  
 Deferre your weepings, and who did my wyfe and childzen slep  
 Thus all at once, me tell. Wherefore O father dost thou whurst?  
 But tell thou Theseu, but Theseu with thy accustom'd truste.  
 Ech of them silent hydes away their bathesfull count'naunces,  
 And priuily they shed their teares in so great ils as these,  
 Of what ought wee asham'de to be? doth ruler yet of might  
 Of Argos towne, or hateful band of souldiars apt to fight  
 Of Lycus dying, vs oppresse with such calamity?  
 By prayse of all my noble actes I do despye of thee  
 O father, and of thy great name approu'de to me alway  
 The prosperous powre declare to mee, who did my houthold slay?  
 Whose pray lay I? A. Yet thus thyne ylls in sylens ouerpass.  
 He. That I should vnreuenged bee? Am, Reuenge oft hurtful was.  
 He Did euer man so greuous pls without reuenge sustayne?  
 A Whol'euer greater fearde. H. Then these O father yet agayne  
 May any greater thing, or els more greuous feared be?  
 Am. How great apart is it thou woist of thy calamity?  
 Her. Take mercy father, lo I lift to thee my humble handes.  
 What meaneth this? my hand fleeth backe, some priuy gylt their standes  
 Whence comes this bloud? or what doth mean flowing w' deatch of child  
 The shaft imbzwed with slaughter once of Verney monster kilde?  
 I see my weapons now, the hand I seeke no more to witte.  
 Whose hand could bend this bow but myne? or what right arme but it  
 Could string the bow that vnto mee euen scantly doth obey?  
 To you I turne: O father deare, is this my gylt I pray?  
 They held their peace: it is myne own. Am. Thy greuous woe is there,  
 The cryme thy stepdames: this mischaunce no fault of thyne hath here.  
 Her. From euery part now father throw in wrath thy thunders mighte,  
 And of thy sonne forgetful now with cruel hand requighte  
 At least thy nephewes, let the world that beares the starrs sounce out.  
 And let both th'one and th'other poale, syng downe thy flames aboute:  
 And let the bankes of Caspyan sea my bounden body teare,  
 And greedy foule. Wherefore do of Prometheus lacke heare  
 The rockes? with huge and haughty top let now prepared be,  
 Both feeding bestes and foules, the syde of Caucas turne to see,  
 And bare of woods, the ple that hydge of Scithe that therby standes

Simple



Simplegas Ioynes, both here and there let it my bounden handes  
Stretch out abroad: and when with course return'de accusd'ly  
They shall together dyue, and shall the rockes tolle vp to skye  
With bankes together beyng thrust, and eke the middle seay,  
Let me betweene the mountaynes lye vnquiet restlesse stay  
But building vp with wood throwne on a heaped pile on hie  
My body thus with wicked bloud bespinct, why burne not I?  
So, so yt must be done: to hell I Hercules will restore.

Am. Not yet his hart astonied lacks his ragyng tumult soze,  
But wraths hath turnd: and which of rage is property and pre  
Agaynst himselfe he rageth now Her. The furies places dire  
And dungeon depe of sprites in hell and place of tormentry  
To gylty ghostes and banishment yf any yet do lye  
Beyond Erebus, yet vnknown to Cerberus and mee,  
There hyde me ground to farthest bond of Tartarus to see.  
To tary there I le goe O brest of myne to fierce and stout:  
Who you my children thus disperst through all my house about,  
May worthely enough bewayle? in all my euils yet  
This countnaunce hard can neuer weepe, a sword now hither set:  
My shaftes reach hether, hyther reach my mighty club also:  
To thee my weapons breake I will, to thee my sonne a two  
I le knappe my bowes, ande ke my clubbe, this blocke of heauy wayghte  
Shal to thy sprites be burned loe: this selfe same quier fraght  
With Lerney shaftes to funerall of thyne shall likewise goe.  
Let all my weapons penance pay and you unhappy to  
Euen with my weapons burne I wil, O stepdaimes handes of myne.  
Th. Who euer yet to ignoraunce hath geuen name of cryme?  
Her. Ful oftentymes did errour greate the place of gylt obtayne.  
Th. 'Tis neede to be a Hercules now, this heape of yll sustayne.  
Her. Not so, hath shame yet geuen place with fury drowned quight  
But peoples all I rather should dyue from my wicked sight.  
My weapons, weapons Theseus, I quickly craue to mee  
Withdraw to be restward agayne: if found my mynd now bee,  
Restore to me my weapons, if yet last my rage of mynd,  
Then father flee: for I the waye to death my selfe shal fynde.  
Am. By sacred holy kynreds rightes, by force and duty all  
Of both my names, if epyther me thy hynger vp thou call.  
O parent els, and (which of good men reuerenced are)  
By these hoare hayres, I the besech my desert age yet spare,  
And wery yeares of houle falne downe the one alonly stay,



## Hercules furens.

One onely light to mee, with yls afflicted euery way  
Reserue thy selfe: yet neuer hath there happ'ned once of thee  
Fruite of thy toyles: still eyther I the doubtful sea to see  
Or monsters feard: who euer yet hath bene a cruell king  
In all the world to ghostes allow, and aulcers both hurtinge,  
Of me is feard: the father of thee absent stil to haue  
The fruite, the touching, and the sight of thee at length I craue.  
He. Wherefore I longer should sustayn my life yet in this light,  
And linger here no cause there is, all good lost haue I quighte,  
My mynd, my weapons, my renoume, my wife, my sonnes, my handes,  
And fury to no man may heale and lose from gylty bandes  
My mynd despyld: needes must with death be heald so haynous yll.  
Th. Wilt thou thy father slay? He. Least I shoulde do it die I will.  
Th. Before thy fathers face? He. I taught him mischief for to see.  
Th. Thy deedes marking rather that should of al remembred bee,  
Of this one only crime I do a pardon of thee craue.  
Her. Shall he geue pardon to himselfe, that to none els it gaue?  
I heeing hidden prayle deseru'd, this deede mine owne doth proue.  
Helpe father nowe, if eyther els thy piety thee moue,  
Or els my heauy fate, or els the honour and renoune.  
Of stained strength, my weapons brynge, let fortune be throwen downe.  
with my right hand. Th. The prayers which thy father makes to thee  
Are stronge enough, but yet likewise with weeping loe of me  
Be moued yet: aryle thou vp, and with thy wonted myght  
Subdue thyne yls: now such a mynde vniueerte to beare vpright  
No euill hap, receyue againe loe now with manhode gret  
Thou must preuaile euen Hercules forbyd with yre to fret.  
HE. Aylue, I hurt: but if I dye I take the gylt also.  
I hast to ridde the world of crime euen now before me lo  
A wicked monster cruel, and vntamed fierce and stout  
Dorth wander: now with thy ryght hand beginne to goe aboute  
A greate assayre, yea more then all thy twyle fire labours long.  
Yet stayst thou wretch, that late agaynst the children wast so stronge,  
And fearful mother now except restoord my weapons bee,  
Of Thracian Pindus eyther I wil teare downe euery tree,  
And Bacchus holly woods and tops of mount Cythæron hye  
Burne with my selfe, and al at once with all their houses I  
And with the Lordes thereof the roofes with goddes of Thebes all  
The Thebane temples euen vppon my body will let fall:  
And wyl be hyd in towne vpturnd: if to my shoulders might

The

The walles themselves all cast thereon shall fall a burden light,  
 And couerd with seuen gates I shall not be enough opprest,  
 Then all the wayght wheron the worlde in middle part doth rest,  
 And partes the Goddess vppon my head I le turne and ouerthrow  
 My weapons geue. Am. This word is meete for Hercules father lo  
 With this same arrow staine behold thy sonne is tumbled downe,  
 This weapons cruell Iuno lo from handes of thyne hath throwne,  
 This same wil I now vse, loe see how leaps with feare afright  
 My wretched harte, and how it doth my careful body smight.  
 The Haft is set therto thou shalt a mischiefe lo do now  
 Both willing it and working: tel, what thing commaundest thou?  
 I nothing craue my doloure loe in saf'ty standeth now.  
 To kepe my sonne alyue to mee that onely do canst thou  
 O Theseu, yet I haue not scape great't feare that happen can  
 Thou canst mee not a miser make, thou mayst a happy man  
 So order euery thyng thou dost, as all thy cause in hand,  
 And same thou mayst wel know in strayght and doubtful case to stande  
 Thou liu'lt, or diest: this slender soule that light is hence to flee,  
 Weri'd with age, and no lesse bet with greuous ils to see,  
 In mouth I holde so slowly to a father with such staye  
 Doth any man geue lyfe? I wil no longer bid delay,  
 The deadly sword throughout my breast to strike I wil apply,  
 Here, here the gylt of Hercules euen found of mynd shall lye.  
 Her. Forbeare O father now forbear, withdraw thy hand againe.  
 My manhood yeld thy fathers will, and imperry sustaine.  
 To Hercules labours now likewyl, let this one labour goe,  
 Let me yet liue, lift vp from ground th'afflicted lims with woe  
 O Theseu of my parent: for from Godly touch doth flee  
 My wicked hand. Am? I gladly do this hand embrace to mee.  
 By this I beyng stay'd will goe, this mouing to mybest  
 I le take my woes, Her. what place shall I seeke conuagiate for rest?  
 Where shall I hyde my selfe? or in what land my selfe engraue?  
 What Tanais, or what Nilus els, or with his Persyan waue  
 What Tygris violēt of streame, or what fierce Rhenus flood,  
 Or Tagus troublesome that slowes with Ibers treasures good  
 May my ryght hand now wash from gylt? although Mæotis cold  
 The wsues of all the Northen sea on me shed out now wolde,  
 And al the water therof shoulde now pas by my two handes,  
 Yet wil the mischiefe deepe remayne, alas into what landes  
 Wilt thou O wicked man resort? to East or westernne costs?

## Hercules furens.

Ech where wel known, all place I haue of banishment quight losse  
From me the worlde doth flee a back, the starres that sydeling rone  
Do backwarde dyue their turned course, euen Cerberus the sone  
With better count'naunce did behold O faythfull friend I saye,  
O Theseu seeke some lurking place, farre hence out of the way  
O thou awarder of mens gyltes what euer Iudge thou bee  
That hurtful men dost loue, repay a worthy thanke to me:  
And my desertes. I thee beseech, to gholtes of hell againe  
Send me that once escaped them: & subiect to thy raine  
Restoze me yet to those thy bandes, that place hal me wel hyde:  
And yet euen that place knowes me wel Th. Our land for thee doth hide  
There Mars his hande acquite agayne and made from slaughter free  
Restoord to armoure, loe that land (Alcides) calles for thee,  
Which woutes to quite the gods, and proue them Innocent to be.

*HERE ENDETH THE FIRST*  
Tragedye of *Seneca*, called *Her-*  
*cules furens*, translated into En-  
glishe by Iasper Heywood stu-  
dente in Oxenforde.

The

THE SECOND  
TRAGEDIE OF SENECA ENTITV.

21

tuled Thyestes, faythfully Englished  
by Jasper Heywood Fellow  
of Allsolne Colledge in  
Orenforde.

*The Argument of this Tragedie.*



EGÆRA ONE OF THE  
Hellish furies raising vp Tantalus frō  
Hell, incited him to set mortall hatred  
betwene his two nephewes Thiestes, &  
Atreus being brothers, and raining as Kinges ouer  
Mycenæ by enterchangeable turnes, that is to witte  
Thiestes to raine the one yere, and Atreus the other.  
Now Atreus enraged with furie against his brother  
partly for defiling and deflouring his wife Ærope by  
pollicie, and partly for taking from him a Ram with  
a golden fleese, practised with his seruāt how to be re-  
uēged of his brother. This Atreus therfore dissemblig  
a reconciliation & inuiting Thyestes to Mycenæ se-  
cretly & vnknowē to him, set before hī at a banquet  
the flesh of his own childrē to eate. Afterward Atreus  
hauīg also geuē to his said brother y<sup>e</sup> bloud of his chil-  
drē in a goblet to drinke, did lastly cōmaūd the heads  
also to be brought in, at the doleful sight wherof Thi-  
estes greatly lamēting knowīg y<sup>e</sup> he had eatē his owne  
childrē, was wonderfully anguished. But Atreus for  
that he had thus reuenged himselfe, toke therin great  
pleasure and delectation.



# THIESTES OF SENECA

## THE FIRST ACTE.

The names of the Speakers

Tantalus. Megæra. Atreus. Seruant.

Thiestes. Philistencs. Messenger, Chorus.

Tantalus Megæra,



**V**A T furpe fell enforceth mee  
to fle, th' unhappy feat,  
That gape and gape with greedye iawe,  
the sleeving food to eate  
What G D D to Tantalus the howres  
wher bzeathing bodyes dwel

Doth shew agayne? is ought found worse, then burning thirst of hel  
In lakes alow? or yet worse plague then hunger is there one,  
In bayne that euer gapes for foode: thal Sisyphus his stone,  
That slipper restles rolling payse vppon my backe be borne.  
Or shall my lymmes with swifter swinge of whirling whele be torne?  
Or shall my paynes be Tytius panges th' encreasynge liuer still,  
Whole growing guttes the gnawing gripes and fylthy foules do fyl?  
That styl by nyght repayres the panch that was deuour'd by day,  
And wondrous wombe vnwalked lieth a new prepared pray  
What ill am I appoynted for? O cruell iudge of sprites,  
Who so thou be that tormentes new among the sowles delytes  
Stril to dispose, ad what thou canst to all my deadly woe,  
That keeper euen of dungeon darke would loze abhorre to knowe.  
Or hel it selfe it quake to se: for dread wherof likewise  
I tremble wold, that plague seke out: lo now there doth aryse  
My broode that thal in mischief farre the grandsyers gift out goe,  
And gyltles make: that first shall dare vnuentred ils to do.  
What euer place remayneth yet of all this wicked land,  
I wil fill vp: and neuer once while Pelops house doth stand  
Shall Minos idle be. Meg. Go forth thou detestable spite  
And bere the Goddess of wicked house with rage of furies might.  
Let them contend with all offence, by turnes and one by one  
Let swordes be drawne: and meane of ire procure there may be none,  
For shame: let fury blind enflame theyr myndes and wrathful will,  
Let yet the parentes rage endure and longer lasting yll

Through



## The second tragedy.

22

Through childrens children spreade: nor yet let any leysure be  
 The former sawte to hate, but still more mischief newe to see,  
 Nor one in one: but ere the gylt with vengeance be acquit,  
 Encrease the cryme: from brethren proud let rule of kingdom flyt  
 To runnagates: and swaruing state of all vnstable thinges,  
 Let it by doubtfull dome be tolte, betwene thuncertaine kyngs.  
 Let mighty fall to misery, and myser cline to might,  
 Let chaunce turne thempyre vplydowne both geue and take the right.  
 The banished for gylt, whan god restore theyr country shall.  
 Let them to mischief fall a fresh as hatefull then to all,  
 As to themselues: let Ire thinke nought vnlawfull to be doon,  
 Let brother dread the brothers wrath, and father feare the soon,  
 And eke the soon his parents powre: let babes be murdered yll,  
 But worse begot: her spouse betrapt in treasons trayne to kyl,  
 Let hatefull wyfe awayte, and let them beare through seas their warre,  
 Let bloodshed lye the lands about and euery field a farre:  
 And ouer conquerpng captaynes greate, of countreys far to see,  
 Let lust tryumphe: in wicked house let whozedom counted be  
 The light'st offene: let trust that in the breasts of brethren breeds,  
 And truth be gone: let not from sight of your so heynous deedes  
 The heauens be hyd, about the poale when shyne the starres on hye,  
 And flames with woonted beames of light doe decke the paynted skye.  
 Let darkeste night bee made, and let the day the heauens forsake.  
 Dysturbe the godds of wicked house, hate, laughter, murder make.  
 Fyll vp the house of Tantalus with mischiefes and debates,  
 Adorned be the pillers hygh with bay, and let the gates  
 Be garnisht greene: and worthy there for thy returne to sight,  
 Be kyndled fyre: let mischpyete done in Thracia once, theyr lyght  
 More manyfolde, wherefore doth yet the vnckles hand delaye?  
 Doth yet Thyestes not bewayle his childrens fatall day?  
 Shall he not finde them where with heat of fyres that vnder glowe  
 The cawderne boyles: their limmes eche one a peeces let them go  
 Disperste: let fathers fires, with blood of chyldren fyled bee:  
 Let deynties such be dyet: it is no mischief newe to thee,  
 To banquet so: behold this day we haue to thee releast,  
 And hunger starued wombe of thyne we send to such a feast.  
 With fowleest foode thy samyne fyll, let bloud in wyne be drownd,  
 And dyonke in sight of thee loe now such dishes haue I found,  
 As thou wouldst thonne, stay whither doste thou hedlong way now take  
 Tan. To pooles and floods of hell agayne and styll declining lake.

And

## Thieftes

And flight of tree ful frayght with fruite that from the lippes doth flee,  
 To dungeon darke of hateful hell let leeful be for me  
 To goe: or if to light be thought the paynes that there I haue,  
 Remoue me from those lakes agayne: in midst of worser waue  
 Of Phlegethon, to stand in seas of fyre beset to bee.  
 Who so beneath thy poynted paynes by destenyes decree  
 Dost stil endure who loo thou bee that vnderliest alow  
 The hollow denne, or ruine who that feares and ouerthrow  
 Of falling hyl, or cruel cryes that sound in caues of hell  
 Of greedy roaring Lyons throats or flocke of furies fell  
 Who quakes to know or who the brandes of fyre in dyrest payne  
 Valse burnt throwes of harke to the voyce of Tantalus: agayne  
 That hastes to hel, and whom the truth hath taught beleene wel mee  
 Loue wel your paynes, they are but small when shall my hap so bee  
 To flee the light? Meg Disturbe thou fyrst thys house with dire discord  
 Debates and battels bring with thee, and of th' unhappy sworde  
 Ill loue to kinges: the cruel brest stryke through and hateful hart,  
 With tumult mad. Tan. To suffer paynes it seemeth wel my part,  
 Not woes to worke: I am sent forth lyke vapoure dyre to ryle,  
 That breakes the ground or popson like the plague in wondrousle wyle  
 That slaughter makes, shall I to such detested crimes, applye  
 My nephewes hartes? a parentes great of Gods about the skie  
 And myne (though sham'de I be to graunt) although with greater pain  
 My tounge be bert, yet this to speake I may no whit refrayne  
 Nor hold my peace: I warne you this least sacred hand with bloud  
 Of slaughter dyre, or frantie fell of frantike fury wood  
 The aulters stayne, I wil resist: And garde such gylt away.  
 With strypes why dost thou me affryght? why threatst thou me to fraye  
 Those crallyng snakes? or famine fyrst in empty wombe, wherfore  
 Dost thou reuyue: now fries within with thyrt enkindled soze  
 My harte: and in the bowels burnt the boyling flames do glow.  
 Meg I follow thee: though all this house now rage and fury thow  
 Let them be driuen so, and so let eyther thirt to see  
 Each others blood ful well hath felt the comming in of thee  
 This house, and all with wicked touch of the begune to quake.  
 Enough it is, repayre agayne to dens and loathsome lake,  
 Of foud well knawen, the ladder soyle with heauy fote of thyne  
 Agreued is, seest thou from springes how waters do declyne  
 And inward sinke? or how the bankes lye voyde by doughty heate?  
 And hoatter blast of fery wynde the sewer cloudes dath beate:

The

## The second Tragedy.

23

The treeſe be ſpoyle, and naked ſtand to ſight in withered woddes,  
 The barayne bowes whole fruites are fled: the land betwene the floodes  
 With ſurge of ſeas on eyther ſyde that wanted to reſound,  
 And nearer foozdes to ſeperat ſometyme with leſſer ground,  
 Now broader ſped, it heaureth how aloofe the waters ryle.  
 Now Lerna turnes agaynſt the ſtreame Phoronides likewyſe  
 His poares he ſtopt, with cuſtom'd courſe Alphéus dryues not ſtill,  
 His hollie waues, the trembling tops of high Cithæron hill,  
 They ſtand not ſure: from height adowne they ſhake their ſyluer ſnowe,  
 And noble fieldes of Argos feare, they former drought to know.  
 Hea Tytan doubtles himſelfe to rolle the worlde his wonted way,  
 And dyue by force to former courſe the backward drawing daye.

### Chorus,

**T**His Argos towne if any God be founde,  
 And Piſey boures that famous yet remayn,  
 Or kingdomes els to loue of Corinthes ground,  
 The double hauens, or fundred ſeas in twayne  
 If any loue of Taygetus his ſnowes,  
 (By VVinter which when they on hils be caſt :  
 By Boreas blaſtes that from Sarmatia blowes,  
 VVith yerely breath the ſommer meltes as faſt)  
 VVhere clere Alphéus runnes with floude ſo cold,  
 By playes wel knownen that there Olimpiks hight :  
 Let pleaſaunt powre of his from henſe withhold  
 Such turnes of ſtryfe that here they may not light :  
 Nor nephew worſe then grandſier ſpring from vs,  
 Or direr deedes delyght the yonger age.  
 Let wicked ſtocke of thirſty Tantalus  
 At length leaue of, and very be of rage.  
 Enoughe is done, and naught preuaild the iuſt,  
 Or wrong: betrayed is Mirtilus and drownde,  
 That did betray his dame, and with like truſt  
 Borne as he bare, himſelfe hath made renound

VVith

## Thieftes

VVith chaunged name the fea : and better knowne  
To mariners therof no fable is.  
On wicked fword the litle infant throwne  
As ran the chide to take his fathers kiffe.  
Vnrype for thaulters offering fell downe deade :  
And with thy hand (O Tantalus) was rent,  
VVith fuch a meate for Gods thy boordes to fspread.  
Eternall famine for fuch foode is fent,  
And thyrf: nor for thofe daynty meats vnmilde,  
Might meeter payne appoynted euer bee  
With empty throate ftandes Tantalus begylde,  
Aboue thy wicked head their leanes to thee,  
Then Phineys fowles in flight a fwifter pray.  
VVith burned bowes declynd on euery fyde,  
And of his fruites all bent to beare the fway,  
The tree deludes the gapes of hunger wyde  
Though hee full greedy feede theron would fayne.  
So oft deceyu'de negleçtes to touch them yet :  
He turnes his eyes, his iawes he doth refrayne,  
And famine fixt in clofed gummes doth fhēt.  
But then each braunch his plenteous ritches all,  
Lets lower downe, and apples from an hie  
VVith lither leaues they flatter like to fall  
And famine ftyrre: in vayne that bids to trye  
His handes: which when he hath rought forth anone  
To be beguyld, in higher ayre againe  
The harueft hanges and fickle fruite is gone,  
Then thirft him greeues no leffe then hungers payne :  
Wherwith when kindled is his boyling bloud  
Lyke fyre, the wretch the waues to him doth call,  
That meete his mouth : which ftraight the fleeyng floud  
VVithdrawes, and from the dryed foorde doth fall :  
And him forfakes that followes them. He drinks  
The duft fo deepe of gulfe that from him shrinks.



## THE SECONDE

## A C T E .

Atreus. Seruaunt



**O** Bastard, cowarde, & wretche, and (which  
the greatestt pet of all  
To Tyrantes checke I compte that maye  
in waighty thinges befall)  
O vnreuenged: after guyltes  
so great and brothers guyle,  
And trewth trode downe dost thou prouoke  
with bayne complaynts the whyle

Thy wrath? already now to rage all Argos towne throughout  
In armour ought of thyne, and all the double seas about  
Thy fleete to ryde: now all the fieldes with feruent flames of thyne,  
And townes to flash it wel beseeinde: and euery where to thyne,  
The bright drawne sword: all vnder foote of horse let euery tyde  
Of Argos lande resound: and let the woundes not serue to hyde  
Our foes, nor yet in haughty top of hilles and mountaynes hye,  
The builded towers. The people all let them to battel crye  
And clere forsake Mycenass towne who so his hateful head  
Hides and defendes, with slaughter dire let bloud of him be shed.  
This princely Pelops palace proude, and bowyes of high renoune,  
On mee so on my brother to let them be beaten downe,  
Go to, do that which neuer shall no after age allow,  
Nor none it whisht: some mischefe greate ther must be ventred now,  
Both fierce and bloudy: such as woulde my brother rather long  
To haue bene his. Thou neuer dost enough reuenge the wronge.  
Except thou passe. And feercer fact what may be done so dyre,  
That his exceedes? doth euer he lay downe his hateful pre?  
Doth euer he the modest meane in tyme of wealth regard  
Or quiet in aduersity? I know his nature harde  
Untractable, that broke may be, but neuer wil it bend.  
For which ere he prepare himselfe, or force to fight intend,  
Sett first on him, least while I rest he should on me aryle.  
He wil destroy or be destroyd in midst the mischiefe lyes,

Prepard



## Thieftes

Prepared to him that takes it first, Ser. Doth fame of people naught  
 Aduerse thee feare? Atr. The greatest good of kingdom may be thought  
 That still the people are constraind their princes deedes as well  
 To prayse, as them to suffer all. Ser. Whom feare doth so compell  
 To prayse, the same his foes to bee, doth feare enforce agayne:  
 But who indeede the glozy seekes of fauour trow t'obtaine  
 He rather would with hates of each be prayd, then tounge of all  
 Atr. The trewer prayse ful oft hath hapt to meaner men to fall:  
 The false but vnto myghty man what nill they let them will.  
 Ser. Let first the king will honest thinges and none the same dare nill.  
 Atr. Where leeful are to him that rules but honest thinges alone,  
 There raynes the kyng by others leaue. Ser. And wher y<sup>e</sup> shame is none,  
 For care of ryght, fayth, piety, nor holines none stayeth.  
 That kingdomes swarues. Atr. Such holines, such piety and fayth,  
 Are priuate goods: let kinges runne one in that that likes their will.  
 Ser. The brothers hurt a mischiefe count though he be nere so ill.  
 Atr. It is but right to do to hym, that wrong to brother were.  
 What heynous hurt hath his offence let passe to proue? or where  
 Retraynd the gylt, my spouse he stole away for lechery,  
 And raygne by stealth: the auncient note and sygne of impery,  
 By frowde he got: my house by fraud to bere he neuer ceast:  
 In Pelops house there fostred is a noble worthy beast  
 The close kept Rammie: the goodly guyde of ryche and fayrest flockes.  
 By whom throughout on euery syde depend adowne the lockes  
 Of glittering gold, with fleece of which the new kinges wonted were  
 Of Tantals stocke their sceptors gylt, and mace of might to beare.  
 Of this the owner raygneth he, with him of house so great  
 The fortune fleeth, this sacred Rammie aloofe in safety shet  
 In secret mead is wont to graze, which stone on euery syde  
 With rocky wall incloseth rounde the fatall beast to hyde.  
 This beast (aduentryng mischiefe greates) adioyning yet for pray  
 My spoused mate, the traytour false hath hence conuayde away  
 From hence the wrongs of mutuall hate, and mischiefe all vplpyong:  
 In exile wandred he throughout my kingdomes all along:  
 No part of myne remaineth safe to mee, from traynes of hys.  
 My feere deslourde, and loyalty of empyre broken is:  
 My house all bery, my bloud in doubt, and naught that trust is in,  
 But brother foe. What stayst thou yet? at length lo now beginne.  
 Take hart of Tantalus to thee, to Pelops cast thyne eye:  
 To such examples well beseemies, I should my hand applye.

Tell

Tell thou which way were best to bring that cruell head to death.  
 Ser. Through perle w<sup>th</sup> sword let him be slayne & yelde his hatefull breath.  
 Atr. Thou speak'st of th'end: but I him would opres w<sup>th</sup> greter payne.  
 Let ryants bere with toymment moze: should euer in my rayne  
 Be gentle death? Ser. Dosth piety in thee pzeuayle no whyt?  
 Atr. Depart thou hence all piety, if in this house as yet  
 Thou euer wert: and now let all the flocke of furies dyze,  
 And full of strife Erinnis come, and double bñands of fyze  
 Megæra shaking: for not yet enough with fury great  
 And rage dosth burne my boyling brest: it ought to bee replete, (ufde?  
 With monster moze. Ser. What mischief new do'ste thou in rage pro-  
 Atr. For such a one as may the meane of woonted grieve abide.  
 No guilt will I forbear, no none may be enough despight. (light  
 Ser. What sword? Atr. To litle that Ser. what fire? Atr. And y<sup>t</sup> is yet to  
 Ser. What weapon then shall sorrow such finde fit to worke thy will?  
 Atr. Thyestes selfe. Ser. Then yze it selfe yet that's a greater ill.  
 Atr. I graunt: a tomling tumult quakes, within my bosomes loe,  
 And rounde it toiles: I moued am and wote not wherebnto.  
 But drawen I am: from bottome deepe the roying soyle dosth cry  
 The day so fayze with thunder soundes, and house as all from hy  
 Were rent, from roofe, and rafters crakes: and lare turnde about  
 Haue wyde theyr sight: so bee're, so bee're, let mischief such be sought,  
 As yee O Gods would feare. Ser. What thing seek'st thou to bring to  
 I note what greater thing my mynde, and moze then woont it was (pas  
 Atr. About the reache that men are woont to worke, begins to swell:  
 And sayth with slouthfull hands What thinge it is I cannot tell:  
 But great it is. Bee're so, my mynde now in this feate proceede,  
 For Atreus and Thyestes bothe, it were a worthy deede.  
 Let eche of vs the crime commit. The Thracian house did see  
 Such wicked tables once: I graunt the mischief great to bee,  
 But done ere this: some greater guilt and mischief moze, let yze  
 fynde out. The stomacke of thy sonne O father thou enspyre,  
 And syster eke, like is the cause: assist me with your powze,  
 And dyue my hand: let greedy parents all his babes deuowze,  
 And glad to rent his chyldren bee: and on their lymis to feede,  
 Enough, and well it is deuil'de: this pleaserh me in deede.  
 In meane time where is he? so long and innocent wherefore  
 Dosth Atreus walke? before myne eyes alredy moze and moze  
 The shade of such a slaughter walkes: the want of chyldren cast,  
 In fathers fawes. But why my mynde, yet dreadst thou so at last,  
 E. And faint't

## Thyestes

And faint'st before thou enterpryse? it must bee done, let bee.  
That which in all this mischief is the greatest guilt to see,  
Let him commit. Ser. but what disceit may wee for him prepare,  
Whereby betrapt he may be drawne, to fall into the snare?  
He wotes full well we are his foes. Atr. He could not taken bee,  
Except himselfe woulde take: but now my kingdomes hopeth hee.  
For hope of this he woulde not feare to meete the mighty Ioue,  
Though him he threathned to destroy, with lightning from aboue.  
For hope of this to passe the threats of waues he will not fayle,  
Nor dread no whit by doubtfull Helues, of Lybique seas to sayle,  
For hope of this (which thing he doth the woorst of all beleue,)  
He will his brother see. Ser. Who shall of peace the promise geue?  
Whom will he trust? Atr. His euill hope will soone beleue it well.  
Yet to my sonnes the charge which they shall to theyr vnkle tell,  
We will commit: that whom he would from exile come agayne,  
And myseries for kingdome chaunge, and ouer Argos raygne  
A king of halfe: and though to hard of heart our prayers all  
Him selfe despise, his children yet nought woting what may fall,  
With trauels tier'de, and apte to be entyld from misery,  
Requests will moue: on th'one side his desyre of Imperie,  
On th'other syde his pouerty, and labour hard to see,  
Will him subdue and make to yeelde, although full stoute he bee.  
Sea. His trauayles now the time hath made to seeme to him but small.  
Atr. Not so: for day by day the griefe of ill encrease all.  
Tis light to suffer miseries, but heauy them t'endure.  
Ser. Yet other messengers to send, in such affayres procure,  
Atr. The yonger sorte the worse precepts do easely harken to.  
Ser. What thing agaynst their vnkle now, you them enstruckt to do,  
Perhaps with you to worke the like, they will not be a dread.  
Such mischief wrought hath oft return'de vpon the workers head.  
Atr. Though neuer man to the wayes of guile & guilt haue taught,  
Yet kingdome will. Fear'st thou they should be made by counsel naught?  
They are so boyne. That which thou cal'st a cruell enterpryse,  
And dyelyl deemest doone to be, and wickedly likewise,  
Perhaps is wrought agaynst me there. Ser. And shall your sons of this  
Disceipt beware that worke you will? no secretnes there is  
In theyr so greene and tender yeares: they will your traynes disclose,  
Atr. A priuy counsell cloase to keepe, is learnde with many woes.  
Ser. And will yee them by whom yee woulde he should beguiled bee,  
Them selues beguill'de? At. Nay let the both from fault & blame be free.  
For what

For what shall neede in mischiefes such as I to woorkē entende,  
 To mingle them? let all my hate by mee alone take ende.  
 Thou leau'st thy purpose ill my mynde: if thou thine owne forbearē,  
 Thou sparest him. Wherefore of this let Agamemnon heare  
 Be mynister: and Client eke of myne for such a deede,  
 Let Menelāus present bee: truth of th'uncertayne seede,  
 By such a practise may be tri'de: if it refuse they shall,  
 For of debate will hearers bee, if they him vncle call,  
 He is their father: let them goe. But much the fearefull face  
 Betrayes it selfe: euen him that faines the secret wayghly case,  
 Doth out betray: let them therefore not know, how great a guile  
 They goe about. And thou these things in secret keepe the whyle.  
 Ser. I neede not warned bee, for these within my holome deepe,  
 Both sayth, and feare, but chiefly sayth, doth shet and closely kepe.

Chorus.



*He noble house at length of high renowne,  
 The famous stocke of auncient Inachus,  
 Apeas'd & layd the threats of brethrē down  
 But nowe what fury styrs & driues you thus  
 Eche one to thyrst the others bloud agayne,*

*Or get by guylt the golden Mace in hande?  
 Yee litle wote that so desyre to raygne,  
 In what estate or place doth kyngdome stande,  
 Not ritches makes a kyng or high renowne,  
 Not garnisht weede with purple Tyrian die,  
 Not lofty lookes, or head encloasde with crowne,  
 Not glyttring beames with golde and turrets hie.*

*E 2.*

*A Kyng*



## Thyestes

*A Kyng he is that feare hath layde aside,  
And all affects that in the breast are bred :  
VVhom impotent ambition doth not guide,  
Nor fickle fauour hath of people led.  
Nor all that west in mettalls mynes hath founde,  
Or chanell cleere of golden Tagus showes,  
Nor all the grayne that threshed is on grounde,  
That with the heate of libyk haruest glowes.  
Nor whom the flasshe of lightning flame shall beate,  
Nor eastern wynde that smightes vpon the seas,  
Nor swelling surge with rage of vvynde replete,  
Or greedy Gulphe of Adria displease.  
VVhom not the pricke of Souldiers sharpest speare,  
Or poynted pyke in hand hath made to rue,  
Nor whom the glympse of swoorde myght cause to feare,  
Or bright drawen blade of glyttring steele subdue.  
VVho in the seate of safty jets his feete,  
Beholdes all haps how vnder him they lye,  
And gladly runnes his fat all day to meete,  
Nor ought complaynes or grudgeth for to dye.  
Though present vvere the Prynces euerychone,  
The scattered Dakes to chase that vronted bee,  
That shyning seas beset with precious stone,  
And red sea coastes doe holde, lyke bloud to see :  
Or they vvhich els the Caspian mountaynes hye,  
From Sarmats strong with all theyr power vwithholde :  
Or hee that on the floude of Danubye,  
In frost a foote to trauayle dare bee bolde :  
Or Seres in vwhat euer place they lye,  
Renownde with fleece that there of sylke doth spring,  
They ne-*



## The second tragedie

27.

*They neuer might the truth hereof denye,  
It is the mynde that onely makes a king.  
There is no neede of sturdie steedes in warre,  
No neede with armes or arrowes ells to fight,  
That Parthus woonts with bowe to sling from farre,  
VVhyle from the fielde hee falsely fayneth flight.  
Nor yet to siege no neede it is to bringe  
Great Guns in Carts to ouerthrowe the wall,  
That from farre of theyr battring Pellets slyng.  
A kyng hee is that feareth nought at all.  
Eche man him selfe this kyngdome geeues at hand.  
Let who so lyst with mighty mace to raygne,  
In tyckle toppe of court delight to stand  
Let mee the sweete and quiet rest obtayne.  
So set in place obscure and lowe degree,  
Of pleasaunt rest I shall the sweetnesse knoe.  
My lyfe vnknowne to them that noble bee,  
Shall in the steppe of secret sylence goe.  
Thus when my dayes at length are ouer past,  
And tyme without all troublous tumult spent,  
An aged man I shall depart at last,  
In meane estate, to dye full well content.  
But greeuous is to him the death, that when  
So farre abroad the bruit of him is blowne,  
That knowne hee is to much to other men :  
Departeth yet vnto him selfe vnknowne.*

THE

E 3.

## Thyestes

# THE THYRDE

## ACTE.

Thyestes, Phylisthenes



**M**y countrey bowyes so long wist for, and Argos rytches all,  
Chiefe good that vnto banisht men, and Mylers may befall,  
The touch of soyle where born I was, & gods of natie lād,  
(If gods they be,) a sacred towyes I see of Cyclops hād:  
That represent then all mans woozke, a greater maiesty.  
Renowned stadies to my youth, where noble sometime I  
Haue not so feelde as once, the palme in fathers chariot woon.  
All Argos now to meete with me, and people fast will roon:  
But Atreus to. yet rather leade in woods agayne thy flight,  
And bushes thicke, and hid among the brutthe beastes from sight,  
Lyke lyfe to theys: where splendent pompe of court & princely pryde,  
May not with flattrng fulgent face, allure thine eyes aside.  
With whom the kingdome geuen is, behold, and well regarde,  
Beset but late with such mishaps, as all men counte full harde,  
I skoute and ioyfull was: but now agayne thus into feare  
I am returne. my mynde misdoubtes, and backward seekes to beare  
My body hence: and forthe I draw my pace agaynst my will.  
Phy. With slouthfull step (what meaneth this?) my father stādeth still,  
And turnes his face and holdes him selfe, in doubt what thing to do.  
Thy. What thing (my minde) considrest thou? or els so long whereto  
Do'st thou so easie counsayle wrest? wilt thou to thinges vnshure  
Thy brother and the kingdome trust? fearst thou those ills t'rendure  
Now ouercome, and mielder made? and trauayls do'st thou flee  
That well were plaste? it thee auayls, a myler now to bee.  
Turne hence thy pace while leefull is, and keepe thee from his hande.  
Phy. What cause thee driues (O father deere) thus frō thy natie lande,  
Now seene to mynke? what makes thee thus frō things so good at last  
Withdrowe thy selfe? thy brother comes whole ires he ouerpast,  
And halfe the kyngdome geues, and of the house Mplacerate,  
Repayres the partes: and thee restores agayne to former state.  
Thy. The cause of feare that I know not, thou do'st require to heare.  
I see nothing that makes mee dread, and yet I greatly feare.

I would

I would goe on, but yet my limmes with weary legges doe slacke:  
 And other way then I would passe, I am withholden backe.  
 So oft the ship that driuen is with wynde and eke with Dre,  
 The swelling surge resisting both beates backe vpon the shore.  
 Phy. Yet ouercome what euer stayes, and thus doth let your mynde,  
 And see what are at your returne, prepar'de for you to finde.  
 You may O father raygne. Thy. I may but then when die I mought.  
 P. Chiefe thing is powre. T. nought worth at al, if thou desyre it nought.  
 P. You shall it to your chyldren leaue. T. the kingdome takes not twayne.  
 Phy. Who may be happy, rather would he myser yet remayne?  
 Thy. Beleue me well, with titles false the great thinges vs delight:  
 And heauy haps in bayne are scarde, while high I stooode in sight,  
 I neuer tinted then to quake, and selfe same worde to feare,  
 That hanged by myne owne side was. Oh how great good it were,  
 With none to strue, but careles soode to eate and rest to knowe?  
 The greater gyltes they enter not in corage set alowe:  
 And safer soode is fed vpon, at narrowe boorde alway,  
 While drunke in golde the payson is by prooffe well taught I say,  
 That euill haps befoze the good to loue it likes my will.  
 Of haughty house that standes aloft in tickle top of hyll,  
 And swayes alyde, the citty lowe neede neuer be astryght:  
 Nor in the top of rooffe aboue, there shynes no Query bryght,  
 Nor watchman none defendes my sleepes by night, or gardes my rest:  
 With fleete I fische not, nor the sees I haue not backward prest,  
 Nor turn'de to flight with builded wall: nor wicked belly I  
 With tares of the people fed: nor parcell none doth lie,  
 Of ground of myne beyonde the Betes: and Parthians farre about:  
 Nor worshiped with frankinsence I am, nor (Ioue shet out)  
 My Aulters decked are: nor none in top of houle doth stande  
 In garden treefe, nor kindled yet with helpe of eche mans hande,  
 The bathes doe smoake: nor yet are dayes in slouthfull slumbers led,  
 Nor nightes past forth in watche and wyne, without the rest of bed.  
 Wee nothing feare, the houle is safe without the hidden knyfe,  
 And poore estate the sweetenes feesles, of rest and quiet lyfe.  
 Create kingdome is to be content, without the same to lyue.  
 Phy. Yet should it not refused be, if God the kingdome giue.  
 Thy. Not yet deserid it ought to be. Phy. your brother hyds you rayne  
 Thy. Bids he? the moze is to be scarde: there lurketh there some trayn.  
 Phy. From whence it fell, yet piety is woont to turne at length:  
 And loue vncaynde, repayres agayne his erst omitted strength.

E 4.

Thy. Doth

## Thyestes

Thy. Dosth Atreus then his brother loue? eche Vrfa fyzt on hys,  
The Seas shall washe and swelling surge of Seas of Sicylie  
Shall rest and all allwaged be: and corne to rypenes growe  
In bottome of Ionian seas, and darkest night shall shoue  
And spreade the light about the soyle: the waters with the fyre,  
The lyfe with death, the wynde with seas, shall friendship first requyre,  
And be at league. Phy. of what deceiptre are you so dreadfull here?  
Thy. Of euerychone: what ende at length might I prouide of feare?  
In all he can he hateth me. Phy. to you what hurt can he?  
Thy. As for my selfe I nothing dread you litle Babes make mee  
Afrayde of him. Phy. dread, yee to be beguilde when caught yee are:  
To late it is to shoon the trayne in middle of the snare.  
But goe we on, this ( father ) is to you my last request.  
Thy. I follow you. I leade you not. Phy. God turne it to the best  
That well deuised is for good: passe farth with cherefull pace.

THE

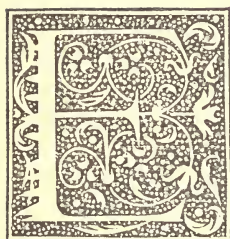




## THE SECOND

## SCENE.

Atreus, Thyestes.



Errapt in trayne the beast is caught  
 and in the snare doth fall:  
 Both him, and eke of hated stocke  
 with him the offspring all,  
 About the fathers lyde I see:  
 and nowe in saufety stands  
 And surest ground my wyathfull hate:  
 nowe comes into my hands  
 At length Thyestes: yea hee comes  
 and all at once to mee.

I scant refrayne my selfe, and scant may anger hyddled bee.  
 So when the Bloudhound seekes the beast, by step and quick of sent  
 Drawes in the leame, and pace by pace to wynde the wayes hee went,  
 With nose to soyle doth hunt, while he the Boare aloofe hath founde  
 Farre of by sent, he yet refraynes and wanders through the grounde  
 With silent mouth: but when at hand he once perceiues the pray,  
 With all the strength he hath he struiues, with voyce and calls away  
 His lingring maister, and from him by force out breaketh hee.  
 When Ire doth hope the present bloud, it may not hydden bee.  
 Yet let it hydden be. beholde with ugly hayre to sight  
 How pykelomely deform'de with filthe his fawlest face is dight,  
 How lothsome yes his Beard vnkempt: but let vs friendship sayne.  
 To see my brother me delights: geue now to me agayne  
 Embracing long depyed for: what euer styffe there was  
 Before this time betwene vs twayne, forget and let it pas:  
 Fro this day forth let brothers loue, let bloud, and lawe of kinde  
 Regarded be, let all debate be slakte in cythers mynde.  
 Thy. I coulde excuse my selfe, except thou wert as now thou art.  
 But (Atreus) now I graunt, the faulte was myne in euery part:  
 And I offended haue in all, my cause the worst to bee,  
 Your this dayes kindnes makes: in deede a guilty wight is hee,  
 That would




## Thyestes

That would so good a brother hurt as you, in any whil.  
But now with teares I must entreate, and first I me submit.  
These handes that at thy feete doe lye, doe thee beseeche and pray,  
That yre and hate be layde aside, and from thy bosome may  
Be scraped out: and cleere forgot for pledges take thou these  
O brother deere, these guiltles babes. Atr. thy hands yet from my kneese  
Remoue, and rather me to take in armes, vpon mee fall  
And yee O aydes of elders age, yee little infants all,  
Whee clyp and coll about the necke: this fowle attyre forsake,  
And spare myne eyes that pity it, and frether vesture take  
Lyke myne to see. and you with ioy, the halfe of emperie  
Deere brother take: the greater prayle shall come to mee thereby,  
Our fathers seate to yelde to you, and brother to releue.  
To haue a kingdome is but chaunce, but vertue it to geue.  
Thy. A iust reward for such desertz, the Gods (O brother deare)  
Repay to thee: but on my head a regall crowne to weare,  
My lothsome lyfe denyes: and farre doth from the sceptoz flee  
My hand vnhappy: in the myddst let leeful be for mee  
Of men to lurke. Atr. this kingdome can with rwayne full well agree.  
Thy. What euer is (O brother) yours, I count it myne to bee.  
Atr. Who would dame fortunes gifts refuse, if thee him rayle to raigne?  
Thy. The gyfts of hir eche man it wotes, how soone they passe againe.  
Atr. Woe me depyue of glozy great, except yee th'enmye take.  
Thy. You haue your prayle in oftring it, and I it to forsake.  
And full perswaded to refuse the kingdome, am I still.  
Atr. Except your part yee will susteine myne owne forsake I will.  
Thy. I take it then. and heare I will the name thereof alone:  
The ryghts and armes, as well as myne they shall be yours eche one.  
Atr. The regall crowne as you beseeemes vpon your head then take:  
And I th'appoynted sacrifice for Gods, will now goe make.

Chorus.

## Chorus.

 Oulde any man it weene? that cruell wight  
 Atreus, of mynde so impotent to see  
 VVas soone astonied with his brothers fight.  
 Mo greater force then pietye may bee :  
 VVhere kynred is not, lasteth euery threat,  
 VVhom true loue holdes, it holdes eternally.  
 The vvrath but late vvith causes kyndled great  
 All fauour brake, and did to battayle cry,  
 VVhan horfemen did resounde one euery syde,  
 The swoordes eche vvhere, then glystred more & more :  
 VVhich raging Mars vvith often stroke did guide  
 The fresher bloud to shed yet thyrsting sore.  
 But loue the sworde agaynst theyr vvills doth swage,  
 And them to peace perswads vvith hand in hand.  
 So sodeyne rest, amid so great a rage  
 VVhat God hath made? throughout Mycenass land  
 The harnessse clynkt, but late of cynill strife :  
 And for their babes did fearefull mother quake,  
 Her armed spouse to leese much fearde the vryse,  
 VVhen sworde vvas made the scabberde to forsake,  
 That now by rest vvith rust vvas ouergrowne,  
 Some to repayre the vualles that did decay,  
 And some to strength the towres halfe ouerthrowne,  
 And some the gates vvith gins of Yrne to slay  
 Full busie vvere, and dredfull vvatch by nyght  
 From turret high did ouerlooke the towne.

VVoorse

## Thyestes

*V*Voorse is then warre it selfe the feare of fight.  
(Nowe are the threats of cruell sworde layde downe,  
And nowe the rumour whists of battayles sowne,  
The noyse of crooked trumpet silent lyes,  
And quiet peace returnes to ioyfull towne.  
So when the waues of swelling furge aryse,  
VVhyle Corus wynde the Brutian seas doth smight,  
And Scylla soundes from hollowe Caues within,  
And Shipmen are with waisting waues affright,  
Charybdis casts that erst it had drunke in :  
And Cyclops fierce his father yet doth dred,  
In AEtna banke that feruent is with heates,  
Least quenched be with waues that ouershed  
The fire that from eternall Fornace beates :  
And poore Laërtes thinkes his kyngdomes all  
May drowned be, and I thaca doth quake :  
If once the force of wyndes begin to fall,  
The sea lyth downe more mylde then standing lake.  
The deepe, where Ships so vryde full dredfull vvere  
To passe, vwith sayles on eyther syde out spred  
Now fallne adowne, the lesser Boate doth beare :  
And leysure is to vewe the fyshes ded  
Euen there, vwhere late vwith tempest bet vpon  
The shaken Cyclades vvere vwith Seas agast.  
No state endures the payne and pleasure, one  
To other yeldes, and ioyes be soonest past.  
One howre sets vp the thinges that lowest bee.  
Hee that the crownes to prynces doth deuyde,  
VVhom people please with bending of the knee,  
And at whose becke theyr battayles lay aside

*The*

## The second tragedy.

31

*The Meades, and Indians eke to Phebus nye,  
And Dakes that Parthyans doe with horsemen threat,  
Him selfe yet holdes his Sceptors doubtfully,  
And men of might he feares and chaunces great  
(That eche estate may turne) and doubtfull howre.  
O yee, vvhom lorde of lande and vvaters wyde,  
Of Lyfe and death grauntes here to haue the powre,  
Lay yee your proude and lofty lookes aside :  
VVhat your inferiour feares of you amis.  
That your superiour threats to you agayne.  
To greater kyng, eche kyng a subiect is.  
VVhom dawne of day hath seene in pryde to raygne,  
Hym ouerthrowne hath seene the euening late.  
Let none reioyce to much that good hath got,  
Let none dispayre of best in vvorst estate.  
For Clotho myngles all, and suffreth not  
Fortune to stande : but Fates about doth driue.  
Such friendship finde wyth Gods yet no man myght,  
That he the morowe might be sure to lyue.  
The God our things all tost and turned quight  
Rolles with a whyrle wynde.*

The

Thyestes

# THE FOVRTHE

A C T E.

Messenger. Chorus.



What whirlwynde may me headlong dyeue  
and vp in ayre mee fling,  
And wrap in darkeſt cloude, whereby  
it might ſo heynous thing,  
Take from myne eyes? O wicked houſe  
that euen of Pelops ought  
And Tantalus abhorred bee.

Ch. what new thing haſt thou brought?

Me. What lande is this? lythe Sparta here  
and Argos, that hath bred

So wicked brethren? and the ground of Corinth lying ſpyed  
Betweene the ſeaſ? or Iſter elſe where woont to take their flight,  
Are people wyld? or that which woonts with ſnowe to ſhyn ſo bright  
Hircana lande? or elſ doe here the wandring Scythians dwell?

Ch. What monſtrous miſchiefe is this place then guilty of? that tell,  
And this declare to vs at large what euer be the ill.

Me. If once my mynde may ſtay it ſelfe, and quaking limmes I will.

But yet of ſuch a cruell deeде before myne eyes the feare

And Image walkes: yee raging ſtormes now far from hence me beare

And to that place me dyeue, to which now dyeuen is the day

Thus drawen from hence. Ch. Our myndes yee holde yet ſtill in doubt:

Tell what it is yee ſo abhorre. The author thereof ſhowe. (full ſtay.

I aſke not who, but which of them that quickly let vs know.

Me. In Pelops Turret high, a part there is of Pallace wyde

That towarde the ſouth erected leanes, of which the utter ſyde

With equall top to mountayne ſtandes, and on the City lies,

And people proude agaynſt theyr prynce if once the traytors riſe

Haſh vnderneath his battering ſtroke: there ſhynes the place in ſight

Where woont the people to frequent, whoſe golden beames ſo bright

The noble ſpotted pillars gray, of marble doe ſupporte,

Within this place well knowne to men, where they ſo oft reſorte,

To ma-



To many other roomes about the noble court doth goe.  
 The priuie Palace vnderlieth in secret place aloe,  
 With ditch ful deepe that doth enclose the wood of priuitee,  
 And hidden parts of kyngdome olde: where neuer grew no tree  
 That chereful bowes is woont to beare, with knife or lopped be,  
 But Care, and Cypresse, and with tree of Holme ful blacke to see  
 Doth becke and bende the wood so darke: alofte aboue all theese  
 The higher oke doth ouer looke, surmounting all the treefe.  
 From hens with lucke the raigne to take, accusom'd are the kyngs,  
 From hens in daunger ayd to aske, and doome in doubtfull things.  
 To this assured are the gifts, the sounding Trumpets bright,  
 The Chariots broke, and spoyles of sea that now Mirtoon hight,  
 There hang the wheeles once won by crafte of falser axel tree,  
 And euery other conquests note, here leessull is to see  
 The Phrygian tyze of Pelops head: the spoyle of enemies heere,  
 And of Barbarian triumphe left, the paynted gorgeous geere.  
 A lothsome springe stands vnder shade, and slouthfull course doth take,  
 With water blacke: euen such as is: of yrkesome Stygian lake  
 The vgly waue whereby art wont, to sweare the gods on hye.  
 Here all the night the grisly ghosts and gods of death to crie  
 The same reportes: with clinkynge chaynes recoüds the wood ech where  
 The sprights cry out and euery thinge that dyedfull is to heare,  
 Day there bee seene: of vgly shapen from olde Sepulchres sent  
 A fearefull flocke doth wander there, and in that place frequent  
 Worse things then euer yet were knowwne: ye all the wood full ofte  
 With flame is woont to flash, and all the higher trees alofte  
 Without a fyze do burne: and ofte the wood beside all this  
 With triple barkynge roares at once: ful oft the palace is  
 Affright with shapen, nor lighte of day may on the terrour quell.  
 Eternall night doth hold the place, and darknes there of hell  
 In mid day raignes: from hens to them that pray out of the ground  
 The certayne answers geuen are, what tyme with dyedful sound  
 From secret place the fates be tolde, and dungeon roares within  
 While of the God breakes out the voyce: whereto when entred in  
 Fierce Atreus was, that did wyth him his brothers children tragle,  
 Dekt are the aulters: who (alas) may it enough betwayle?  
 Behynde the infants backs anone he knyt theyr noble hands,  
 And eke theyr heauy heads about he bound with purple bands:  
 There wanted there no Frankensence, nor yet the holy wine,  
 Nor knyfe to cut the sacrifice, besprinkt with leuens fine,

Kepte

## Thyestes

Kept is in all the order due, least such a mischiefe gret  
Should not be ordred well Ch. who doth his hand on sword then set?  
Me. He is him selfe the priest, and he him selfe the deadly verfe  
With prayer dyre from feruent mouth doth syng and oft reherse.  
And he at th'aulters stands him selfe, he them assign'de to dye  
Doth handle, and in order set, and to the knyfe applye,  
He lights the fyres, no rights were left of sacrifice vndone.  
The woode then quakt, and all at once from trembling grounde anone  
The Pallace beckt, in doubt which way the payle thereof woulde fall,  
And making as in waues it stode: from th'ayre and therewithall  
A blasing starre that foulest trayne drew after him doth goe:  
The wynges that in the fyres were cast, with chaunged licour floe,  
And turne to bloud: and twyle or thysle th'artye fell from his hed,  
The Iuerie bryght in Temples seem'de to weepe and teares to shed.  
The lights amal'de all other men, but stedfast yet alway  
Of mynde, vnmoued Atreus stands, and euen the Gods doth fray  
That threaten him and all delay forlaken by and by  
To th'aulters turnes, and therewith wall a tyde he lookes awy.  
As hungry Tygre wonts that doth in gangey woods remayne  
With doubtfull pace to range & roame betweene the bullocks twayne,  
Of eyther pray full couetous and yet vncertayne where  
She fyrst may byte, and roaring thyoate now turnes the tone to feare  
And then to th'other strayght retournes, and doubtfull fanyne holdes:  
So Atreus dyre, betweene the babes doth stand and them beholdes  
On whom he poyntes to slake his yre: first slaughter where to make,  
Hee doubts: or whom he shoulde agayne for second offring take,  
Yet skills it nought, but yet he doubteth and such a cruelty  
It him delights to order well. Ch. Whom take he fyrst to dy?  
Me. First place, least in him thinke yee might no picte to remayne  
To graundier dedicated is, fyrst Tantalus is slayne.  
Ch. With what a minde & count'nance, could y<sup>e</sup> boy his death sustayne?  
Me. All careles of him selfe he stode, nor once he would in bayne  
His prayers leese. But Atreus fierce the sword in him at last  
In deepe and deadly wound doth hide to hylts, and grypping fast  
His thyoate in hād, he thrust him through The sword the dyatone away  
When long the body had vphelde it selfe in doubtfull stay,  
Which way to fall, at length vpon the buckle downe it falles.  
And then to th'aulters cruelly Philisthenes he trailes,  
And on his brother throwes: and strayght his necke of cutteth hee.  
The Carcase headlong falles to ground: a piteous thing to see,

The

The mourning head with murmure yet vncertayne doth complayne.  
 Chor. What after double death doth he and slaughter then of twayne?  
 Spares he the Child? or gilt on gilt agayne yet heapeth he?  
 Mess. As long maynd Lyon ferce amid the wood of Armenie,  
 The droue pursues and conquest makes of slaughter many one,  
 Though now desyled he his iawes with bloud and hunger gone  
 Yet slaketh not his ptesul rage with blond of Bulles so great,  
 But slouthful now with weary tooth the lesser Calues doth threat:  
 None other wyle doth Atreus rage, and swelles with anger straynd,  
 And holding now the sword in hand, with double slaughter staynd,  
 Regarding not where fell his rage, with cursed hand vnmild  
 He strake it through his body quite, at bosome of the Child  
 The blade goeth in, and at the backe agayne out went the same,  
 He falles and quenching with his bloud the alters sacred flame,  
 Of eyther wound at length he dieth. Chor. O heynous hateful act.  
 Mess. Abhorre ye this? ye heare not yet the end of all the fact,  
 There followes more. Cho. A fiercer thing, or worse then this to see  
 Could Nature beare? Me. why thinke ye this of gylt the end to be?  
 It is but part. Cho. what could he more? to cruel beastes he cast  
 Perhappes their bodyes to be torne, and kept from fyres at last.  
 Me. Would God he had: that neuer tombe the dead might ouer hyde,  
 For flames dissolue, though them for food to foules in pastures wyde  
 He had out throwen, or them for pray to cruell beastes would singe.  
 That which the worst was wont to be, were here a wished thing.  
 That them their father saw vntombd: but oh more cursed crime  
 Uncredible, the which denye will men of after tyme:  
 From bosomes yet aliue out drawne the trembling bowels shake,  
 The baynes yet breathe, the feareful hart doth yet both pant and quake:  
 But he the stringes doth turne in hand, and deskenies beholde,  
 And of the guttes the sygnes each one doth bewe not fully cold.  
 When him the sacrifice had plead, his diligence he puttes  
 To dresse his brothers banquet now: and streight a sonder cuttes  
 The bodyes into quarters all, and by the stoompes anone  
 The shoulders wyde, and brawnes of armes he strikes of euerychone.  
 He layes abroad their naked lins, and cuts away the bones:  
 The onely heads he kepes and handes to him committed once.  
 Some of the guttes are broacht, and in the fyres that burne full sroe  
 They drop, the boyling licour some doth tomble to and froe  
 In moorning caboderne: from the flesh that ouerstandes aloft  
 The fyre doth flye, and skatter out and into chimney ofte

f.

Up

## Thyestes

Up heapt agayne, and there constraind by force to tary yet  
Unwilling burnes: the liuer makes great noyse vpon the spit,  
For easely wot I, if the flesh, or flames they be that cry,  
But crye they do: the fyre like pitch it fumeth by an hy:  
For yet the smoke it selfe so sad, like filthy miste in sight  
Ascendeth vp as wont it is, nor takes his way vp right,  
But euen the Gods and house it doth with fylthy fume defile.  
O patient Phoebus though from hence thou backward flee the whyle,  
And in the midst of heauen aboue dost drowne the broken day,  
Thou fleest to late: the father eats his chyldren, well away,  
And limmes to which he once gaue life, with cursed saw doth teare.  
He shynes with oyntment shed ful sweete all round about his heare,  
Replete with wyne: and ostentymes so cursed kynd of food  
His mouth hath held, that would not downe, but yet this one thing good  
In all thy yles (Thyestes) is that them thou dost not knowe,  
And yet thal that not long endure, though Titan backward goe  
And chariots turne agaynst himselfe, to meete the wayes he went,  
And heauy night so heynous deede to kepe from sight be sent,  
And out of tyme from East aryle, so foule a fact to hyde,  
Yet shall the whole at length be seene: thy yles shall all be spide.

Chorus



Chorus.

**W**hich way O Prince of landes and Gods on hie,  
 At whose vprise estsones of shadowd night  
 All beawty fleeth, which way turnst thou awrye?  
 And drawest the day in midst of heauen to flight?  
 Why dost thou (Phœbus) hide from vs thy sight?  
 Not yet the watch that later howre bringes in,  
 Doth Vesper warne the Starres to kindle light.  
 Not yet doth turne of Hespers whele begin  
 To loase thy chare his well deserued way.  
 The trumpet third not yet hath blowen his blast  
 Why le toward the night beginnes to yeld the day:  
 Great wonder hath of sodayne suppers hast  
 The Plowman yet whose Oxen are vntierd.  
 From woonted course of Heauen what drawes thee back?  
 What causes haue from certayne race conspierd  
 To turne thy horse? do yet from dongeon black  
 Of hollow hell, the conquerd Gyantes proue  
 A fresh assaut? doth Tityus yet assay  
 VVith trenched hart, and wounded wombe to moue  
 The former yres? or from the hil away  
 Hath now Typhœus wound his syde by might?  
 Is vp to heauen the way erected hie  
 Of phlegrey foes by mountaynes set vpright?  
 And now doth Offa Pelion ouerlye?  
 The wonted turnes are gone of day and night,  
 The ryse of Sunne, nor fall shal be no more,  
 Aurora dewish mother of the light  
 That wontes to send the horses out before,  
 Doth wonder much agayne returne to see,  
 Her dawning light: she wots not how to ease

F. 2



## Thyestes

The weary wheelles, nor manes that smoaking be  
Of horfe with sweate to bathe amid the seas.  
Himselfe vnwonted there to lodge likewise,  
Doth setting sonne agayne the morning see,  
And now commaundes the darkenes vp to ryfe.  
Before the night to come prepared bee.  
About the Poale yet glowth no fyre in sight.  
Nor light of Moone the shades doth comfort yet,  
What so it be, God graunt it bee the night.  
Our hartes do quake with feare oppressed gret,  
And dreadfull are leaft heauen and earth and all  
With fatall ruine shaken shall decay :  
And leaft on Gods agayne, and men shall fall  
Disfigurde Chaos:and the land away  
The Seas,and Fyres,and of the glorious Skife  
The wandring lampes, leaft nature yet shal hide.  
Now shall no more with blase of his vprife,  
The Lord of starres that leades the world so wyde,  
Of Sommer both and Winter geue the markes.  
Nor yet the Moone with Phœbus flames that burnes,  
Shall take from vs by night the dreadful carkes,  
With swifter course or passe her brothers turnes,  
While compasse lesse she fets in croked race:  
The Gods on heaps shal out of order fall,  
And each with other mingled be in place.  
The wryed vvay of holy planets all,  
With path a slope that doth deuide the Zones.  
That beares the fygnes,and yeares in course doth brynge,  
Shall see the starres with him fall downe at ones.  
And he that first not yet vvith gentle spring,  
The temperate Gale doth geue to sayles, the Ramme  
Shall headlong fall a dovne to Seas agayne,  
Through vvich he once vvith fearefull Hellen svvam.  
Next him the Bull that doth vvith horne sustayne

The

## The second tragedie.

35

The syfters feuen with him shall ouerturne  
The twins and armes of croked Cancer all,  
The Lyon hoat that wontes the foyle to burne  
Of Hercules agayne from heauen shall fall.  
To landes once left the Virgin shall be throwne ,  
And leueld payfe of balance fway alow,  
And draw with them the stinging Scorpion downe.  
So likewyse he that holdes in Theffale bowe  
His swift wel fethred arrowes Chiron old,  
Shal breake the fame and eke shal lese his shotte  
And Capricorne that bringes the winter cold  
Shall ouerturne and breake the water pot  
VVho so thou be : and downe with thee to grounde,  
The last of all the fygnes shal Pisces fall  
And monsters eke in seas yet neuer drounde,  
The water gulph shal ouerwhelme them all.  
And he which doth betwene each vrfa glyde ,  
Lyke croked flood the slipper serpent twynde:  
And lesser Beare by greater Dragons fyde,  
Full cold with frost congealed hard by kinde,  
And carter dull that slowly guides his waine  
Vnstable shal Boötes fall from hye.  
VVe are thougt meete of all men whom agayn  
Should hugy heape of Chaos ouerly.  
And world oppresse with ouerturned masse  
The latest age now falleth vs vppon.  
VVith euil hap we are begot alas  
If wretches we haue lost the sight of sonne,  
Or him by fraught enforced haue to flye  
Let our complayntes yet goe and feare be past:  
He greedy is of life,that wil not die  
VVhen all the world shall end with him at last.

F 3.

THE

## Thieftes

# THE FIFTE

## A C T E.

Atreus alone.



**N**owe equall with the Starres I goe,  
beyond each other wight,  
With haughtry heade the heauens aboue,  
and highest Poale I lmitte.  
The kingdome nowe, and seate I holde,  
where once my father raynd:  
I nowe lette goe the gods: for all  
my wil I haue obtaynde

Enough and well, ye euen enough for me I am acquit  
But why enough? I wil procede and tyl the father yet  
With bloud of his least any shame should me restrayne at all,  
The day is gone, go to therfore whyle thee the heauen doth call  
Would God I could agaynst their wils yet hold the Goddess that flee  
And of reuenging dish contrayne them witnessles to bee:  
But yet (which wel enough is wrought) let it the father see.  
In spighte of al the drowned day I will remoue from thee  
The darknesse all, in shade wherof do lurke thy miseries.  
And guest at such a banquet now to long he careles lyes,  
With mery face: now eate and drinke enough he hath at last  
Tys best him selfe should know his ylls ye seruantes, all in hast  
Vndoe the temple dozes: and let the house bee open all:  
Fayne would I see, when loke vppon his chylzens heads he shal  
What countenance he then would make, or in what woordes break out  
Would first his grieve, or how would quake his body round about  
With spright amased sore: of all my worke the fruite were this  
I would him not a miser see, but while so made he is,  
Behold the temple opened now doth shyne with many a light:  
In glitteryng gold and purple seate he sittes hymselfe vpright,  
And staving vp his heauy head with wyne vppon his hand,  
He belchereth out, now chiefe of goddess in highest place I stand,  
And king of kings: I haue my wish, and more then I could thinke  
He filled is, he now the wyne in siluer bolle doth drinke  
And spare it not: there yet remaines a worse draught for thee

That

That sprong out of the bodyes late of sacrificyes thre,  
Which wine shall hyde let ther withall the boordes be taken vp.  
The farther mingled with the wyne his childrens bloud shall sup.  
That would haue dronke of wyne. Behold he now beginnes to strayne  
His voyce, and synges, nor yet for ioy his mynde he may refrayne,

## THE SECONDE

### SCENE

#### Thiestes alone



Beaten bosomes dullde so longe with woe,  
Laie down your cares, at length your greues relē  
Let sorowe passe, and all your dread let goe,  
And fellow eke of fearefull banishment,

Sad pouertye and ill in misery  
The shame of cares, more whense thy fall thou haste,  
Then whether skylles, great hap to him, from hye  
That falles it is in surety to be plast  
Beneath, and great it is to him agayne  
That prest with storme, of euyls feesles the smart,  
Of kyngedome losse the payfes to sustaine  
VVith necke vnbowde: nor yet detect of heart  
Nor ouercome, his heauy haps alwayes  
To beare vp right but now of carefull carkes  
Shake of the showres, and of thy wretched daye  
Away with all the myserable markes.  
To ioyfull state returne thy chearefull face.  
Put fro thy mynde the olde Thyestes hence,  
It is the woont of wight in wofull case,  
In state of ioy to haue no confidence.  
Though better haps to them returned be,  
Thafflicted yct to ioy it yrketh fore.  
VVhy calst thou me abacke, and hyndrest me  
This happy day to celebrate? wherefore

F 4.

Bydft

## Thieftes

Bidst thou me (forrow) wepe without a cause?  
VVho doth me let with flowers so fresh and gay,  
To decke my hayres? it lets and me withdrawes .  
Downe from my head the rofes fall away :  
My moysted haire with oyntment ouer all ,  
VVith fodayne mase standes vp in wondrous wyse,  
From face that would not weepe the streames do fall.  
And howling cryes amid my wordes aryse.  
My sorrowe yet thaccustomd teares doth loue  
And wretches stil delyght to weepe and crye.  
Vnpleasant playntes it pleaseth them to moue:  
And florisht fayre it likes with Tyrian die  
Their robes to rent, to waile it likes them still  
For sorrow sendes (in signe that woes draw nie)  
The mind that wots before of after yll.  
The sturdy stormes the shipmen ouer lye.  
VVhen voyd of wynd thaffwaged seas do rest.  
VVhat tumult yet or countenaunce to see  
Makste thou mad man? at length a trustful breast  
To brother gene, what euer now it be ,  
Causeles, or els to late thou art a dred .  
I wretch would not so feare, but yet me drawes  
A trembling terrour: downe myne eyes do shed  
Their fodayne teares and yet I know no cause.  
Is it a greefe, or feare? or els hath teares  
great ioy it selfe,

The



The second tragedy.  
THE THIRDE  
SCENE.

37

Atreus. Thyestes.



Let vs this daye with one consente  
(O brother celebrate)

This daye my sceptors may confyrme,  
and stablish my estate,  
And faythfull bonde of peace and loue  
betwene vs ratifye.

Thy. Enough with meate and eke with wyne,  
now satiffyed am I.

But yet of all my ioyes it were a great encrease to mee,  
If now about my syde I might my litle children see.

Atr. Beleue that here euen in thyne armes thy children present be.

For here they are, and shalbe here, no part of them fro thee  
Shal be withhelde: their loued lookes now geue to thee I wil,  
And with the heape of all his babes, the father fully fyll.

Thou shalt be gluttred feare thou not: they with my boyes as yet  
The ioyful sacrificyes make at boorde where children sit.

They shalbe cald, the frendly cup now take of curtesy  
With wyne vpfylde. Thy. of brothers feast I take ful willingly

The fynall gyft, shed some to gods of this our fathers lande,  
Then let the rest be dronke, what's this? in no wyle wil my hand  
Obye: the payse increaseth soze, and downe myne armie doth sway.  
And from my lippes the wastung wyne it selfe doth flye away,  
And in deceiued mouth, about my iawes it runeth rounde.

The table to, it selfe doth shake and leape from trembling ground.

Scant burnes the fyre: the ayre it selfe with heauy chere to sight  
Forsooke of sonne amased is betweene the day and night.

What meaneth this? yet more and more of backward beaten skye

The compas falles, and thicker myst the world doth ouerly

Then blackest darkenes, and the night in night it selfe doth hyde.

All starres be fled, what so it bee my brother God prouyde

And soones to spare: the Gods so graunt that all this testmpest fall  
On this vyle head: but now restore to me my children all,

Atr. I wil, and neuer day agayne shal them from thee withdraw,

Thy. What tumult tumbleth so my guttes, and doth my bowels gnaw?  
What

## Thieftes

What quakes within? with heauy payse I feele my selfe opprest,  
And with an other voyce then myne bewayles my doleful brest:  
Come nere my sonnes, for you now doth thunhappy father call:  
Come nere, for you once seene, this griefe would soone allwage & fall  
Whence murmure they? At. w<sup>h</sup> fathers armes embrace them quickly now  
For here they are loe come to thee: dost thou thy children know?  
Th. I know my brother: such a gylt yet canst thou suffer well  
O earth to beare? nor yet from hence to Stygian lake of hell  
Dost thou bath drowne thy selfe and vs? nor yet with broken ground  
Dost thou these kingdomes and their king with Chaos rude confounde?  
Nor yet bprenting from the soyle the bowzes of wicked land.  
Dost thou Micenas ouerturne with Tantalus to stand,  
And aunciters of ours, if there in hel be any one,  
Now ought we both: now from the frames on eyther syde anone  
Of ground, all here and there rent vp out of thy balsome depe:  
Thy dens and dungeons let abrode, and vs enclased keepe,  
In bottome low of Acheront aboute our hedys aloft  
Let wander all the gylty gholtes, with burning crete ful oft  
Let fyry Phlegethon that diues his sands both to and fro  
To our confusion ouerroon and bysolutely flow.  
O stothful soyle vnshaken payse vnmoued yet art thou?  
The Gods are fled: Atr. but take to thee with ioi thy children now,  
And rather them embrace: at length thy children all of thee  
So long wished for (for no delay there standeth now in mee)  
Enioy and kisse embracing armes deuyde thou vnto thzee.  
Thy. Is this thy league? may this thy loue and fayth of brother bee?  
And doost thou so repose thy hate? the father doth not craue  
His sonnes aliue (which might haue bene without thy gylt) to haue  
And eke without thy hate, but this doth brother brother pray:  
That them he may entombe restore, whom fre thou shalt stragght waye,  
Be burnt: the father naught requires of thee that haue he shall,  
But soone forgæ Atr. what euer part yet of thy children all  
Remaynes, here shalt thou haue: and what remayneth not thou hast.  
Thy. Lye they in fieldes, a food out slong for sleepeing fowles to wast?  
Or are they kept a pray, for wyld and brutish beastes to eate?  
Atr. Thou hast deuour'd thy sonnes and tyd thy selfe with wicked meat.  
Thy. Oh this is it that sham'de the Gods and day from hence did dysue  
Turn'd back to east, alas I wyetch what waylinges may I geue?  
Or what complayntes? what woeful woordes may be enough for mee?  
Their heads cut of, and handes of tozne, I from their bodys see,  
And

And wrenched feete from broken thighes I here behold agayn  
 Tys this that greedy father could not suffer to sustayne .  
 In belly roll my bowels round, and cloased cryme so great  
 Without a passage stryues within and seekes away to get.  
 Thy sword (O brother) lend to me much of my bloud alas  
 It hath: let vs therewith make way for all my sonnes to passe.  
 Is yet the sword from me withheld? thy selfe thy bosomis teare,  
 And let thy hysteres resound with stroakes: yet wretch thy hand forbear  
 And spare the deade: who euer saw such mischiefe put in prooffe?  
 What rude Heniochus that dwels by ragged coast alsofe,  
 Of Caucasus vnapt for men? or feare to Athens, who  
 Procustes wyld? the father I oppresse my children do  
 And am oppressed, is any meane of gylt or mischiefe yet?  
 Atr. A meane in mischiefe ought to be when gylt thou dost commit,  
 Not when thou quytst: for yet euen this to litle seemes to me.  
 The blood yet warme euen from the wound I should in sight of thee  
 Euen in thy iawes haue shed, that thou the bloud of them mightst drinke  
 That lyued yet: but whyle to much to hast my hate I thinke  
 My wrath beguyled is my selfe with sword the woundes them gaue  
 I strake them downe, the sacred fyres with slaughter bowde I haue  
 Wel pleasd, the carcasse cutting then, and lueles lymmes on ground.  
 I haue in litle parcels chopt, and some of them I drounde  
 In boyling cauderns, some to fyres that burnte ful slow I put,  
 And made to droppe: their synewes all, and lymmes a twa I cut  
 Euen yet alyue and on the spitte, that thrust was through the same  
 I harde the liuer wayle and crye, and with my hand the flame:  
 I oft kept in: but euery whit the father might of this  
 Haue better done, but now my wrath to lightly ended is.  
 He rent his sonnes with wicked gumme, him selfe yet wotting naught,  
 Nor they therof Th O ye encloas'd with bending bankes about  
 All seas me heare, and to this gylt ye Gods now harken well  
 What euer place ye fled are to here all ye sprites of hel,  
 And here ye landes, and night so darke that them dost ouerly  
 With clowde so blacke to my complayntes do thou thy selfe apply.  
 To thee now left I am, thou dost alone me miser see,  
 And thou art left without thy starres: I wil not make for me  
 Petitions yet, nor ought for me require may ought yet bee  
 That me should bayle? for you shal all my wises now foresee.  
 Thou guyder great of skyes aboue, & prince of highest might,  
 Of heauenly place now all with cloudes ful horrible to sight,  
 Enwraппe



## Thieſtes

Enwrap the worlde, and let the wyndes on euery ſyde breake out  
And ſend the dreadfull thunderclap through al the world about  
Not with what hand thou gyltles houſe and vnderſerued wall  
With leſſer bolt are wonte to beate, but with the which did fall  
The three vnheaped mountaynes once and which to hills in height  
Stoode equall vp, the gyantes huge: throw out ſuch weapons ſtreight,  
And ſlyng thy fires: and therewithall reuenge the drowned day.  
Let ſce thy flames, the light thus loſt and hid from heauen away,  
With ſlaſhes ſyll: the cauſe (leſt long thou ſhouldeſt doubt who to hit)  
Of ech of vs is ill: if not at leaſt let myne be it.  
He ſtrike with tryple edged toole thy brande of flaminge fyre  
Beate through this breaſt: if father I my children do deſyre  
To lay in tombe or corpes caſt to fyre as doth behoue,  
I muſt be burnt if nothing now the gods to wrath may moue,  
Nor powre from ſkies with thunderbolt none ſtrikes the wicked men  
Let yet eternall night remayne, and hyde with darknes then  
The world about: I Titan naught complayne as now it ſtandes,  
If ſtil thou hyde thee thus away. Atr. now prayſe I well my handes,  
Now got I haue the palme. I had bene ouercome of thee,  
Except thou ſorrow'dſt ſo but now euen children bozne to mee  
I compt and now of hydebeed chaſt the fayth I do repayre,  
Thy. In what offended haue my ſons: Atr. In that, that thynne they were  
Thy. Setſt thou the ſonnes for fathers foodde? Atr. I do & (which is beſt)  
The certayne ſonne. Thy. The gods that guyde all infantes I proteſt.  
Atr. What wedlock gods? Th. who would the gilt w<sup>th</sup> gilt ſo quite again?  
Atr. I know thy greefe preuented now with wrong thou doſt complayne:  
Nor this thee yzkes, that ſed thou art with food of curſed kind,  
But that thou hadſt not it prepard for ſo it was thy mynd,  
Such meates as theſe to ſet before thy brother wotting naught,  
And by the mothers helpe to haue, likewyſe my children caught:  
And them with ſuch like to ſtay: this one thing letted thee,  
Thou thought'ſt them thine. Thy. the gods ſhall al of this reuengers be  
And vnto them for vengeance due my bowes thee render ſhall  
Atr. But vert to be I thee the whyle, geue to thy children all.

*THE*

# THE FOVRTH SCENE,

*Added to the Tragedy by the  
Translatour.*

Thyestes alone.



King of Mytis dungeon darke,  
and grisly Ghosts of hell,  
That in the deepe and dyedfull Denne,  
of blackest Tartare dwell.  
Where leane and pale dyscaies lye  
where feare and fanyne are,  
Where discorde stands with bleeding byowes,  
where euery kynde of care,

Where furies fight in beds of Steele, and heares of crawling Snakes,  
Where Gorgon grinnine, where Harpyes are, & lothsome Limbo lakes,  
Where most prodigious vgly thinges, the hollowe hell doth hyde,  
If yet a monster moze myhapt then all that there doe hyde,  
That makes his broode his curled foode, yee all abhorze to see,  
Nor yet the deepe Auerne it selfe, may hyde to couer mee,  
Nor grisly gates of Putoes place, yet dare them selues to spyed,  
Nor gaping grounde to swallowe him, whom Gods and day haue fled:  
Yet bzeake yee out from curled seates, and heere remayne with mee,  
Yee neede not now to be affrayde, the Ayre and Heauen to see.  
Nor triple headed Cerberus, thou needst not bee affryght,  
The day vnknowne to thee to see or els the lothsome lyght.  
They both be fled: and now doth dwell none other count'naunce heere,  
Then doth beneath the fowlest face, of hatefull hell appeere.  
Come see a meetest match for thee, a moze then monstrous wombe,  
That is of his vnhappy broode, become a curled tombe.  
Flocke here yee fowlest fiendes of hell, and thou O graundsyze greate,  
Come see the glutted guts of myne, with such a kinde of meate,  
As thou didst once for Gods prepare. Let torments all of hel  
Now fall vpon this hatefull head, that hath deserude them well.  
Yee all be plagued wrongfully, your guiltes be small, in fight  
Of myne, and meete it were your pange on me alone should light.  
Now thou O graundier guiltlesse arte, and meeter were for mee,  
With fleeing fload to be beguilde, and fruite of sickie tree.

Thou



## Thyestes.

Thou slewst thy sonne, but I my sonnes, alas, haue made my meate.  
I coulde thy famine better beare, my paunch is now replete  
With foode: and with my children thee, my belly is extent.  
O filthy sowles and gnawing gripes, that Tytus holome rent  
Beholde a fitter pray for you, to fill your selues hyppone  
Then are the growing guts of him: foure wombes entwapt in one.  
This paunch at once shall fill you all: if yee abhorre the foode,  
Nor may your selues abide to bathe, in such a cursed bloode:  
Yet lend to me your clinching clawes, your pray a while forbear,  
And with your fallons suffer mee, this monstrous maw to teare.  
O whirling wheelles, with swinge of which Ixion still is rolde,  
Your hookes vpon this glutted gorge, would cathe a surer holde.  
Thou filthy floud of Limbo lake, and Strygian poole so dyre,  
From choaked chanell belche abrode, Thou fearefull create of fyre,  
Spue out thy flames O Phlegethon: and ouerthred the grounde.  
With vomit of thy fyry streame, let me and earth be dyownde,  
Breake vp thou soyle from bottome deepe, and geue thou roome to hell,  
That night, where day, y<sup>e</sup> ghosts, where Gods were woōt to raigne, may  
Why gapst thou not? Why do you not O gates of hell vnfolde? (dwel.  
Why do yee thus thynferuall tiendes, so long from hence withholde?  
Are you likewise affrayde to see, and knowe so wretched wight,  
From whom the Gods haue wyde theyr lookes, & turned are to sight?  
O hatefull head, whom heauen and hell, haue shoonde and left alone,  
The Sunne, the starres, the light, the day, the Gods, the ghosts he gone.  
Yet turne agayne yee Skyes a while, ere quight yee goe fro mee,  
Take vengeance fyrst on him, whose faulte enforceth you to flee.  
If needes yee must your sight prepare, and may no longer bide,  
But rolle yee must with you forthw<sup>ay</sup>, the Gods and Sunne a syde,  
Yet slowly flee: that I at length, may you yet ouertake,  
While wandring wayes I after you, and speedy iorney make.  
By seas, by lands, by woods, by rocks, in darke I wander shall:  
And on your wrath, for right rewarde to due deserts, will call.  
Yee scape not fro me, so yee Gods, still after you I goe,  
And vengeance aske on wicked wight, your thunder bolte to throe.

FINIS.



## THE THYRD TRA-

GEDY OF L. ANNAEVS

*Seneca : entituled Thebais, transf-**lated out of Latin into En-**glishe, by**Thomas Newton.*

1581.

*The Argument.*

LAIVS King of Thebes, hadde by his Wyfe and Queene IOCASTA, a Sonne named OEDIPVS: Who being yet in his Mothers Wombe, APOLLO his Oracle pronounced, that by the handes of that childe, King LAIVS the father should bee murthered. The feare whereof caused the King to commaūd him to be put to death. The Kinges heardman, who had the charge to see this done, on thone side moued with compassi- on ouer a tender weakeling: and on the other side, afraid to in- curre the King his maisters displeasure, contented himselte onely to boare two hoales through the Infants two feete, and with certayne plyable Twiggges beinge thrust through the same, hong him vp on a tree by the Heeles; supposing that heereby hee should cōmit a lesse crime in suffring the childe to perishe by famine, then in playing the Butcher himselte. It fortunēd, that one PHORBAS heardman to POLYBI- VS King of Corynth, passing by that way & hearing a yong Childe crye, went and cut him downe, and caryinge him to Corynth, it so fell out that at length hee was giuen for a pre- sent or

### *The Argument.*

sent or gyft to MEROPE, Wyfe to the said King POLYBVS. This OEDIPVS afterward going to Thebes, in a certayne fedicious hurly burly in the countrey there, vna-wares and vnwitting flewe King LAIVS his Father. About which tyme the City of Thebes, and Countrey there about was meruelously infested with a monfter called Sphinx: who propounding a certaine Riddle, or obscure question to such as passed that vway, and deuouringe as many, as coulde not affoyle the same. To him that coulde affoile it and so rid the Countrey from that so vgly and daūgerous a monfter, the mariage of Queene IOCASTA, and the kingdome of Thebes was promysed as a recompence: OEDIPVS after many others, taking the matter in hand, affoyled the Ryddle, & slew the mōster. Whereupō marrying the Queene, not knowing her to bee his owne Mother, had by her foure Chyldren: ETHEOCLES, POLYNICES, ANTIGONE, & ISMENE. In the end, hauing knowledg, how first hee had kylled his Father, and then incestuously maryed his Mother, hee forfooke his kingdome being continually infested wyth the plague, & (as one ashamed to loke any man in the face) pulled out his own Eyes, and hid himselfe in corners and solitary places. His Sonnes ETHEOCLES & POLYNICES agreed to raigne enterchaungeably, that is to wit, ETHEOCLES, one yeare, and POLYNICES the other. ETHEOCLES hauing raigned his yeare, refused according to the articles of agrement, to resigne the Crowne to his brother for the next yeare. Whereupō they fel to mortal warres, and in the end meaning by combat to ende the matter, they mutually slew one the other. *And note that this Tragedy, was left by the Authour vnperfect, because it neyther hath in it, Chorus, ne yet the fifth Acte.*

The names of the speakers.

*OEdipus.*      *Antigone.*

*Nuntius.*      *Iocasta.*

The first

## THE FIRTE

## A C T E.

OEdipus. Antigone.



Care Daughter, vnto Father blynde  
 a Staffe of steady stay,  
 To weary Syre, a comfort greate,  
 and Guide in all his way:  
 And whom to haue begotten, I  
 may glad and isfull bee:  
 Yet leaue me now, thy haplesse Syre,  
 thus plungde in misery.  
 Why seekst thou meanes, still to direct  
 my stalling steppes aright?  
 Let mee I pray thee headlong fyde  
 in breaknecke tumbling plight.

I better shall and sooner fynde a way my selfe alone  
 To rid mee out of all the thral wherein I now am throwne.  
 Whereby both heauen shall cased bee, and earth shall want the sight  
 Of mee vile wretch, whom, guilt hath made a most abhorred wight.  
 Alas, what litle triffling trickes hath hitherto bene wrought  
 By these my hands? what feate of worth or maistry haue I sought?  
 In deede, they haue me helpt to pull myne eyes out of my head:  
 So that ne Sunne, ne Moone I see, but life in darknesse lead.  
 And though that I can nothing see, yet is my guilt and crime  
 Both seene and knowne, & poyncted at, (woe worth the curst tyme.)  
 Leaue of thy hold, let lose thy hand, good daughter, let mee goe:  
 Let fouler light where it will, let it (this once) be so.  
 Fle trudge, and runne, Fle skudde, and raunge, Fle hasten to the hill  
 Of craggy steepe Cytheron, there I hope to worke my will.  
 Where earst Acteon lost his lyfe by straunge, and vncouth death,  
 Whom bawling Dogges, and hunting Hounds bereft of vitall breath:  
 Where once Agaue (bedlemlike) raungd vp and downe the woode  
 With Syfters hers, enspired all with Bacchus raging moode.  
 And pleading well her selfe in that her fact and mischiefe donne,  
 Pitcht on a Poale the grisly head of him that was her Sonne.

E.

Where



## Thebais

Where Zethus with his rustling Crew of Gallantes young and stoute  
 Dragd, hald, and puld the hateful corps of Dirce, all aboute.  
 Where bushie bloudied bzambles show which way the Bull her drew:  
 Here where dame Ino from a Rocke her selfe in Sea downe threw.  
 So that poore mother though she mient t'auoyde one fault by flight:  
 Yet she therby a worse procur'd, while like a seely wight  
 She both her selfe and eke her sonne from Scyron hurled downe  
 Entending both her selfe and him in foaming Sea to drowne.  
 Oh happy, yea thyse happy they, that had so good an hap:  
 And whom such mothers pitifull earst dandled in theyr lap.  
 Yea yet there is in these same woods an other place to mee  
 Thats due by right, and rightly may me challenge as his see.  
 Where I an Infant out was layed, al Fortunes to abide:  
 I thyther wil direct my course to try what may betyde.  
 Ile neither stop ne stay til that I be arryued there,  
 For guyde I recke not, nexther force for Stumbling any where.  
 Why stay I thus like dastard dudge to hasten vnto it?  
 Sith wel I know it lotted is to be my graue and Pir?  
 Let me myne owne Cytheron mount enioy in quiet state,  
 It is myne old and auncient bower, appoynted me by fate.  
 I pray thee be not discontent that I should (aged) die,  
 Euen there, where life I should haue lost in pueling infancy.  
 I yeild me heere with willing hart vnto those tortures all  
 That earst to me were due, and which to others haue befall:  
 To thee I speake O bloudy mount, fierce, cruel, steepe and fell,  
 As well in that thou sparest some, as that thou some dost quell.  
 This carion corps, this sinful soule, this carcasse here of myne  
 Long tyme agoe by right good Law and propertye is thine.  
 Now yet at length persourme the hest that earst enioyned was  
 To thee by those my parentes both, now bring their doome to passe.  
 My hart euen longeth till I may so fully satisfy  
 By this my death that their decree, that glad I am to die.  
 Oh Daughter, Daughter, why wouldst thou thus keepe mee gaynst my  
 In this so vile incestuous loue? thou art but now to kind. mynd?  
 Oh stay me not I thee desire, behold, behold, I heare  
 My Fathers ghost to bidde me come apace, and not to feare.  
 O Father myne I come, I come, now father cease thy rage:  
 I know (alas) how I abus'd my Fathers hoary age:  
 Who had to name King Laius: how hee dorth fret and crye  
 To see such lewd disparagement: and none to blame but I.

Where-

Whether by the Crowne usurped is, and he by murther slayne:  
 And Bastardly incestuous broode in Kingly throne remayne.  
 And loe, dost thou not playnly see, how he my panting Ghost  
 With raking pawes doth hale and pull, which grieues my conscience  
 Dost thou not see how he my face bescratcheth tyrant wyle? (most?  
 Tel mee (my Daughter) hast thou seene Ghostes in such grieuful guyle?  
 Antig. I see & marke each thing ful well. Good father leaue this mind,  
 And take a better if you can: from this your selfe vnwynd.  
 Oed. What a heafty cowardise is in this brest of myne?  
 Was I so stout and venturous in pulling out myne Eye?  
 And shall all courage be employd agaynst one onely part  
 Of Body, and from other partes shall valour wholly start?  
 Let none of all these puling trickes nor any faint excuse  
 Thus daunt thy sprites, let no delay to balenes thee endure:  
 Dispatch at once, why lingre I, as one thats loth to dye?  
 Why liue I? ist because I can no longer mischieues trye?  
 Yes that I can, wretch though I be: and therfore tel I thee,  
 Deare Daughter, that the sooner thou mightst hence depart from mee.  
 Depart a mayd and Virgin hence, for feare of afterclaps:  
 Since villany to Mother shewde, its good to doubt mishaps.  
 Anti. No force, no power, no violence, shall make me to withdraue  
 My duty vnto thee my Syre, to whom I bow myne awe.  
 I will not be disseuered, ne pulled from thy syde  
 I will assist thee, whyle that breath shal in this Brest abyde.  
 My Brothers twayne let them contend, and fight for Princelye swaye  
 Of wealthy Thebes: where whilom raignd King Labdack many a day.  
 The greatest share and portion that I do loke to haue  
 Out of my Fathers Kingdome, is my Fathers lyfe to saue.  
 Him neither shall Etheocles my elder brother take  
 Away from mee, who now by force the Thebane realme doth rake.  
 Ne Polynices, who as now is mustering men apace  
 From Argos Land: with ful intent his brother to displace.  
 No, though y<sup>e</sup> world went all on wheelles: though Ioue should fro aboute  
 Hurle flashing flakes vpon the Earth, all shall not quayle my loue.  
 No, though his thumping thunderbolt (when wee together stand)  
 Should light betweene vs, whereas we are plighted hand in hand)  
 Yet wil I neuer thee forsake, but hold my handfast still:  
 Therefore its bootles fater deare, to countermaund my will  
 In this my full resolved mynd. Forbid me if you please,  
 But surely I wil be your guide in weale, woe, dole, & ease.

¶ 2.

And

## Thebais

And maugre al your sharpe reprofes (though much against your mind)  
 I wil direct your steppes and gate, that you your way may fynd:  
 Through thicke & thinne, through rough and smooth I wil be at an ynch  
 In hill and dale, in wood & grove, Ile serue at eu'ry pinch.  
 If that you goe where daunger lies, and seeke your owne annoy,  
 You shall wel proue, that I to leade the daunce wil not be coy.  
 Aduple your selfe therefore, of twayne to which I guyde shall be:  
 My count is cast, I am ful bent with you to liue and die.  
 Without me perish can you not: but with me, wel you may,  
 It booteth not, in other sort to moue me ought to saue.  
 Here is an hygge Promontory that elboes into Sea  
 Let vs from thence throw downe our selues, and worke our last decay,  
 If that ye wil. Here also is a flinty Rocke besyde,  
 Which if you please shal serue our turnes: Heere beaten with the tyde  
 Bee craggy Cliffes, let's goe to them: Here runnes a gulphy streame  
 With force afore it dyuing stones as higge as mountaine beame.  
 What say you? Shall wee drench our selues within this fomy flood?  
 Goe where you wil, take which you list, do as you deeme it good.  
 Conditionally that I may first receyue the wound of death:  
 I recke no whit, I ready stand to yeld vp vitall breath.  
 I neyther draw you to nor froe: but euen as best you thinke  
 So doe, so deale. Would you so sayne Deathes bitter cup to drinke?  
 My lord and Father, take you death so greate a boone to bee?  
 If that you dye (this I assure) die first you shall me see.  
 If life in shew more pleasaunt seme, if so you rather chuse,  
 I am to wayte vpon you still and neuer wil refuse.  
 But chaunge this mynde wherein you rest, take hart a grace, and show  
 The noble magnanimity that earst in you did flow:  
 Resist these panges, subdue these dumps by valour of the mynd,  
 Let manly courage qualify these your affections blynd.  
 'Tis great dishonour thus to yeeld your selfe to dolor thral,  
 No storme of aduerse hap thus ought a Princes hart t'appall.  
 Oedip. This geare surmounteth far the reach of my capacity:  
 I am astonn'd, I feele my selfe rapt with an extasie,  
 Is this not wonder of so lewd, and of so curst a tree  
 Such fruite to grow? of graceles Hyre so good a child to see?  
 Is it not straunge that in a house distaynd in billany  
 Such noble shew of towardnes and vertuous gyftes should lye?  
 Let me some speach to thee direct, dame Fortune: how haps this  
 That here my daughter so vnlike to wretched father is?

Dege=



Degenerating from his steps, and with such vertue fraught,  
 As in her fathers curled house she neuer yet was taught?  
 Is it (I pray thee) credible, that out of me should spring  
 Such yllue, as should geuen be to any honest thinge?  
 No truely, no: it cannot bee (my fates full well I know)  
 None such, (vnlesse to doe me scan, and mischief) would be so.  
 T'enceale the heape of myne annoy no straunge effect shall want.  
 Dame Nature in her Creatures wil new affectes emplant.  
 The Ryuer shall returne his course to Fountayne backe agayne,  
 Dan Phoebus Lamp shall bring the Night, and Night shal day remain,  
 So that my grievous miseries with surplusage may grow.  
 But be as tis: I for a whyle wil play my part also,  
 And shew some sparke of piety, my fault to counteruayle:  
 With murdrous knife, my woeful dayes to end I wil not sayle.  
 The onely helpe for Oedipus, the onely safety is  
 To ridde himselfe, and so redeeme that Hellish fact of his.  
 Let mee take vengeance on my selfe for wronges to father donne,  
 Whose Death is yet vnexpiate, by mee his curled sonne.  
 Why dost thou shake and tremble thus thou hand, not good for ought?  
 Why staggerst thou to stabbe him in, who Syre to spoyle hath brought?  
 That punishment which hether to by pulling out myne eyes  
 Thou hast inflicted on me, is but as a sacrifice,  
 Or guerdon due for villany which I committed haue  
 With mother myne. Now Daughter scoute, leaue of pretences braue,  
 Alledge no gloses: but with speede let goe thy Fathers hand:  
 Thou mak'st me die a lingering death within this loathed land.  
 Thou thinkst I am aliue, but I am dead long while agoe:  
 As this my hateful Corps at length the rytes of Buriall shew.  
 Thou meanest well, (I know) but yet therein thou dost offend:  
 Though colour for thy piety I see thou dost pretend.  
 But piety it cannot be, to dragge thus vp and downe  
 Thy Fathers Corpses vnburi'd through City, field, and Towne.  
 For hee that doth enforce a man agaynst his will to dye:  
 And he that slayeth him that would fayne dye, most willingly,  
 Are both alike in equall fault, and stand in egall plight-  
 To hinder one that would be dead is murthering him outright.  
 Yet not so great as thother is. I would be more content  
 To haue my death commaunded me, then from me to be hent.  
 Defist from this thy purpose (Mayd) my lyfe and death both are  
 To dispose at my liberty, with choyse to spill or spare.

¶ 3.

I will:



## Thebais

I willingly resignd the Crowne of Thebane soyle: yet I  
 Do still retaine vpon my selfe the entyre Soueraygnty.  
 If I may make accompt of thee as of a trusty seere,  
 And true compaignion at assayes: deliuer euen heere  
 Into thy Fathers hand a Sward: but tell me, dost thou reach  
 The Sword embrewd in fathers bloud, wherewith my sonnes empeach  
 The course of Law, posselting it and kingdome all by force?  
 Where so it is, doubt is there none, but cleane without remorse  
 There bee the floudgates opned wyde, to al licencious lust,  
 And thriftlesse trades: I al my clayme therein do rake in dust,  
 And cleane forsake. Let both my Sonnes by Legacy enioy  
 The same, wherewith they surely shall contriue no smal annoy.  
 For mee pyle rather vp a stacke of wood set all on fyre,  
 That I therein may thrust my selfe: that is my chiefe desyre:  
 And make an end at once of all this carrion Carcasse vile.  
 Where is the surging wauous Sea? why stay I all this whyle?  
 Bring mee to some steepe breaknecke fall: bring me where Ismene flood  
 With swift and horned course doth runne, bring me wheras my blood.  
 With goaryng push of sauage beastes may out be let at once.  
 To some Gulfe bring me, where the fall and tide may crush my Bones.  
 If needes thou wilt my guyde remayne, as oft thou dost me tell)  
 Bring me that am dispos'd to dye, where Sphinx that Monster fell  
 With double shape apposed them that passed by the way,  
 Propounding Riddles intricate, and after did them slay.  
 There would I bee, that place I seeke: thy Father thyther bring  
 Into that Monsters Cabin dire thy Monstrous Father sling.  
 That though that Monster be dispatcht, the place may bee supplyde  
 With one as badde or worse then hee: there wil I farre and wyde  
 In tearmes obscure report and tell my heauy lucklesse lot.  
 The misteries whereof the hearers vnderstanderh not.  
 Geue eare to that which I shal speake, marke thou Assyrian bozne,  
 Consider this thou Thebane, where Duke Cadmus men were tozne  
 And slayne in wood by Serpentes rage: where Dirce seely trull  
 In humble sort at Aulter lies: aduert my tale at full  
 Thou, that in Lacedæmon dwelless, and honoirst Castors grace,  
 And Pollux eake, two byethren twynnes. fynd out this doubtful case.  
 Or thou that dwelst in Elis towne or by Parnassus hill,  
 Or thou that till'st Bæotia ground, there reaping gayne at wil.  
 Hearke, listen well, and flatly say, if euer heretofore  
 That murd'rous monster Sphinx of Thebes that men in peeces tore,  
In all

In all his riddles askt the like, or of so straunge a sort?  
 Or whether so insolubly his termes he cold report?  
 The Sonne in Lavv to Graundfather, the Rival of his Syre:  
 The Brother of his litle Babes: to Brethren, father dire:  
 The Graundmother at euery byrth to Husband (graceles Else)  
 Brought forth a Sonne or Daughter, vvhich vvas Nephevv to her selfe.  
 How say you Syrs, in Ryddle darke, who hath so good insight,  
 That able is the sense hereof t'vnfold and tell arpyght?  
 As for my selfe, although the Sphinx I whylome put to foyle:  
 Yet myne owne heauy destenie I scarcely can affoyle.  
 Why dost thou (Daughter) labour loose in vsyng further speech?  
 To alter this my stony hart why dost thou mee beseech?  
 I tel thee playne, I fully meane this bloud of myne to spill.  
 That long with death hath struggling kept: and thereupon I will  
 Descend to darke infernall Lake: for this same darknes blynd  
 Of both myne eyes is nothing such, as fact of myne should fynd.  
 It were my Blisse to bee in Hell in deepest dungeon fast:  
 Now that which should long since haue bene, I wil perforce at last.  
 I cannot be debar'd from Death: wilt thou deny me glaue  
 Or Sword, or knife? wilt thou no toole for mischiefes let me haue?  
 Wilt thou both watch and ward each way, where daunger lies in wayte?  
 Shall such a sinful Caytife wretch as I, be kepe so strait?  
 Wilt thou not suffer me with Coard to breake my hatefull Necke?  
 Canst thou kepe mee from poysonous herbes? hast thou them al at beck?  
 What shall it thee preuayle to take for mee such earnest care?  
 Death ech where is: and wayes to death in thousand corners are.  
 Herein hath God good order tane, that euery selie Foe,  
 May take away an others life: but Death hee cannot so.  
 I seeke not anye toole to haue: this desprate mynd of myne  
 Can vse the seruice of my hand, my threede of lyfe t'vntwine.  
 Now hand, thy maister at a pinch assist to worke his feate,  
 Helpe him with all thy power and strength, t'exployt his purpose great.  
 I poynt thee not in this my Corps vnto one place alone:  
 Alas, each part of me with guilt is plaunch and ouergrowne.  
 In which soeuer part thou wilt, thy Massacre beginne,  
 And seeke to bring me to my death which way thou mayst it winne.  
 In pieces crush this body all, this hart that harbours sinne  
 Pluck out, out all my entrailes pull, proceede, and neuer linne  
 To gash and cut my wezand pype. My baynes asonder scratch,  
 And make the Bloud come spowting out, or vse that other match,

¶ 4.

Which

## Thebais

Which heretofore thou bled haste: digge where myne eyes earst stood?  
 And let these woundes gush out apace much mattry filth and blood.  
 Hals out of mee this loathed soule that is so hard and stout:  
 And thou deare father Laius stand vp and looke about:  
 Behold where euer that thou standst: I Unpyrre doe the make,  
 And eyed Iudge of all my plagues that lustly heere I take.  
 My Face so lewde, so horrible, so loathsome to bee tolde  
 I neuer thought with any pyrce or tormentes manifolde  
 Could haue full expiation: ne thought I it inough  
 To die this death: or in one part to be belasthed through.  
 By pecemeale I am well content to suffer tormentes all  
 And euen by pecemeale for to die: for plagues to plague mee call.  
 Exact the punishment that's due: I heere most ready stand  
 To satisfie with any death that law and righte hath scand.  
 My former smertes, when as mine eyes I raked out with pawes,  
 Were but as tastes of sacrifice, somewhat to helpe my cause.  
 Come therefore (Father) neare to mee, and thrust this hand of myne  
 More nearer into euery wound. It sweru'de and did decline  
 For feare, when first it tooke th'allay mine eyes to ransacke out.  
 I heare it still in memozy, my eyes then star'de about  
 And seemed to disswade the hand from doing of the charge  
 Whereto it was enioyned tho, and had Commission large.  
 Thou shalt well thinke that OEdipus dissembleth not a whit  
 But what his word hath warranted, his deede hath firmly quit.  
 Thy stoutnes then, was not so great when eyes thou pulledst out  
 As was thy manhoode, when thou threwst them from thee round about.  
 Now, by those Eyeholes thrust thy hand into the very bzaïne:  
 That part where death attempted was, let death be sought againe.  
 AN. Undaunted Prynce, most noble Syre, with humble mynde I sue  
 That I your Daughter may be holde to ble some speech to you:  
 And that you would with patience digest my ppoze aduise:  
 My suite is not to draw your minde to thinges, that earst in pryce  
 You highly held, ne to the view of glittering Pallace olde,  
 Or bzainery of your noble Realme, scarce able to bee tolde:  
 But that you would these yrefull fittes, by tract of time now quailde,  
 With patient minde sustayne and beare: this vertue neuer faylde  
 In any Prynce of such a spight as in your noble Grace  
 Appareth bygyht: it fitteth not that such should once abase  
 Themselues as thalles to Sorowes checke, or once the conquest yeelde  
 To aduerse hap: or courage loose lyke dastardes in the fielde.

It is



It is no prayse, fy, though perhappes you so your reckening cast  
 To make of lyfe to small account, and thus to bee agast  
 At euery wagging of a leafe, and comberlome myschance :  
 No, no, tis vertue in such case high courage to aduaunce.  
 And when thinges are at worst, to shew true magnanimitie :  
 Not lyke a Heycocke, cowardly at eche alarme to flee.  
 Hee that hath tride all fortunes spight and worldly wealth despisde,  
 And constantly hath borne all brutes that are to be deuilde,  
 Hee thinks no cause hath, why he needes to ende his breathing dayes  
 Or with himselfe in graue : for why, starcke crauens ble such wayes.  
 But as for him, thats dyencht in dole and wrapt in carking care,  
 Whose peniue plight can be no worse, nor tast of sowyer fare,  
 That man hath cause well pleasde to be : sith hee in safety standes,  
 And pykes hath past, and now is free from feare of further handes.  
 Put case the Gods would weaue the webbe of further woe to thee,  
 What more can any of them doe thy grieues to amplifie ?  
 Nay, thou thy selfe, (although thou wouldst) canst adde thereto no more,  
 Unlesse thou thinke thy selfe, to haue deserued death therefore.  
 And yet, thou arte not worthy death : my reason is, because  
 Through ignorance thou didst a fact contrary to the lawes.  
 And therefore Father thinke your selfe most guiltlesse in the case,  
 And (maugre Gods) stand on your garde, my counsell sound embrace :  
 For doubtlesse you an innocent are deem'de and thought to bee,  
 And are in deede : what makes you thus in dumpes and dolefull glee ?  
 What cause so great should so enchaunt your conscience, and your wits,  
 To seeke your owne decay and spoyle ? what meane faint hearted fits ?  
 That thus in hast you would so faine abandon this your lyfe  
 And goe to hell, where torment dwelles and grisly ghostes be ryfe.  
 You would not see Sun, Moone, ne Starre : no more you can : your eyes  
 Are blynd : you faine would leaue your Court, and Countries miseries.  
 Why so you may, and so you doe. These all are put to lacke,  
 That now alyue, as well as dead you feele of these the lacke.  
 You flee from Mother, Wyfe, and Chylde, you see no man alyue :  
 What more can death dispatch away but life dorth now depriue ?  
 your lords, your knights, your courtly traine, your kingly state & crowne  
 Your graund Affaires, your waighty charge is gone & brought adowne.  
 From whom, fro what, do you thus flee. O Edi. fro none but fro my selfe  
 Who haue a breast full fraught with guilt : who, wretched caitiffe Else  
 Haue all embroide my hands with bloud. From these apace I flee  
 And from the heauens and Gods therein : and from that villanie  
 Which I



## Thebais

Which I most wicked wretch haue wrought. Shall I treade on thy  
 Or am I worthy so to doe, in whom such trickes abound? (ground?  
 Am I to haue the benefite of any Element?  
 Of Ayre for breath, of water moyst, or Earth for nourishment?  
 O Slaue forlorne, O beasly wretch, O Incestmonger hyle,  
 O Warlet most detestable, O Paysaunte full of guile.  
 Why doe I with polluted fyst, and bloody pawes presume  
 To touch the chaste and comely hand? I foame, I fret, I fume  
 In hearing any speake to mee. Dught I heare any tell  
 Or once of Sonne or ffather speake, lyth I did ffather quell?  
 Would God it were within my power my Senses all to stop,  
 Would God I could these Cares of myne, euen by the stumps to crop.  
 If that might bee then (daughter) I should not haue heard thy voyce.  
 I, I thy Syre, that thee begot by most incestuous choise.  
 Begetting of thee, makes my crymes moe then they were before:  
 Remorse thereof doth gnaw and grype my conscience more and more.  
 Ofttimes that which myne Eyes not see, with Cares that doe I heare,  
 And of my facts afoze time done the inward wound I heare.  
 Why is there stay made of my doome? Why am I spard so long?  
 Why is not this blind head of myne throwne damned ghosts among?  
 Why rest I on the Earth, and not among infernall Sprighthes?  
 Why pester I the company of any mortall Wightes?  
 What myschiefe is there more behind? to aggrauate my care?  
 My Kingdome, Parents, Children, Wist and Vertue quayled are  
 By sturdy stormes of froward Fate: nothing remaynde but teares,  
 And they bee dryde, and Eyes be gon: my hardned heart forbears  
 Such signes of grace: leaue of therefore, and make no more adoe:  
 A minde so mated with dispayre no supres will stowe vnto.  
 I practize some straunge punishments agreeing to my deede:  
 But what proportion can bee found of plagues vnto my meede?  
 Whose fortune euer was so bad? I was no sooner borne,  
 But seely Infant Iudgde I was in peeces to be tozne.  
 My mother in whose wombe I lay, forth had not mee yet brought  
 And yet euen then I feared was: and straight my death was sought.  
 Some Babes soone after they bee borne, by stroke of death depart:  
 But I poore soule, before my byrth adiudged was to dart  
 Of death: some yet in Mothers wombe, ere any light they see  
 Doe taste the dint of halty Fate, while Innocents they bee.  
 Apollo by his Oracle pronounced sentence dyre  
 Upon mee being yet vnborne, that I vnto my Syre

Should

Should beastly parricide commit: and thereupon was I  
 Condemned straight by fathers doome. My feete were by and by  
 Launcde through, & through with two Pins: hangde was I by y<sup>e</sup> Heeles  
 Upon a Tree: my swelling plants the printe thereof yet feeles:  
 As pray to Beastes, cast out also, to crane the theyr greedy Jawes  
 In Mount Cytheron, and to fill the griping Vulturs Hawes.  
 Such Sauce to tast full lyke was I, as others heeretofore  
 Descended of the royall Sanguine, with smart (perforce) haue bore.  
 But see the chaunce: I thus condemn'de by Dan Apollos hest  
 And cast to beasts by fathers doome, and euery way distressed,  
 Could finde no death: no death on mee durst seize his lordly Patwe,  
 But fled from mee, as though I had not beene within his Lawe.  
 I verified the Oracle, with wicked hand I kilde  
 Myne owne deere Father, and vnwares his guiltlesse bloud I spilde.  
 Shall any satisfaction redeeme so vile an Acte?  
 May any kinde of Piety purge such a shamefull fact?  
 I rested not contented thus. For Father heeing sayne,  
 I fell in linkes of lawlesse Loue with Mother: Oh what payne  
 And grudge of minde sustaynde I there? in thinking on the same,  
 To tell our wicked wedlocke Woake, I loath, I blush, I shame.  
 I may not well this geare conceale, Ile tell it: out it shall:  
 Though to my shame it much redound, it may augment my thrall.  
 I will display straunge villanies, and them in number many,  
 Most beaklike parts, most lewde attempts, to bee abhor'd of any.  
 So filthy, and so monstrous, that (sure I thinke) no Age  
 Will them belieue to haue bene done: so cruell was my rage,  
 That euen ech cutthroate Parricide thereat may be ashamed  
 To heare it nam'de: and with disdain straight wayes will be enflamde.  
 My handes in fathers bloud embryde to fathers Bed I brought.  
 And haue with Mother myne, his Wife, incestuous practyse sought.  
 To myschiefe adding mischiefe more: I wis my fault to Sire,  
 Is slender in comparison: my gracelesse fond desire  
 Could not bee staide, till toleminely the marriage Knot was knit  
 Twixt mee and Mother myne, alas for want of grace and wit.  
 How plungde am I in myschiefe still? how is the measure full  
 Of horours vile, which doe my minde and heart asunder pull?  
 And least the heape of these my woes might seeme to bee too skant,  
 My Mother (she my Wyfe that is) yong illue doth not want.  
 Can any crime in all the World more haynous be surmisde?  
 If any may: by wicked Impes the same I haue deuilsde.

My Realme

## Thebais

My Realme and Crowne I haue resignde, which I receiued as hyre  
 For murthering most vnnaturally the king, my Lord, and Syre,  
 Which Crowne now since, twixt both my sonnes hath kindled mortall  
 And all the countrey by the ears remains at deadly iarre. (war.)  
 I know full wel what destenies to this same Crowne belongs.  
 None without Bloud the same shall weare, and most accursed wrongs.  
 This mynd of myne (who father am) presagerh many ill:  
 And gloomy dayes of slaughter dyre: the plot that murther willes,  
 Already is contriud and cast: all truth of word and deede  
 Is quight exild, al promise broke of pactes afore decreed.  
 Etheocles, thone of my sonnes who now in princely thone  
 Beares all the sway, meanes stil to keepe the Diademe alone.  
 Booz Polynices th'other sonne, thus beyng dispoest,  
 And kept by force from Kingly rule his humble sute addrest  
 Vnto the Gods this wrong to wreake, this breach of league and oth  
 T'auenge and plague: he Argos soyle and Greekish Cittyes both  
 Perlwades r'alist him in this warre, this quarel to mayntayne:  
 That he in Thebes (as promise was) might haue his turne to raygne.  
 The ryne that to wearied Thebes shall greuously befall  
 And bring the pompous state therof adowne, shal not be small.  
 Fire, sword, glaue, wounds, & thwackig thūps, shal light vnto their share,  
 And that ere long: and mischienes worse (if any worse there are)  
 And this shal hap, that all the worlde may know it is the race  
 And yssue of a cursed Syre that darraynes such a case.  
 Though other causes none there were to moue you (ū) to liue,  
 Yet is this one sufficient, that you by adue may dyue  
 Your sonnes my Breythen iarring thus to vniyt and peace:  
 For you their father only may theyr furies cause to cease.  
 You and none els may turne away thoccasions of this warre:  
 These bzandicke youtthes from further rage you onely may debarre.  
 By this your meanes the countrey shal their quiet peace enioy  
 And Breythen soyntly reconcild shal worke no more annoy.  
 If you therefore this mortall life thus to your selfe deny:  
 You many thousandes shal vndoe, whose liues on you relye.  
 Oed. What? canst thou make me to beleue, that any sparke of grace  
 Or loue to Syre, or honesty in them hath any place,  
 Which thirst for one an others bloud, which after kingdomes gape,  
 Whose whole delight is villany, warre, murther, guile and rape?  
 Such hateful ymipes on mischief set, such wicked Termagantes,  
 As to be sonnes of such a Syre with shame may make their bauntes.

At

At one bare woord to tel thee all: thy byethen two are bent  
 Uppon all mischief, wayghing not what loosenes they frequent.  
 When slingrayne rage enlots their heades, they care not they a rush  
 Upon what Deuelish vile attemptes they geue the desprat push.  
 And as they are conceau'd and bozne in most abhorred sort,  
 So still deuyde of Grace they thincke all villany but sport.  
 They? Fathers shame and wretched state moues them no whit at all,  
 To Countrey they no reckning make what massacre befall.  
 Their myndes are rauisht with desyre ambitiously to raygne.  
 I know their dyistes, and what they hope at length by thiftes to gayne.  
 And therefore sith the case so standes I leyser had to die  
 With poasting speede whyle in my house there is none worse then I.  
 Ahlas, deare Daughter what adoe dost thou about me make?  
 Why liest thou prostrate at my knees? why dost thou trauaile take,  
 To conquire my resolued mynd with this thy spiced phraze  
 Of fayre entreatie? these thy wordes my flynty hart amaze.  
 Dame Fortune hath none other bayte to byng me to her lure  
 Then this alone: til now I still vnbvanquisht did endure.  
 No Creatures words but thyne alone could pearce this hart of myne,  
 Be from a purpose resolute my settled mynd vntwyne.  
 Thou conquire canst th'affections sond that in my breast do boyle,  
 Thou teachest grace to fathers house, and zeale to native soyle.  
 Each thing to me delightful is which iumpeth with thy wil:  
 Commaund me (Daughter) I thy bestes am ready to fulfill.  
 Old Oedipus if thou enioyne, wil passe th'Ægean Sea:  
 And flashing flakes of Aetna Mount, with mouth he dare assay.  
 He boldly dare obiect himselfe to raumping Dragons claw  
 Which rag'd, & swelldand beninie spit apace, when as he saw  
 Dan Hercules away to steale his golden Aples all  
 In Gardens of Hesperides. At thy commaund, he shall  
 His Entrails offer vnto robbe of greedy Vulturs Byll:  
 At thy commaund, content he is in life to linger still.

THE



# THE SECONDE

## A C T E.

Nuntius. OEdipus.

Antigone. Iocasta.

**R**Enowned Prince, of royall Race  
and Noble lygne yspronge :  
The Thebans dreading much the dyft  
of this your childzens thronge,  
And warlicke garboyle now in hand,  
most humbly pray your Grace  
For Countreys safety, downe to let some order in the case.  
They bee not threates and menacies that thus their mindes affright:  
The mischiefe is more neere then so: the Enmy is in sight.  
For Polynices he that is your younger sonne of twayne,  
Doth clayme the crowne, and in his turne in Thebes requires to raigne  
According vnto couenants made: which quarrell to decide  
Hee purposeth the dent of sword, and martiall force t'abide,  
With him he brings a mighty Troupe from eu'ry part of Greece,  
Sir, seuen Dukes, besieging Thebes are minded it to fleese.  
Helpe noble King, els are wee lyke to perishe man and chylde,  
These bloudy broyles of ciuill warre from vs protect and thyelde.  
OEdi. Am I one like to stop the rage of any wicked act?  
Am I one like to cause these Vouthes to leaue their bloudy fact?  
Am I a maister like to teach what lawes of loue do meane?  
Should I not then from former guise digresse in nature cleane?  
They treade their fathers steps aright, they play my lawlesse pranks:  
Like Syre, like Sonnes, like Tree, like fruite: I can the hartie thanks:  
By this I know them for my Sonnes, and praise their towardnesse:  
I would they should by peeuissh partes, whole Sonnes they be, expresse.  
Shew forth you noble Gallante ympes, what metled minds you beare,  
Shew forth by deedes your valor great, let lofty sprights appeare.  
Surmount and dimme my prayles all, Eclypse my glozy quight:  
Attempt some enterpryse in which your Syre may haue delight  
To haue till now remaynd in life: hereof I haue no doubt:  
For well I know your practise is straunge feates to bring about.  
Your byrth and ligne from whence you spronge, assures me of no lesse  
Such noble Bloudes must needes atchiue some doughty worthinesse.  
Pour

Your Weapons and Artillery for warre bring out with speede,  
 Consume with flame your native Soyle, and desolation bryede  
 In eu'ry house within the Land: a hurly burly make  
 Confusedly of eu'ry thinge. Make all the Realme to quake,  
 And in exile theyr dayes let end: make leuell with the ground  
 Eche fenced Fort and walled Towne: The Gods and all confound,  
 And throw their Temples on their heads: Their Images deface,  
 And melt them all: turne vpsidowne eche house in eu'ry place.  
 Burne, spoyle, make hauscke, leaue no iote of City free from fyre,  
 And let the flame begin his rage within my Chamber dyre.  
 AN. Syr, banish these vnpatient panges, let plagues of Comon wealth  
 Entreate your Grace, sit upon you stayeth all their hope and health.  
 Procure your sonnes to reconcile themselues, as brothers ought,  
 Establishe peace betwene them both, let meanes of loue be sought.  
 OEd. Oh daughter, see and well beholde howe I to peace am bent?  
 And how to end these garboyles all I seeme full well content?  
 My minde (I tell thee) swellles with yre: within my entrailes boyles  
 Abundaunt stoare of Choller fell: such restlesse rage turnioyles  
 My inward Soule, that I must yet some greater matter biew:  
 Which may the Realme enwrap in bale, and cause them all to rue.  
 That which my rathe and heady sonnes haue hitherto begon  
 Is nothing in respect of that wich must by me be don.  
 This ciuill warre is nothing like to that which I deuise:  
 These trifling boyles for such a Sea of harmes cannot suffice.  
 Let brother cut the brothers throate with murtherous knife in hand:  
 Yet is not this ynough to purge the mischieues of this land.  
 Some haynous Fact, vnhheard of yet, some detestable deede  
 Must practise hee: as is to mee, and myne by Fates decreed.  
 Such custome haunts our curled race: such guise our house hath caught:  
 My vile incestuous Bed requires, such pageaunts to be wrought.  
 To me your father Weapons reach, my selfe heere let me shrowde  
 In couert of these queachy wooddes: and let me be allowde  
 To lurke behinde this Craggy Rocke, or els my selfe to hyde  
 On backside of some thicklet hedge: where lying vnespide,  
 I hearken may what marketfolkes in passing to and froe  
 Do talke: and what the countrey Clownes speake, as by way they goe.  
 There (syth with eyes, I cannot see) with eares yet may I heare  
 How cruelly my Sonnes by warre do one the other teare.  
 IOC. A fortunate and happy Dame Agaue may be thought,  
 Who (though with bloudy hands) her sonne to fatall death she brought,  
 And from the shoulders chopt his head, and bore the same about  
 In bloudy hand, at Bacchus feast withall th'inspired rout

## Thebais

Of sacrificers, quartering poore Pentheus mangled lymmes :  
 Though this her cruell facte, somewhat her commendation dymmes :  
 Yet euen in these her phzantick fits shee stayde her selfe in time  
 From further harme, not adding more to aggrauate her crime.  
 My guilt were light, if I had not some others guilty made :  
 And yet is this but matter light : I tooke a viler trade.  
 For, Mother I am vnto those that in all vice excell,  
 And who in most abhorred sinnes condignely beare the bell.  
 To all my woes and myleries there wanted onely this,  
 That I should loue my Countreyes foe, who Polynices is.  
 Threë knowy Wynters passed are, and Sommers threë be gone,  
 Synce he an exile wretch abroad hath lead his lyfe in moane:  
 And sought his head among the fremind: till now compell'de perforce  
 Hee craues reliefe of Greekish Kings, on him to haue remozle.  
 Hee married hath the Daughter of Adrastus, who at becke  
 Rules Argiue people, swaying them with awe of Princely checke:  
 And he r'aduance his sonne in law to his most lawfull right  
 Hath with him brought from seuen Realmes a warlike Crue to fight.  
 What doome I should in this case geue, which syde I wish to winne,  
 I cannot tell: my minde amaze, yet doubtfull rests therein.  
 Th'one of my Sonnes (as right it is) requyres the Crowne as due:  
 I knowe it so accorded was: his cause is good and true.  
 But in such sort, by force of Armes to redemaunde the same,  
 Is ill and most vnnaturall, herein he is to blame.  
 What shall I doe, what may I say? I mother am to both :  
 And thus my Sonnes at deadly feude to see I am full loth.  
 Without the breach of mother zeale I can no way deuise:  
 For what good hap I wishe to th'one, thence th'others harme dorth rise.  
 But though I loue them both alpyke, yet sure my heart enclynys  
 To him that hath the better cause: though wronged thus, he pynes:  
 As one by frowning fortune thylde from pillar vnto post:  
 His Credite, Countrey, friendes, and wealth, and treasure being lost.  
 The weaker side I will support, and further al I can,  
 Most mercy alwayes should be shewde vnto th'oppressed man.  
 NV. While Madamie you waynieting here your heauy plaints declare  
 And waste the time, my Lords your Sonnes in raunged battayle are:  
 Eche Capitaine bright in Armour standes, the Trumpet sounds amain,  
 And Standard is aduanc'de, amid the thronge of eyther traine.  
 In marshall ray full prest to fight stand seuen worthy Kynges:  
 And eche of them a warlicke troupe of valiaunt Souldiers hzynges.  
Wp



With courage not behynd the best, the Thebanes marche apace:  
 And like right yumpes of Cadmus brood, do slay at Ennies face.  
 The Souldiers force and willingnes on eyther side to fyght,  
 Appeares: in that they nothing lesse pretend them shameful flight.  
 See how their trampling to and froe, the dust to Skies doth reace,  
 And what a Cloud of Smoke in Campe the hoxles make t'appeare.  
 And if my feare dismay me not: If all be true I see:  
 He thinkes I view their glittering glaues begoard with blood to bee.  
 He thinkes I see the Toward thyll and shake their Pikes in hand:  
 He thinkes I see the Gybons gay, and Streamers where they stand:  
 Wherein is wrought by curious skill, in Letters all of Gold  
 The Scotchion, Poesie, Name and Armes of euery captayne bold.  
 Make hast, be gone, dispatch. (Madame) Cause Brethren to agree:  
 Berwyrt them stay this quarell, least a slaughter great ye see.  
 So shall you to your Children loue, to each syde peace restore:  
 The mothers mediation may heale vp all the Soare.

THE THIRDE  
 A C T E.

Antigone. Iocasta.  
 Nuntius.



Dast, poast, be gone, and trudge for life:  
 Queene mother make no stay:  
 That twixt my Brothers, perfect league  
 and truce continue may.  
 You that be Mother to them both,  
 vse your auctozity:  
 Out of their handes their weapons wrest,  
 and make them warres desye.  
 Your bared Breastes which once they sucked,

hold out amid their Swordes:  
 Beare of the hunt of all their blowes, or end this warre with wordes.  
 Ioc. Thy talke I like, I wil be gone: He goe with might and mayne:  
 This head of myne I leopord wil, betwene them to be slayne.  
 In thickest thronge of all the Troupes I purpold am to stand,  
 And try what grace, or curtely remaynes in eyther Bande.  
 If Brothers beare malicious myndes each other to subdue,  
 Let them first onset geue on mee, and me to death pursue.

H.

It



## Thebais

If eyther of them be endude with any sparke of grace,  
 Or Natures lawes or fillall awe dorch any whit enibrace,  
 Let him at Mothers suite lay downe his Pikes and glaues of warre,  
 And weapons of hostilitie let him abandon farre.  
 And he that cancard stomacke beares his Brother there to quell,  
 Forgetting Nature, let him first with me his Mother mell.  
 These headdy youtthes from further rage I seely Trost wil stay:  
 I wittingly will not behold such mischiefe cary sway.  
 Or if I liue to see the same, it shal not bee alone.  
 Ant. The Standardes are displayd in field, the Ennemyes are prone  
 To fall to fight: the clashing noyse of weapons heare you may.  
 Such murther, death, and dreadfull dule, cannot be far away.  
 Their stony hartes goe mollify, with sugred termes perswade  
 Their wilful myndes O Queene, before they furiously inuade  
 The one the other: ponder see how they in armour bright  
 Bestirre themselues from place to place: (O dire and dismall sight.)  
 My trickling teares, my blubbring Eyes, may put you out of doubt  
 That all is true which I haue sayd: looke, looke, how al the route  
 Of eyther part dorch slowly march as loth (belike) to trye  
 By dent of Swerd so straunge a case: But both my byothers hie  
 Apace, to grapple force to force, and ioyne with handy blowes:  
 This day wil byede the bitter smart of euer during woes. (ayre?  
 Ioc. What whislewynd swift might I procure to beare me through the  
 What monstrous flying Sphinx wil helpe, that I were quickly there?  
 Of all the Byzdes Stimphalides (with winges so huge and large  
 That Phœbus rayes they shadowed quight) wil any take the charge  
 To cary mee to ponder place? what rauenous Harpye Burd  
 With hgly talentes all with filth, and dirty dung befurde,  
 (Which hungrestarud King Phineus, that had put out the Eyes  
 Of childeyn his) wil at this pinch a meane for me deupse,  
 That I aloft may hoyled bee, and with al speede be set,  
 Where ponder cruel armiees two in open field be met?  
 Nunt. Shee runnes apace, like one of wit and senses all distract:  
 No Arrow swifter out of Bow: no Ship with Sayle ful thwackt  
 With wynd at will more way can make: with motion such shee flyes  
 As glyding Star whose leames do drawe a furrow longe in Skyes.  
 As much agast she trottes apace: and now in Campe she standes:  
 Her ptesence and arriuall there hath parted both the Bandes.  
 At mothers great entreaty made, the bloudy hoyle is hush:  
 And where before with goying Glaue the one at thother pusht,  
 With ful entent to kill and slay, appeald is now their yre

And

And they well pleas'd to bend to peace, as she doth them require.  
The Sword agayne in sheath is put, that lately out was drawne  
To pass out Baynes of Brothers Scull: she ceaseth not to fawne  
Upon them both, their strife to stint: her gray and hoary haïres,  
Her Snow whyte lockes with tears besprent in ruthful sort she teares.  
She Motherlike seekes how to linke their hartes in one assent,  
With bynnysh teares she wettes the cheekes of him thats malcontent.  
That Child that staggryng longe doth stand, with mother to dispute,  
May seeme vnwilling mynd to beare to yeeld to Mothers sute.

THE FOWRTH  
ACTE.

*Iocasta. Polynices.*



Baynste mee onely turne the force  
of wreckful Sword and Fyre:  
Let all the Pouthes with one accord  
repay to me that hyre,  
That earnde I haue by due deserte:  
let both the gallant Band  
Of them that come from Argos Coyle,  
and them of Thebane Land

Come runne vpon me all at once: let neither freend ne foe  
Refrayne a whit his bloudy blade at this my wombe to throw.  
This wombe, this wombe, wherein I haue these wilful Brethren here  
Begot by hym that was my sonne, and eke my wedded fere.  
Dismemb're this my Body hyle: cast all my lymmes abrode:  
I am their mother: child wife throwes for them I once abode.  
You two, my sonnes, neede I to speake, to wil you leaue your yre?  
It not your partes, in such a case t'accomplish my desyre?  
Wil you not plight the faythful league of true and perfect loue?  
Wil you not ioyntly quarrels all at Mothers sute remoue?  
That this shalbe as I request, come, geue me both, your handes  
Whyle yet they vndystayned be, and cleane from murder standes.  
What cryme you heretofore haue done, agaynst your wil it was.  
And al that spot which staynes your fame, by Fortune came to passe.

¶ 2.

This

## Thebais

This haynous Act, this franticke coyle you can no wise excuse:  
But wittingly and willingly sound counsell yee refuse.  
It resteth free within your choyse: of these take which yee list:  
If peace delight for mothers sake this bhabling broyle vntwist.  
If such a lewde outrage as this more pleasaunt seeme to bee:  
Behold, the same and greater too yee may commit on mee.  
Who beeing mother, heere oppose my selfe betwene you twayne:  
Ere you do one an other kill, I needes must first be slayne.  
Take either therefore ight away this straunge vngodly iarre.  
Or if you will not: mee dispatch, who stay your wished warre?  
Ahlas in this my peniue plight to whom should I direct  
My piteous plaint, and earnest suppe? to whom might I detect  
Myne inward grieve and throbbed heart? which of them were I best  
Tencounter first and fast embrace, to hreedde my surest rest?  
I loue them both euen equally, affection like I beare  
To either party: mother fond and partiall els I weare.  
The one of them these thre yeares space hath liu'de in banishment.  
But if all couenants may be kept, as at the first was ment,  
The other now as turne doth fall, must trudge an otherwhile,  
And learne to know what tis to liue so long in like exile.  
Woe worth this haplesse heauy hap: shall I not liue the day,  
To see my sonnes together once in one selfe place to stay?  
Shall neuer I behold them both to better concord bent?  
Is all affection naturall within them both so spent?  
Then, Polynices, come thou fyrst, embrace thy Mother deare?  
Thou that hast trauald many a myle, and languisht many a yeare.  
That many a stozme abidden haste, and many a brunt sustainde,  
And wearied long with sharpe exile, from Mothers sight bene wainde:  
Come vnto mee, and neerer stand, put by thy Sword againe  
Into thy sheath: thy thyuering Speare (that out of hand so faine  
Would be dischargd at Mothers throate) within this ground sticke fast.  
This Shielde of thine lay also downe. It makes mee loze agast.  
It is so bigge, it will not let this louing brest of myne  
To ioyne and debonairely meete with that sweete heart of thine:  
Take of thy helmet from thine head, the Thonge thereof vnty,  
That I thy Visage may behold, and all thy face descrie.  
Why dost thou backward turne thy head? and glauncest still thine Eye,  
And takest keepe of brothers hand for feare of villany?  
Thy body all with these myne Armes I will defend and hyde:  
If hee attempt thy bloud to spill, his murthours blade shall glyde  
First through



First through these tender sydes of myne: why standst thou so amazed?  
 Dost thou distrust thy Mothers loue? thinkest thou her kindnes razd?  
 Poly. I feare in deede, distrusting loze, Syze, Damme & all my kinne:  
 And thinke that truthles treachery in hartes of all hath bin.  
 Dame Natures lawes are slung at heele, and naught esteemed be:  
 No fayth in kined planted is, ne true sycerity.  
 Synce I by proofo haue seene and felt what hurly burly growes  
 Betwixt vs Byethren: and from thence what Sea of mischief flowes:  
 I may suspect no faster fayth in Mother to remayne:  
 Its not vnlike, but shee likewise wil prances as bad mayntaine.  
 Loc. Thy sword in hand fast clasped keepe: On heade thy Basnet tye:  
 On Left Arme holde thy Targat sure, and on thy Gard relye.  
 At all poyntes armd prepared stand: all future doudtes preuent:  
 Be sure to see thy Brother first vnbarme himselfe content.  
 And now to thee Etheocles some speech I am to ble:  
 Thou first wast cause of all this warre, doe not therefore refuse  
 Downe first to lay thy brawling Blade, and yeld to Reasones loze:  
 If name of peace so hateful be, if that thou any more  
 Entendst this warre to prosecute, in this so sauage sort,  
 Let mother yet this curtelly from thee (her sonne) extort  
 That some small tyme of trusty truce thou wilt with willling mynd  
 Consent vnto: til I my Sonne thy Brother most vnkind  
 May after flight goe kille and col, now first or last of all.  
 Whyle I for peace entreaty make, you men vnarmd I call  
 To listen vnto that I say: thy Brother feareth thee:  
 And thou fearst him: and I feare both. But this my feare you see  
 Is nothing for my selfe at all, but for th'auayle of both.  
 Why seemiest thou thy naked sword to put in sheath so loth?  
 Be glad to take the benefyte of any litle stay:  
 In matters lewde tis wysedome good to stand vpon delay.  
 You enter into such a warre, wherein he speedeth best  
 That vanquisht is: both of you feare to be by fraud distress  
 Through practisd meanes and subtil plots of Brothers spitefull dyft,  
 Or ouerteacht by pollicy of some deuyfled shift.  
 But if deceiue or be deceyvd by him that is our frend  
 Wee needes must be: in such a case wee shall the lesse offend  
 In suffering wrong then doyng harme: But feare thou not a whit,  
 You both from ambusht treacheryes your Mother wil acquit.  
 What say you Sonnes: shall this request of myne with you preuayle,  
 Or shall I curse my luckelesse fate, and on my Fortune rayle.

¶ 3.

And



## Thebais

And iudge your Sire an happy man, in that he liueth blinde  
 And cannot see the thing which I beholde with pensiue minde?  
 In coming vnto you, did I bring with mee this intent,  
 To ende these broyles? or did I come to see some dyre euent?  
 Etheocles, somewhat appealde, hath pitcht his Speare in ground,  
 And not a weapon bloud to shed, in hand of his is found.  
 Now Polynices, vnto thee my former suite I bring,  
 Regard thy Mothers mournefull plight, and yeelde vnto the thing  
 That thee with teares entreates to haue. O Sonne, at length I see,  
 I hold with hands, I kisse with mouth, I touch with ioyfull glee  
 This Face of thyne, the sight whereof I wanted haue so longe:  
 And haue more often wished for, then can bee tolde with tonge.  
 Thou hast from native Soyle bene chalde to Coast of forraigne King,  
 And crossed bene with frowning force of frowning Fortunes King.  
 Thou many a Storme, and many a hunt in many a foaming Sea,  
 In Wandring sort and banisht guise, didst oftentimes assay.  
 Thy Mother at thy Spousall feast was absent farre away,  
 And could not doe such nuptiall Rites as fell for such a day.  
 Into thy wedding Chamber thee brought thee, ne yet thy Wyde,  
 Ne yet in Solemne sorte the house with herbes and odours plide:  
 Ne yet did with a Wyband white the wedding Torch es tye,  
 As vse and custome willes to bee at such solemnitie.  
 Adrastus. Father to thy Wife, and father in lawe to thee,  
 With daughter his, hath not defraide much store of golde or fee.  
 No Dower hath he bestowde on her, her wealth was very small,  
 Of Citties, Landes, and Reuenewes hee gaue her none at all.  
 Warre, Warre, is it thou onely hadst, by taking her to Wyfe:  
 In lew of other gyfts, hee helpes to kindle all this Strife.  
 Thou Sonne in lawe arte vnto him, that is our Countreyes Foe:  
 Thy Native Soyle thou leauest, and to forraigne Courts dost goe.  
 Thou feedest now at Straungers boarde, and makest more account  
 Of new acquaintaunce got abroade: as though it did surmount  
 The friendship of thy countrey heere: thou art a banisht wight,  
 And liu'st in exile, for no fault, but through thy brothers spight.  
 In thee appeares resemblaunce playne of all thy Fathers Fate,  
 In which there lacketh not so much as choyle of wedded Mate.  
 Whom with as ill mischaunce and hap as euer Fathers was,  
 Thou hast in lucklesse houre and time of mariage brought to passe.  
 O Sonne, thy mothers onely hope, for whom such care I take:  
 Whose sight, now after many yeares, dorth mee most ioyfull make.  
 For whom

For whom I haue full many a time to Gods deuoutly praide:  
 Whereas in deede, thy new retourne to mee, may well bee saide  
 To take away as great a ioye, and bying as great a grieke,  
 As it to these myne aged yeares is comfort and reliefe.  
 I prostrate at the Oracle, besought Apollos Grace  
 To tell me, when I should not neede to further feare thy case.  
 Who frowning this my fond demaund, anone did statly tell,  
 And spake these words, which yet (I trow) I doe remember well.  
 Thou fearst thy son, least harme he take, as is a mothers guise:  
 But thou I say more cause shalt haue, to feare him otherwise.  
 For if this warre vnrailde had bene I should thy presence lacke:  
 And if thou wert not, Thebane Land might free remayne from Sacke.  
 The sight of the dorth cost vs all a hard and nipping price,  
 Yet doth it like thy mother well: so that her sound aduise  
 In this one thing thou follow wilt. Dispatch these Armies hence:  
 Euen presently, whyle yet of bloud there hath not bene expence.  
 So foule a fact to bee so neere, is haynous out of doubt:  
 I shake, I quake to thinke thereon, in euery Joynt throughout.  
 My hayre stands bryght euen for feare, two brythen thus to see  
 Aloofe, and ready one to chop at th'other, cruelly.  
 How neere was I (poore Mother theirs, a bloudier act r'haue scene.)  
 Then father blind yet euer saw, or euer yet would weene?  
 And though my feare be ouerpast and th'act vnbrought to passe:  
 My selfe yet doe I wretched thincke, that done so neere it was.  
 By all the throwes for tenne months space, in wombe whe I thee bare,  
 And for thy Sisters sake both twaine, which shine in vertue rare:  
 And by those Epehoales of thy Syre for which with wekefull Dawe  
 Hee pulld his Eyes, because (vniwares) hee stained Natures lawe,  
 I thee beseech from Thebane Walles send backe these armed Bandes,  
 Which threathning all our throates to cut, against our Countrey stands:  
 Yea though you presently depart: yet are you much to blame,  
 And there is due vnto you both, a blot of during shame:  
 Because this Countrey round about hath pestred bene with powre,  
 And troupes of Souldiours stout and braue, it ready to deuowre.  
 With pensue hearts & mourning minds, these Eyes of ours haue scene  
 Your prauncing coursers w<sup>h</sup> their feete, spoile Theban Medowes greene.  
 Wee oft haue scene your haulty Peeres in warlike Chariot ride:  
 And oft our houses to haue byunt with wildfier haue bene spide.  
 And last of all. An act wee saue (which euen to Thebes is straung.)  
 Two Brythen warring mortally, all Natures bondes to chaung.

¶ iiii.

¶ Ech one

## Thebais

Ech one in th' Army sawe this sight, the people witness bee.  
 Your Sytters two, and Mother I this all did plainly see.  
 Your Father, hee may thanke himselfe: that he did not behold  
 This lamentable spectacle and hauockes manifold.  
 Call now to thy remembraunce heere, thy father OEdipus,  
 Whose doome, did facts (by error done) euen plague, & punishe thus.  
 With fyre, & sword subuert not cleane (good Sonne) thy countrey deare,  
 And Thebes (whereof thou wouldst be king) surceale with force to teare.  
 What Bedlem pang enchaunts thy mind? what might thy meaning bee?  
 Thou claymst a Realme, which to subuert thou geuest licence free.  
 In seeking thus a countreys rule: a countrey thou destroyest:  
 Which thou thine own would make, thou marr'st, & (as twere none) an-  
 Heereby thou hindrest much thy selfe, in y<sup>e</sup> thou makest spoyle, (napest.  
 And burnest by both Cozne and Grasse, and keep'st a shamefull coyle,  
 In chasning men out of their homes: (O desperate witlesse parte)  
 What man aliue, to waste his owne, can thus find in his harte?  
 These thinges that thou commaundest thus by rage of sword & flame  
 To bee consum'de: an other man thou thinkst doth owe the same.  
 It thus for princely Chayre you rwayne by th' Eares your title try:  
 The state of Realme and Commonwealth will totter soone awy.  
 Seeke it, while yet your Countrey standes vnblesmyt by decay:  
 It to reioy, and so to raigne, I counpt the better way.  
 Ah, canst thou finde in heart to burne, and spoyle these houses braue?  
 The lyke whereof in all the worlde besides, thou canst not haue:  
 Canst thou destroy and ruinate the noble Thebane wall,  
 To whose first building stones apace at Dan Amphions call  
 Came dauncing of their owne accord, through tunes of warbling harpe:  
 And coucht themselves in order right vpon the Turrets sharpe,  
 Without all helpe of workmans hand, or Pully vp to draw  
 Such pieces as most waightry were? Wilt thou by lawlesse law  
 Throw downe these worthy Monuments? wilt thou from hence conuay  
 And cary with thee all thesle spoyles? wilt thou such pageaunts play?  
 Thy fathers old acquainted mates, wilt thou by force surpyze  
 And leade as captiue where thou goest in proude triumphing wise?  
 Shall these thy cutthroate Souldiours dragge and hale the mothers old?  
 Shal they, graud Matrons tied in chaines, fro husbands armes vnfold?  
 Shall Thebane Maydes, & Damiselles chaste of freshe and lusty Age,  
 Bee mingled with the raskal rout, and hamperd bee in Cage?  
 Shall they as presents, forced bee in dabbling dirt to toyle  
 Unto the mynyng Mistresses, and Trulles of Argos Soyle?

Shall I



Shall I thy seely Mother trudge with Winnynd hands behinde?  
 Shall I this triumph of my Child to furnish bee assignde?  
 Canst thou with grudgelesse minde, behold thy Countreyfolkes arow.  
 Slayne, mangled, spaylde, in peeces hewen, thus to their deathes to goe?  
 Canst thou bying in a deadly Foe, thy Countrey to subdue?  
 Shall streates of Thebes runne all with bloud? shall all y<sup>e</sup> Countrey rue  
 Thy coming home with flame and fyre? hast thou an heart so hard?  
 A breast so ript with flint? a mynde to rage so well preparte?  
 If thus thou fare, and swell with pye whyles yet thou art no King:  
 What wilt thou bee in Princely throne, if thou shouldst win the King?  
 Surceasse therefore and qualifie this outrage of thy mynde:  
 In thee let all thy Countrey, grace and Princely myldnes finde.  
 POL. Would you me haue, my selfe so much to loyall duties peeld,  
 As that I should a Pylgrims life like wandring Beast in field  
 Skud by and downe from place to place, without both house & home,  
 And fleeing native soyle, bee forst in forraigne Landes to roame?  
 What other plagues, could you award in iustice vnto mee,  
 If I my fayth or sacred Oath had broken captyfly?  
 Shall I beare all the punishment for that vile villains guile?  
 And shall hee false deceitfull wretch at my misfortunes smile?  
 Shall hee in wealth still flaunt it out, and keepe this iolly coyle?  
 Shall hee for sinnes rewarded bee? and I still put to soyle?  
 Well, well, goe to, bee as bee may: you bid mee wander hence:  
 I am content: your hard decree r'obay is my pretence.  
 But tell mee whyther shall I goe? Assigne mee to some place:  
 Bylike, you would that brother myne should still with shamelesse face  
 Possesse my stately Pallaces, and reuell in his ruste,  
 And I therat to holde my peace, and not a whit to snuffe,  
 But like a Countrey Home to dwell in some poore thatched Cot:  
 Allow mee poore Exyle such one: I rest content, God wot.  
 You know, such Roddyes as I am, are woont to make exchaung  
 Of Kingdomes, for poore thatched Cots, beelike this is not straung.  
 Yea more: I, matcht now to a Wyfe of noble ligne and race  
 Shall like a seely Dottipoll liue there in seruile case,  
 At hecke and checke of queenely Wyfe, and like a kitchin drudge  
 Shall at Adrastus lordly heeles, (my Wyfes owne father) trudge,  
 From Princely Port to tumble downe into poore seruile state,  
 His greatest grieve that may betyde by doome of frowning fate.  
 IOC. If that thou gape so greedely a Kingly Crowne to weare:  
 And that thou canst not rest content, till thou a Scepter beare:

Beholde



## Thebais

Behold ech quarter of the world affoordeth Kingdomes store.  
 No doubt thou mayst winne some of them, if that thou seke therfore.  
 On one syde here, lies Tmolus mount, a soyle bethwact with Vines:  
 There runnes Pactolus noble streame with golden Sand and mynes.  
 On that syde crookt Mæander glydes through midst of Phrygia fieldes:  
 On this syde Hebrus swift of course much fruct to Thracia yeldes.  
 Nere thereunto lies Gargarus, renound each where for Corne,  
 And Troian Xanthus swelling floud, that pꝛicke and pꝛice hath boꝛne.  
 There Sestos and Abidus stand in mouth of Ionian Sea,  
 Which now is called Hellespont: and here an other waye  
 Are countreys, which moze Eastward lye. There Lycia full of Greekes  
 And Hauens strong is situate: these kingdomes, he that seekes,  
 Is like to winne: these would I haue thee conqueꝛe with thy Sword:  
 These, these to winne let King Adrast to thee his ayd affoꝛde.  
 In some of these, let him thee make a King: in Thebes as yet,  
 Suppose thy father Oedipus in seat of King to sit.  
 Thy banishment much better is to thee, then this retuꝛne,  
 Sith all thy dist is cruelly to wast, to spoyle, and burne.  
 Thy banishment reputed is to grow through others crime:  
 This thy retouꝛne, in such a soꝛt to Kingly state to clyme,  
 Is ill and faulty euery way: with this thy warlicke crue  
 Thou shalt do better Realms to seeke, where bloudy gilt ne grue.  
 Yea, this thy Brother, whom thou dost pursue with deadly hate,  
 Whose life, whose health, whose house thou dost with curles dice rahate  
 Wil ayde thee with all powꝛe he canne: himselfe will also goe  
 And serue in field for thyne auayle, gaynst him that is thy foe.  
 Aduance thy powꝛe, march holdly foꝛth to take this warre in hand.  
 Wherein thy parentes with thee good, and wil thy helpers stand.  
 A Kingdome got mischieuously, and snatcht with grudge of mynd,  
 Moze greuous is then exiles al, of what soeuer kind.  
 Of warre, the doubtful hazardes all set downe befoꝛe thy syght,  
 And thꝛoughly waigh thꝛuncertayne chaũce, that longes to martial fight.  
 Though al the powꝛe of Grece thou bying thy quarel to mayntayne,  
 And though great armed multitudes of Souldiours thou retayne:  
 Yet chaunce of warre stil doubtful hanges, and hard it is to know,  
 Who cary shal the victoꝛy, thou oꝛ thy bowed foe.  
 Mars to no party tyed is: what he decrees, shal be,  
 As chaunce allots, so falles it out: this dome abydedd free,  
 Sword, hope and feare makes equall those, both one whom other wyle  
 Great oddes there is: blynd Fortunes lot the case betweene them tryes.

Thy

Thy rash attempt with cryme begonne, gropes after doubtful gayne:  
 And fond deuyles enterpris'd oft reape deserued payne.  
 Admit that all the Gods in heauen did further thy request,  
 And to promote thy hoat desyre both willing were, and prest:  
 Yet al thy frendes are fled away, and al recoyled backe,  
 And Souldiours here and there in ffieldes are come to deadly wꝛacke.  
 Although thou ioy hereat receyue, although the spoyles thou take  
 Of vanquisht Brother, yet the palme of victoꝝ must slake,  
 And not to thee be geuen whole. What kind of warre (alas)  
 Is this, thinkest thou? ist not more straunge then euer any was?  
 Wherin if he that victoꝝ is, ioy therein any whyt,  
 Most execrable wickednes he (doubtles) doth commit.  
 This Brother thyne, who now so faine thou wouldst bereaue of breath,  
 I wis, if he were once dispatcht, thou wouldst bewale his death.  
 And therfore make no more adoe, but cease from wicked bzal,  
 Ride countrey out of trembling feare, and parentes dole forrestal.  
 Poly. What, shal my Brother for this vyle and shamefull breach of pacte  
 Go skotfree thus? shal he receyue no guerdon for his fact?  
 Ioc. Feare not my Sonne, he shall be payd, and payd agayne, I trow:  
 He shalbe King and raygne in Thebes, his payne shal euen be so.  
 A payne in gayne I warrant him. And if thou doubtful be,  
 Let Graundlyze Laius and thy Syze examples be to thee.  
 Sir Cadmus wil the same display, and Cadmus offsprynge all  
 Can witnes be that none in Thebes yet raygnd without a fall.  
 None yet the Theban Scepter swayd, that hath not felt the whippe.  
 And promise breach made most of them from regall Crowne to skippe.  
 Now if thou wilt, thou mayst insert within this bedroll heere  
 Thy Brother. POLY. Mary, that I wil, in shame hath hee no peere.  
 And vnto mee it seemes a world of blisse to bee a king  
 And dye with Kings. IOC. Thy case doth thee in rank of exiles brynge.  
 Raygne Kinge, but yet a loathed wight vnto thy Subiectes all.  
 Poly. For that I neyther recke ne care what shall to me befall.  
 That Prince that feares disdaynful hate, vnwilling seemes to raygne.  
 The God that swayes the Golden Globe, together hath these twayne  
 Consoynd and coupled Hate and Rule: and him do I suppose  
 To be a noble King indeede, that can supplant his foes,  
 And Subiectes cancred hate suppress. A King is often stayd  
 From doynge many thinges he would, when Subiectes loue is wayed.  
 But vnto them that do repyne to se him sit aloft,  
 He may moze rigour boldly shew, and pare their pates moze oft.

Hee

## Thebais

He that will loue of Subiectes winne, with Clemency must raygne:  
A King that's hated, cannot long in Kingly seate remaine .  
For Kingdomes Kinges can best describe, what preceptes needfull are.  
Well thou in cases of Erile: for Kingdomes take no care .  
Pol. To be a King, I would engage to force of flaming Fire,  
Both Countrey, house, land, Wyfe, and Chyld, to compasse my desyre.  
No fee, to purchase Princely seate, ne labour counpt I lost:  
A Kingly Crowne is neuer deare, what euer price it cost.

*Thomas Newtonus, Cestreshyrius.*

FINIS.

THE FOVRTH, AND MOST  
RVTHFVL TRAGEDY OF L. AN-  
NAEVS SENECA, EN-  
tituled HIPPOLYTVS, tran-  
lated into Englishe, by

*Ihon Studley.*

*The Argument.*



HIPPOLYTUS, the Sonne of THESEVS & ANTIOPA Quene of the *Amazons*, renouncing al Worldly pleasures, and carnall delightes, lyued a Batcheler, forbearing all Womens company, and amorous allurements: and only vowed himselfe to the seruice of chaste DIANA, pursuing the Gentlemanly pastime of hunting. In the absence of THESEVS his Father, it chaunced that his Stepmother PHÆDRA ardently enamored with his beawty and lustly age, enueigled him by all meanes shee coulede, to commit wyth her filthy, and monstrous adultery. Whych her beastly, vnchaste, and vndutifull practise, hee dutifully loathing, shee turned hir former loue into extreame hatred, and told her husband THESEVS at his returne home, that his Sonne HIPPOLYTUS woulde haue vnlawfully layne with her. THESEVS belieuing his Wyues most vntrue accusation, meant to haue put



### *The Argument.*

haue put his sonne to death. HIPPOLYTUS vnderstāding thereof, got vp into his Chariot and fled. THESEUS being therewith tickled, and after some pursuite, not ouertaking him, went to his Father ÆGÆUS beeing a God of the Sea, desiring him to graunt him three Wishe: the last whereof was, the destruction and Death of HIPPOLYTUS: wherevpon ÆGÆUS sent out certaine great Sea-monsters, or Whirlepooles, which affrighting the Horses in HIPPOLYTUS Charyot, made them to ouerturne the Charyot, and to runne through thick and thinne till they had dismembred true HIPPOLYTUS in pieces. The remorse of which villany so strake PHÆDRA in Conscience, that with a Sword shee stabbed herselfe into the Entrailes, & died vpon the body of HIPPOLYTUS.

### The Speakers names.

<i>Hippolytus.</i>	<i>Chorus,</i>
<i>Phædra.</i>	<i>Theseus.</i>
<i>Nuntius.</i>	<i>Nutrix.</i>

# THE FIRSTE

## ACTE.

### HIPPOLYTUS.



We raunge about the shady Woods,  
 beset on euery side  
 With Nets, with Hounds, & toyles, & rū-  
 ning out at random ride  
 About, about, the craggy crests  
 of high Cecropes hill,  
 With speedy foote about the Rockes,  
 with courting wander still.  
 That vnder Carpanetus Soyle,  
 in Dale below doth lurke,

Whereas the Riuer running swift, their flapping waues doe worke,  
 And dashe against the beaten Banks of Thrias balley low,  
 And clamber vp the steepe cliues, besmeard with hozy Snow,  
 (That falleth, when y<sup>e</sup> Westerne winde fro Rhipes Mounts doth blow.) }  
 Heere, heere away, let other wend, whereas with lofty head,  
 The Elme displays his braunched armes, the wood to ouerspread.  
 Whereas the Meadowes greene doe lye, where Zephyrus most milde  
 Out braves his baumy breath so sweete, to garnish vp the field  
 With lusty springtide flowers fresh whereas Elysus flow  
 Doth fleete vpon the flie flakes, and on the Pastures low.  
 Mæander sheds his stragling streame, and heaves the fruitlesse sand  
 With wrackfull waue: yee whom the path on Marathons left hand,  
 Doth lead vnto the leauened launds, whereas the heerde of beast  
 For Euening forrage goe to graze, and stalke vnto their rest.  
 The rascall Deare trip after fast, you thither take your way,  
 Where clotted hard Acarnan forst warme Southerne windes t'obay.  
 Doth flake the chilling colde, vnto Hymetus flie clie  
 To Alphids litle Villages, now let some other driue:  
 That plot where Sunion surges high doe beate the sandy bankes,  
 Whereas the marble Sea doth fleete with crooked compass cranks,  
 Unhaunted lies too long, withoutten race of any wight.  
 Who set agog with hunting braue, in woods doth take deliyght,  
 Philippis him allures: her hauntes a fomy bristled Boze  
 That doth annoy with gaskly dread the husbandmen full sore:  
 Wee know

## Hippolytus

We know him wel: for he it is foyld with so many woundes,  
But ere they do begin to ope, let slip, let slip your Houndes.  
But in your leashes Syrs keepe vp your eiger Mastifs yet,  
Keepe on their Collers still, that doe their galled neckes pferet:  
The Spartayne Dogges eiger of pray and of couragious kynd,  
That lone can single out their game, wherto they be allygnd,  
Tye shorter vp within your leash: to passe tyme shall it bring,  
That with the yowling noyse of houndes the hollow rockes shal ring.  
Now let the Houndes goe synd of it with Posthrell good of sent,  
And trace vnto the vgly den ere dawning day be spent.  
Whyle in the dewy staby ground the picke of cleaze doth sticke.  
One bear the toyle on cumbred necke, and some with nettes ful thicke  
Make speede: some with the arming coard by pensell paynted red  
By sleight, and subtyll guyleful feare shall make the Beastes adyed:  
Loke thou to pitch thy thirling dart, and thou to trye thy might,  
Shalt cope him with broad Boarespeare: thrust with hand both lette &  
Thou standing at receipt shalt chalse the roused beastes amayne (right.  
With hallowing: thou with limere sharpe vndoe him beyng slayne.  
Graunt good successe vnto thy mate, Virago, thou Diuynne,  
That secret desertes chosen hast for noble Empire thyne:  
Whose thirled Dartes with leauel right do goze the Beast with Bloud  
That lappes the lukewarme licour of Arexis fleeting fload.  
And eke the Beast that sportes it selve on frozen Isters strand.  
The ramping Lyons eake of Geate are chaled by thy hand.  
And eke the wyndy heeled Hart in Candie thou dost chalse.  
Now with moze gentle launce thou strikst the Doe that trippes apace.  
To thee the Tygar fierce his diuers spotted breast doth yeeld,  
The rough shaghaire Bugle turnes on thee his backe in field,  
Eke saluage Buffes with braunched hornes: all thinges thy quarelles  
That to the needy Garamas in Affrickedoth appeare. (feare,  
Or els the wylde Arabian enriched by his wood,  
Or what the Brutish roches of Pyrene vnderstood,  
Or else what other Beastes do lurcke in wylde Hyrcanus groue,  
Or else among Sarmatians in desert fieldes that roue:  
If that the Ploughman come to field, that standeth in thy grace,  
Into his nettes the roused beast full sure he is to chalse.  
No feete in sunder breake the coardes and home he bringes the Bore  
In sotting wayne, when as the houndes with gubs of clotted goze,  
Besmeared haue their grymed snoutes: and then the Countrey rout  
To Cottages repayre in ranks, with triumph all about.

Lo

Lo, Goddesse graunt vs grace : the hounds already opened haue,  
I follow must the Chale : this gainer way my paynes to saue,  
I take into the woods.

## THE SECOND S C E A N E

PHÆDRA. NVTRIX.



Country Crete that beares the sway,  
vpon the Seas so vast.  
Whose Ships so thicke in euery Shore,  
the Seas doe ouercast,  
What euer coast as farre as is  
Assyria lande doth lye,  
Where Nereus doth the piked Stemme  
to cut his course deny,

Why force ye mee that yeelded am, a pledge to those I hate?  
And giuen in Bridall bed to bee my enemies Spousall mate,  
To languish out my time in teares, in woe to leade my lyfe?  
My husband lo, a runnagate is gon from mee his Wyfe.  
Yet Theseus still performes his Othe alike vnto his Spouse.  
As earst to Ariadne, when hee salu'de his Woues:  
Hee champion stoute dare enterpryse the darkenelle deepe to passe  
Of lothsome Lake, whence yet found out, no way returning was.  
A souldier of the Wooer holde Proserpin home to bring,  
Out pulde perforce from grisly throne of Dire infernall King.  
Accompanide with fury fierce hee marcheth forward still,  
Who neither dread nor shame could force forbear his wicked will.  
With lawlesse wedlocks rauishments Hippolytus his Sire  
Doth in the boyling bottom deepe of Acheron require,  
But yet another greater grieke wayes on my peniue brest,  
No silent night, nor slumber deepe can set my heart at rest.  
I. My for:



## Hippolytus

My sorrow still is nourished, and still encreaseeth it,  
 And rankleth in my boyling breast, as out of Aetnaes pit.  
 The stifling vapour upward flies and Pallas Weh, it standes  
 At rest, my dropping distaffe downe doth drop betweene my handes.  
 My luskish minde it hath no lust my bowed gifts to pay  
 Unto the Temples of the Gods that liue my Theseus may:  
 For rigging with Th'athenian Dames among the alters proude  
 To tolle the fiery brands, vnto the sacrifice aloude,  
 For yet deuoutly praying at the Aares with godly guise  
 To Pallas president in earth to offer sacrifice:  
 It doth delight me to pursue the chased beastes in flight,  
 And tolle my flashing Faucon fierce with nimble hand full light.  
 What ayles thou minde this mad to take conceypte in freight and sell?  
 My wretched mothers fatall vice a breeding now I smell:  
 To cloake our crime, our lust doth knowe, woods are the fittest place,  
 Alas good Mother, I lament the heauy lucklesse case:  
 Thou rashe attaint with lothsome lust enamored is thy breast.  
 Euen with the cruell head of al the herd of saluage beast,  
 That churlish angry roaring Bull no yoake can hee sustayne,  
 And hee among the wilde, and eke vntamed Heat doth raygne.  
 Yet was enclinde to loue: what God can graunt mee my desire?  
 O Dedalus with curious craft can ease my flaming fire?  
 Not if hee might returne, whom Ariadne hath instruct  
 From crooked compass Laberinth by thred that out hee pluckt  
 Among the lurking corners close, and wily winding way,  
 To grope his footing backe agayne, and did deprive of day  
 Our monstrous Minotaur enclolde in Maze and Dungeon blinde:  
 Although hee promise to our soze, no salue yet can hee finde:  
 Through mee Apollos Progeny doth Venus quite agayne,  
 The filthy shame that thee and Mars together did sustayne.  
 Whom Phœbus taking at their taske all naked in the Skie,  
 Hung bp in Nets, a laughing stocke to euery gasing Eye:  
 For this all Phœbus stocke, with vile and foule reproche she staynes,  
 In some of Minos family still lothsome lusting raygues:  
 One mischiese brings another in. NV. O Theseus wyfe, and Chylde  
 Of loue, let vyce be soone out of thine honest breast erilde:  
 And quench the raging heat: to dire displaye doe not bp yeeld,  
 Who at the first repulseth loue, is safe and winnes the field,  
 Who doth by flattring fancy fonde feede on his bitious bayne,  
 To late doth grudge agaynst the yoake which earlt hee did sustayne:  
 For yet

Nor yet doe I forget how hard, and boyde of reason cleane :  
 A Princes stately stomacke peeldes vnto the golden meane :  
 PH. That ende I will accept, whereto by Fortune I can leade  
 The neighbors weale great comfort brings vnto the hozie heade.  
 NV. The first redzelle is to withstand, not willingly to slide,  
 The second is to haue the fault by meane and measure tride :  
 O wicked wretch what wilt thou doe? why dost thou burden moze  
 The stayned stocke and dost excell thy mothers fault afore?  
 Moze haynous is thy guilt than yet thy mothers Monster was :  
 For monsters mayst thou thinke are brought by destiny to passe :  
 But let the cause of sinne, to blame of maners lewde redounde :  
 And if bicause thy husband doth, not breath aboue the grounde.  
 Thou thinkst thou mayst defend thy fault, and make thy matter good  
 And free from feare : thou arte beguilde, yet thinke the Stygian flood  
 In grievely gaping gulfe for aye hath drenched Theseus deepe,  
 But yet thy Spze, whose kingdomes large the Seas at will do keepe :  
 Whose dzedfull doome pronounceth panges, and due deserued payne,  
 Two hundzeth wayling soules at once. Will he thinkst thou maintayne  
 So haynous crime to couche? the care of tender Parents heast  
 Full wise, and wary is to bring their children to the best.  
 Yet shall we thinke by subtile meane, by craft and diuelish guile,  
 In hugger mugger close to keepe our trechery so vile.  
 What shall thy mothers father Phoebe, whose beames so blasing bright,  
 With fiery gleede on euery thing, doth shed his golden light?  
 O! Loue the Grandfire great of Gods that all the world doth shake,  
 And brandiseth with flaming fist, his fiery lightnings flake :  
 That Vulcane doth in foznace hoate, of dulky Aetna make  
 Thinkst thou thys may be brought to passe, so haynous crime to hide?  
 Among thy Grandfire all that haue eche priuy thing espide?  
 But though the fauor of the Gods conceale the second time  
 Thy lothsome lust (vnworthy name) and to thy baudy crime,  
 Sure saythfulnesse annexed be, that euer barred was.  
 Ech great offence, what will this worke? a present plague, alas  
 Suspicionlest the guilty night bewray thy deede vniust :  
 And conscience burdned soze with sinne that doth it selfe mistrust.  
 Some haue commit offence full safe from any bitter blame,  
 But none without the stinging pricks of conscience did the same :  
 Allwage the boyling flames of this thy lewde vngratious loue,  
 Such monstros mischiese horrible from modest minde remoue.

I ii.

Which

## Hippolytus

Which neuer did Barbarian commit vnto this day,  
No not the Gadding Gothes that vp and downe the feldes do stray.  
Nor craggy crested Taurus mount whole hoary and frosty face  
With numming cold adandons all inhabitants the place.  
Nor yet the scattered Scithian, thy mother haue in mynd,  
And fearce this forayne venery, so straunge agaynst thy kind:  
The fathers wedlocke with the sonnes thou seekst to be defylde,  
And to conceiue in wicked womb a Bastard Hungrell Child:  
Go too, and turne thy Nature to the flame of burning brest.  
Why yet do Monsters cease? why is thy Brothers caue in reast.  
That Mynotaurus hideous hole and vgly couching den  
Without an other greedy spend to mounch vp flesh of men?  
Mishapen, lothly monsters hoine so oft the world shall heare,  
So oft rebels agaynst her selfe confused Nature deare,  
As loue entangles Nymphes of Crete. Ph. I know the truth ye teach  
O Purce, but fury forceth mee at worser thinges to reach:  
My mynd euen wittingly to hyce falles forward prone and bent  
To holesome counsell backe agayne in bayne it doth relente:  
As when the Norman rugges and toyles to bying the fraighted Barke  
Agaynst the struiuing streame, in bayne he loseth al his carke  
And downe the shallow streame perforce the Shyp doth hedlong yeeld,  
Where reason preaseth forth, there fighting fury winnes the field,  
And beares the swinging sway, and cranke Cupidoes puissant might  
Tryumpheth ouer all my brest this flighty winged wight  
And puissant potestate throughtout the world doth heare the stroke,  
And with vnquenched flames doth force Ioues kindled brest to smoake,  
The Battelbeaten Mars hath felt these bitter burning brandes,  
And eke the God hath tasted these whole seruent fierye handes,  
The thumping thunder bouncing boltes threer forked wyle doth frame,  
And he that euer builed is about the furious flame,  
In smoltring Fornace raging hoat on dusky top to hie  
Of foggye Aetna mount: and with such slender heat doth drie,  
And Phoebe himselfe that weldes his dart vpon his twanging string,  
With aymed shaft directlie driuen the wimpled Ladde doth sting.  
With powze he scoures along the Earth and Harble Skye amayne.  
Lust fauoring folly althily did falsely forge and fayne  
Loue for a God: and that he might hys freedome more attayne.  
Ascribes the name of fayned God to myttel bedlame rage.  
Erycina about the world doth send her rouing page,

Who



Who glyding through the Azure skies with slender soynted arme  
His perious weapons weildes at will, and working grievous harme.

Of bones and stature beyng least great might he doth display  
Upon the Gods, compelling them to crouch and him obay.

Some Brainicke head did attribute these thinges unto himselſe,  
And Venus Godhead with the bow of Cupid litle else.

Who cockred is, tryumphing much in fauning fortunes lap.

And stores in welth, or seekes and ſues for thinges that ſeldome hap,  
Luſt (mighty fortunes miſcheous mate) aſſaulteth ſtraight his breaſt,

His rooth contempneth wonted fare and victuals homly drest.

For haſome houſes pleaſeth him, why doth this plague reſuſe.

The ſimple ſort, and to annoy doth ſtately bowers chuſe?

How haps it matrimony pure to hyde in Cottage baſe?

And honeſt loue in middle ſort of men doth purchaſe place?

And thinges that be of meane eſtate themſelues reſtraine ful well,

But they that wallow in their luſte whoſe ſtately ſtomackes ſwell,

Putt vp and bolſtered higge with truſt of Kingly ſcepter proude

Do greater matters enterpriſe then may be well alowde.

Hee that is able much to do, of powre wil alſo bee

To do theſe thinges he cannot doe. Now Lady doſt thou ſee

What thinges do thee beſeeme thus ſtald on ſtately throne on hie?

Miſtruſt the ſcepter of thy ſpoule returning by and by.

Ph. In me I beare a violent and mighty payle of loue,

And no mans comming home againe to terrour may me moue.

He neuer ſtepped backe agayne, the welkin ſkie to touch,

That ſwallowed once and ſinke in gulfe and glummy caue did couch

Shut vp in ſhimering ſhade for ay. Nu. Yet do not thou ſuppoſe,

Though dreadfull Ditis lock with barres, and bolt his dongeon cloſe:

And though the hideous hellicke hounde do watch the grieſly gates.

Not Theſeus alone ſhal haue his paſſages ſtopt by fates,

Ph. Perhaps he pardon wil the cryme of loues procuring heate

Nu. Nay churliſhly hee would of old his honeſt wyfe entreate.

Antiope his hobbing buffers felt and heavy cuſſe:

Suppoſe, yet thou can qualifie thy husbands raging ruffe:

Yet who can mone Hippolytus moſt ſtony ſtubbozne mynd?

He wil abhorre the very name deteſting woman kind,

And faring frantickly, wil gyue himſelſe to ſingle life,

And ſhunne the hated ſpouſall bedde of euery marriide wiſe,

Then ſhal ye playnly vnderſtand his brutiſh Scythian blood

Ph. To follow him euen through the hilles, the foreſt thyecke & wood,

I 3.

That



# Hippolytus

That keepes among the clotted cliues belmeard with silver Snow,  
 Whose nimble heeles on craggy rocks are frisking to and froe:  
 I wyth. Nu. He wil resist and not be dalyed with nor coyde,  
 Nor chaunge his chaste estate, for lyfe of chastity deuoyd,  
 And turne perhaps his cankered hate to light on thee alone,  
 That now he beares to all. Ph. wil not he moued be with mone?  
 Nu. Stark wilde he is, Ph. and I haue learnd wilde thinges by loue to  
 Nu. Hee'le runne away. Ph. if by the Seas he fle, I on the same (tame  
 Will follow him. Nu. Remember then thy farther may thee take.  
 Ph. I may remember myne offence, my mother eake wil slake.  
 Nu. Detesting womankind, he duiues and courteth them away.  
 Ph. No strupets bathful seace agaynst my breast darth hold at bay:  
 Nu. Thy husband wil be here. Ph. I wis he comes I warrant him  
 Pyrothous companion in hellicke dungeon dimme.  
 Nu. Thy Father also he wil come, Ph. A gentle hearted Syze  
 Forgeuing Ariadnes fault, when she did him require.  
 Nu. For these my silver shining lockes of hoise drouping age,  
 And breast beduild with cloying cares restrayne thy furious rage.  
 I humbly thee beseech euen by these tender tears of myne,  
 Succor thy selfe, much health it is, if will to health encline.  
 Ph. Not euery iote of honesty exiled is my breast,  
 I yeeld me Purse, loue that denies thus vnder rule to rest  
 In quietnes, let him, let him perforce be battered downe.  
 I wil not let my fleeting fame and glorious bright renoume  
 With stayne to be dishonoured, this onely is the gap,  
 To shunne the perclous path that leades to vices trayning trap.  
 My spouse let mee ensue with death with sinue I shall subuert.  
 Nu. Deare daughter slake the ramping rage of thy vnculy heart.  
 Plucke downe thy stomacke stout, for this I iudge thee worthy heath,  
 In that thou dost confesse thy selfe to haue deserued death.  
 Ph. Condemne I am to die, what kind of death now would I know,  
 As eyther strangled with a rope shal I my life forgoe?  
 Or runne vppon a bloudy blade, with goye wound to dye?  
 Or topie turtuy headlong hurld downe Pallas turret hie,  
 In quarrel iust of Chastity. Nu. Now strengthen we our hand,  
 Alas shal not my feble age thy despyet death withstand,  
 Forbeare the sway of surpe fierce. Ph. No reason can restrayne  
 Him that desireth death, when death he hath determind playne  
 And ought to die. Nut. Sweete Lady myne (thou comfort of my age  
 And feeble yeares) if in thy breast pzeuaples such mighty rage

Haue

## The fourth tragedy.

60

Haue not regard what sounding blast in trompe of fame be blowane  
Wherby thy name in stayned stock of blacke reproch be sowne,  
O graft in spotlesse honesty: for fame doth fauour small  
The most vpight, to better woyle, to woyle thee's best of al,  
Let vs assay the croward mynd of yonder stubboine Child  
It is my part to set vppon the clubbish yungman wilde  
And to compell the sturdy lad with stony hart to yeeld.

### Chorus.



Goddesse great that art the wondrous seede  
Of frothie surge in stormy raging seas  
Whō flamy Cupid armd with scorching gleed,  
And Shaftes, to call his Mother it doth please:  
This wanton Elfe forth putting sappy might  
From stedfast Bowe how surely doth he throwe

His venimd shaftes, through all thy marrow right  
The foystring fyre doth rankle in and glovve  
The secret flame that boyleth in each vayne  
The strype layd on shevves not in open marke:  
But invvard marrovv he sucketh out amayne,  
This boy to sound of peace doth neuer harke.  
His scattered shaftes ful nimble euery vwhere  
He dartes aboute, the East that doth behold  
The dawning sunne himselfe aloft to reare,  
From purple bed, and vvhether late he rold.  
With ruddy lamp, in Westerne wade doth glyde:  
If any coast lye vnder scorching clauves  
Of burning Crab, or people do abyde,  
Beneath the clyme of Ify frosen pavves,

liiij.

## Hippolytus

Of ougly gargle faced bigger Beare,  
That vvandring still from place to place doth goe  
The feruent Fumes, and stouing heate eche vvhere  
That issues out from *CVPIDS* burning bow,  
The flashing flames of Yongmens burning brest,  
Hee stirreth vp, enkindling new the heate  
Of quenched coales, that vvonted vvas to rest  
In drouping age : and virgins hearts doe beate  
Wyth straunge vntasted brandes : and doth compell  
The Gods descending downe from starry Sky  
Wyth counterfeited Vysages, to dwell  
Vpon the Earth to blinde the Louers Eye.  
Sir *PHOEBVS* vvhilome forst in *Theffail* Land  
To Sheepeherds state *ADMETVS* Heirdes did driue,  
His mourning Harp depriude of heauenly Hand  
With ordred Pipe his Bullockes did reuiue.  
Euen hee that trayles the dusky riding rack,  
And wieldes the swaying Poles with swinging swift  
How oft did hee faynde fourmes put on his back  
And heauenly Face with baser countenance shift.  
Sometime a Byrde with siluer shining wings,  
He fluttering flusht, and languishing the death  
With sweete melodious tuned voyce hee sings,  
When silly *Cygnus* gaue vp gasping breath.  
Sometime also wyth curled forhead grim  
A dallying Bull, he bent his stouping backe  
To maydens sport, through deepest Seas to swim  
Whyle horny houe made shift like Ore slacke  
Through waters wyld his brothers perlous cost  
Wyth forward glauncing breast the stream he brake,  
And leaft he should his tender pray haue lost,  
Her troublus thought did cause his heart to quake  
*DIANA* bright that swayes in circle murke,  
Of darkened Sky, with frying fits did burne,  
And leauing of the Euening watch her worke

Her ful.

## The fourth tragedie.

61

Her fulgent Chariot bright,eke did shee turne.  
 To *PHOEBVS* charge, to weelde it otherwise  
 Her Euening Wayne *APOLLO* learnde to guide,  
 And take his turne in leffer compaft fife :  
 The dāpiſh nights vvatcht not their vvonted tyde  
 And late it vvas ere that *AVRORA* fayre  
 Set forth the morning Sunne vvith golde aray,  
 Whyle that the Marble axell tree in th'ayre  
 The fhogging Carte made crake vvith fwagging fway,  
*ALCMENAS* boyſtrous Impe did lay afide  
 His clattering ſhafts, and alſo did refuſe  
 To vveare the ramping Lyons hairy Hyde  
 And *Emraudes* for his fingers did hee chuſe,  
 And brayded kept his rufled ſtaring Locks,  
 Ware Garters vvrought on knee vvith ſeames of Golde  
 And on his feete his durty dabled Socks,  
 And vvith the hand vvhere vvhilome hee did holde  
 His Clubbiſh bat, a thred hee nimbly ſpun :  
 Both *Perſia* and fertile *Lidia* knew  
 (Where golden fanded *Paſtolus* doth run )  
*ALCYDES* bid the Lyons caſe adew  
 And thunder propping brawny ſhoulderd ſier  
 That heaued and bolſtred vp the Welkin throne,  
 In ſlender Kirtell vvrought by Web of Tyre  
 Did iet about to pleaſe his Loue alone.  
 This flame ( beleue the heart that feeles the vvound )  
 Enſpirde vvith holines excels in might,  
 Whereas the Land by Seas embraced round,  
 Where twinkling Starres doe ſtart in Welkin bright  
 This peeuiſh Elſe the Conntreyes all doth keepe,  
 Whoſe quarrels ſting the Marble faced rout  
 Of vvater Nimphes, that vvith the Waters deepe  
 The brand that burnes in breafte cannot quench out,  
 The flying fowle doth feele the foyſtring flames.  
 What cruell Skirmiſh doe the Heyffers make?

Prickt vp



## Hippolytus

Prickt vp by lust that nice Dame *VENV S* frames  
In furious sorte for all the Cattels sake ?  
If fearefull Hearts their Hindes doe once mistrust,  
In loue disloyall then gladly dare they fight,  
And bellowings out, they bray to vvitnesse iust  
Their angry moode, conceyu'de in irefull spright.  
The paynted coast of *India* then doth hate  
The spotty Hyded Tygar, then the Bore  
Doth vyhet his Tufkes to combat for his mate,  
And fomes at mouth : the ramping Lyons rore  
And shake their Manes, when *CVPIDS* corfies moue  
Wyth grunts and grones the howling frythes doe murn  
The Dolphin of the raging Sea doth loue :  
The Elephants by *CVPIDS* blaze doe burn :  
Dame nature all doth challeng as her owne,  
And nothing is that can escape her lawes :  
The rage of wrath is quencht and ouerthrowne,  
When as it pleaseth Loue to bid them pawes :  
Blacke hate that rusting frets in cankred breast,  
And all olde grudge is dasht by burning loue.  
What shall I make discourse more of the rest  
Stout Stepdames doth this gripe to mercy moue.

THE

# THE SECOND

## ACTE.

PHÆDRA. NVTRIX.  
HIPPOLYTVS.



Declare what tidings bringst thou Nurse,  
where is Hippolitus?

NV. To cure this puissant breach of illes  
no hope there is in vs:

For yet to quench his flashing flame:  
his furies fretting ire,  
Doth cry in secret boyling breast,  
and though the smothering fire

Be couerte close, yet bursting forth in welked face it cryes:  
The sparkling flakes doe glowing flash from bloudred rowling eyes  
She hanging downe her pouched groyne, abhors the lothsome light,  
Her skittish wits and wayward minde can fancy no thing right:  
Her faltering legs doe fayle her now, downe squatting on the ground  
With sprauling lims her chittell grieve doth cast her in a swound:  
Now scant shee on her lithy necke holdes vp her giddy hed,  
Nor can commit her selfe to couche in rest vpon her bed.  
Nor harbzing quietnes in heart wyth dery detole and plaint  
She languisheth throug out the night, and now her body faynt  
She biddes them vp to lift: and now her downe agayne to lay,  
And now hir crispen locks vndone abroad she biddes display:  
And strait to wrap them vp agayne. Thus fickle fanisie still  
Doth fleete, nor is contented with his wayward wandring will.  
No care she casteth on her health nor eates one crum of breade,  
With feeble fumbling foote vpon the floore eke doth she treade,  
Her strength alas is quight consumde, her sauor sweete doth faynt:  
Nor ruddy languine purple depe her cherry cheekes doth paynt:  
Wyth greedy gripes of gnawing grieve her pinched limmes doe pyne:  
Her soltring legs doe stagger now: the glosse of beauty fyne  
In body Alabaster bright is shonke away and wast.  
Those Crisall Eyes that wonted were resemblance cleare to cast  
Of radiant

# Hippolytus

Of radiant Phoebus gold arayes, now nothing gentry thine:  
 Nor beare a sparke of Phoebus bright her fathers beames deuynne:  
 The trickling teares tril down her chekes, dew dampish dropping still,  
 Doth wet her watry plantes, as on the toppe of Taurus hill  
 The watry snowes with lukewarme shoures to moisture turnd to drop  
 But lo the Princes pallace is set open in the top:  
 She lying downe vpon her golden bed of high estate  
 Hurles of hir wonted royal robes which wounded hart doth hate:  
 Ph. Haydes, haue our purple garmentes hence, & vestures wrought w<sup>th</sup>  
 These crimso robes of scarlet red let not myne eyes behold. (gold.  
 And damaske weedes, wheron the Seres embrauder braunches braue,  
 Whose Silken substance gatherd of their trees aloofe they haue,  
 My bosome shalbe swadled in with cuttied gaberdine,  
 No golden collar on my necke nor Indian sewels syne.  
 The precious pearles so whyte shal hang no more now at myne eares,  
 Nor sweete perfumes of Siria shal poulder more my heares.  
 My flaryng ruffled lockes shal dagling hang my necke aboute  
 And shoulder poyntes: then then apace it thattring in and out.  
 Let wyndes euen blow it where it list, in left hand wil I take  
 A quiuier of shaftes, and in my right a Boarespere wil I make,  
 To cruell child Hippolytus such one his mother was,  
 As fleeing from the frozen Seas those countrey colles did passe,  
 And draue her hierdes that bet with trampling feete Th'Athenian soyle  
 Or like the trull of Tanais, Or like her wil I toyle,  
 Of Meotis that on a knot wounde by her crispen lockes:  
 Thus wil I trot with moonelike targe among the wodes and rockes.  
 Nu. Leauē of thy bitter languishing vnto the stite soyt  
 (That walter thus in waues of woe) grieve giues not resting port  
 Is any measure to be found in thy tormenting fire,  
 Some grace at wyld Dianaes hand with sacrifice require.  
 O Goddesse greate of Woods, in hilles that onely sest thy throne,  
 And Goddes that of the craggy clyues at worshipped alone,  
 Thy wrathful threathninges on vs all now turne to better plight  
 O Goddesse that in forrestes wyld and groues obtraynest might,  
 O shyning lampe of heauen, and thou the Diamen of the Night,  
 O threefold shapen Heccate that on the world his face  
 Dost render light with torch by turnes, bouchsafe to graūt thy grace  
 To further this our enterpryse and helpe our piteous case,  
 O mollify Hippolytus his stubborne hardned hart,  
 And let him learne the pangues of loue and tast like bitter smart:

And

And yeld his light allured eares : entreate his brutish brest,  
 And chaunge his mynd, in Venus boundes compel him once to rest.  
 So froward and vntoward now so crabbed curst and mad :  
 So shalt thou be with blandishing and simpling countnaunce clad.  
 Thy shinerig clowde cleane fading hence then brightly shalt thou bear  
 And glistering hoines, then whyle by night vpon the whirling sphere,  
 Thy cloudy heeled feedes thou guydes, the raging witches charme  
 Of Thessal, shal not draw thee from the heauens nor do thy harme  
 No Shepherd purchase shal reuoume. Thou comst at our request :  
 Now fauour dost thou graunt vnto the prayers of our Brest:  
 I do espye him worshipping the solennine Sacrifice,  
 Both place and tyme conuenient by Fortune doth arise :  
 We must go craftely to worke for feare we quaking stand,  
 Ful hard it is the buyly charge of guylt to take in hand :  
 But who of Princes standes in awe, let him despye all right,  
 Cast of the care of honesty from mind exiled quight,  
 A man vnfit is for the best of King a bashful wight. }  
 Hip. O Purse, how chaunce thy limping limmes do crepe into this place?  
 With blubbed Cheekes, & leaden lookes with sad and mourning face?  
 Doth yet my Father Theseus with health enioy his life?  
 Doth Phædra yet enioy her health my stepdam and his wyfe.  
 Nu. Forgoe these feares, and gently come thy blessed hap to take,  
 For care constraineth me to mourne with sorrow for thy sake,  
 That hurtfully thou loades thy selfe with pangues of plugging payne:  
 Let him rubbe on in misery whom destiny doth constrain:  
 But if that any yeld himselfe to waues of wilful woe,  
 And doth torment himselfe, deserues his weale for to forgoe  
 The which he knowes not how to vse : tush, be not so demure,  
 Consideryng how thy yeares do runne, take part of sport and play,  
 Let mixt Bacchus cause thee cast these clogging cares away,  
 And reape the fruite of sweete deliyght belonging to thy yeares,  
 For lusty youth with speedy foote ful fast away it weares.  
 Earst tender loue, earst Venus feedes the young mannes appetite,  
 Be blyth my Boy, why Widow like liest thou alone by night?  
 Shake of thy sollem sadnesse man that harty youth doth spill :  
 Huff, royst it out couragiously, take hydle at thy will.  
 Let now the flowre of ploomig yeares all fruitles fade away.  
 God poynteth euery tyme his talke, and leades in due aray  
 Each age by order iust, as mirth the sappy youthfull yeares,  
 A forehed frayte with grauity becommeth hoary hayres.

Why



## Hippolytus

Why dost thou bridle thus thy selfe, and dulles thy pregnant wit?  
The coyne that did but lately sproute aboute the ground, if it  
Be rancke of roote, yet in the hucke, with enterest at large  
Unto the hoping husbandman shall trauel all discharge.  
With braunched bough aboute the Wood the tree shall raise his top,  
Whom rusty hand of canckred hate did neuer spill nor lop.  
The pregnant Wittes are euermore more prone to purchase prayse,  
If noble heartes by freedom franckt be nourisht from decayes.  
Thou churlish countrey Clowne Hodglike not knowing Courtly life,  
Delight in drouly doting youth without a louing wyfe.  
Dost thou suppose that to this end Dame Nature did vs frame, }  
To suffer hardnes in this world and to abyde the same? }  
With courtes and kevereyes eat the praucing Steedes to tame? }  
Or bicker els with battails fierce, and broyls of bloudy warre?  
That soueraygne Syre of heauen and earth, when fates do vs detarre,  
With signes and plagues prognosticate prouided hath with heede,  
For to repayre the damage done with new begotten seede.  
Go to, let bedding in the world be vsed once no more  
(That til mankind from age to age vpholdes and doth restore)  
The filthy world deformd would lie in yrksome vgly stay,  
No floting ships on wambling Seas should hoysted Sayles display.  
No foule should skoare in azur Skie, ne Beast to woods repayre,  
And onely whilking windes should whirle amid the empty ayre.  
What diuers dreery deathes dyue one mankind to dumpish graue?  
The Seas, the sword and trayterous traynes whole countries wasted  
Yet for to limit forth our league there is no destiny thincke, (haue:  
So downe to blackefast Stigian dampes we of our selues do sincke.  
Let youth that neuer felt the ioyes, in Venus lap which lie,  
Aloof the solitary life, what euer thou elpye,  
An hurlyburly shall become for tearme of one mans life,  
And worke it one destruction by mutuall hate and strife.  
Now therfore follow natures course, of life the soueraygne guyde,  
Resort vnto the towne: with men delight thee to abyde  
Hip. No life is more deuoyd of sinne, and free from grievous thralles,  
And keeping fashions old, then that which leauing Townish walles,  
Doth take delight in pleasant Woods, he is not let on fyre,  
Enraged fore with burning Byle of couetous desyre.  
Who hath addict himselke among the mountaynes wilde to liue,  
Not prickt with prating peoples bruite, no credit doth he geue.

Toth

Toth Vulgar lozt disloyall still, vnto the better part  
 For cankred rancour pale doth gnaw his blacke and fretting hart.  
 For sickle fauour forcerh he, he bound doth not obey  
 The payle of Scepter proude: but weildes the massy scepter sway.  
 At ebbing honours gapes he not, nor moyles for fleeting mucke,  
 Remoued farre from houering hope and dread of backward lucke,  
 Not bitter gnawing Enuy rancke reares him with tooth unkind,  
 Not quauynted with the mischiefe that in Cittyes and in mynd  
 Of people plesseth thicke: nor quakes at euery blast that flies  
 With guilty conscience to himselfe, nor frames himselfe to lies.  
 For couets rich with thousand pillars close his head to throude,  
 For guildes his beams with glistering gold for fancy sond and proude  
 For gushing streames of bloud vpon his innocent Alters flow.  
 For Bullockes bright their hundred heads as whyte as flakie Snow.  
 Do yeeld to Are, whyle scattered is on thaulter sacred grayne,  
 But al the quiet countrey round at wil he doth obtayne.  
 And harmles walketh too and froe amid the open ayre,  
 And onely for the brutish Beast contriues a trapping snare.  
 Another whyle vppon the swift Alpheus bankes he walkes  
 Now vp and downe the bready Bakes of bushy woods he stalkes  
 Where lukewarme Lernas chrystall floud with water cleare doth shine,  
 And chaunging course his Channell out another way doth twyne:  
 And heare the piteous plaining Birds with chirping charmes do chide,  
 And Braunches trembling shake whereon soft windye puffes do glyde.  
 And spreading Beches old do stand, to fast and shake my thanks:  
 To stampe and daunce it doth me good on running Riuers bankes:  
 Or els vpon a withred clod to steale a nap of sleepe,  
 Whereas the fountayne flowes amayne with gushing waters deepe,  
 Or els among the baulmy flowres out braying fauours sweete,  
 Whereas with pleasant humming noisse the bubbling brooke doth fleete.  
 The Apples beaten of the tree do rauening hunger staunch,  
 And Strawberyes gathered of the bush soone fill with hungry paunch.  
 He thoons assaules, that doth himselfe from regall royall hold.  
 Estates do quasse theyr dreadfull drinke in Bolles of massy Golde:  
 How trimmie it is water to lap in palme of naked hand:  
 The sooner drowle Morpheus hyndes thy Browes with sleepey bande:  
 The carelesse corpes doth rest at ease vpon the hardest Couch:  
 The Cabin base hauntes not by Nookes, to pig and filch a pouch:  
 In house of many corners blynd his head he doth not hyde,  
 He loues to come abroade and in the light to be espyde:

The

## Hippolytus

The Heauens beare witnesse of his life, they liued in this wise.  
I thinke, that scatterd did of Gods in alder time arise.  
No doting couetous blinde desire of Golde in them was found :  
No stones nor stakes set vp in field did stint the parted ground :  
The sayling Ship with brazen stem cut not the waltring waue,  
But euery man doth know his coast and how much he should haue.  
No hugy Rampirees rayled were, nor Witches delued deepe,  
Nor countermured Cattle strong the walled Townes to keepe.  
The Souldier was not busied his blunted tooles to whet,  
Nor rapping Pellers, Cannon that the barred Gates downe bet,  
Nor soyle with ysaaked Dre was strainde to beare the cutting share,  
The field euen fertill of it selfe did feede the World with fare,  
The plentifull abundant Woods great wealth by nature gaue :  
A house of nature eake they had a dimme and darksome Caue :  
The couetous minde to scrape vp wealth, and despret furious ire,  
And greedy Lust (that eggerth on the minde all set on fire.)  
First brake the hands, and eger thirst of bearing sway kept in,  
To be the strongeres rauening pray the weaker did begin,  
And might went for oppressed right : the naked fist found out  
To scratch and cuffe, to box and hum, with dealing blowes about.  
The knarrie Logs, and snaggie shiue were framed weapons strong,  
The gatten Tree ingrained was with Pikes of Iron long.  
No nor the rusty fawchion then did hang along the side,  
Nor Helmet cress vp on the head stood peirking vp for pride,  
Pale spightfull grieffe inuented Tooles, and warlick Mars his braine  
Contriu'de new ileights, a thousand kinde of deathes he did ordaine :  
By meanes herof eche Land is fild with clattered gore yshed,  
With streames of bloud the Seas are dyde to hue of sanguine red,  
Then Mischiefe wanting measure gan through euery house to passe,  
No kinde of vitious villany that practise wanted was.  
By Brother, Brother rest of Breath, and eake the Fathers Life  
By hand of Childe, eake murthred was the husband of his Wyfe.  
And Mother lewde on mischiefte set destroyde their bodiees seede,  
I ouerpaile the Stepdame with her guilt and haynous deede,  
And no where pittie planted is, as in the brutish beast :  
But womankind in mischiefte is ringleader of the reast,  
The instrument of wickednesse enkindling first desire,  
Whose vile vncestuous whoredome set so many Townes on fire.  
So many Nations fall to warre, eake Kingdomes ouerthrowne,  
And rayled from the ground, to crashe so many people downe.

Let other

Let other passe: by Iasons Wyfe Medea may wee finde  
 By her alone, that Women are a plaguy crabbed kinde.  
 NV. Why, for one womans fault of blame shall euery one haue part?  
 HIP. I hate, detest, abhorre, I loth, I curse them from my heart.  
 Bee't reason, right, or Natures law, or vengeance fury fell,  
 It likes me to abhorre them still: the burning fire shall dwell,  
 And hide with quenching water first, the dangerous quick Sand  
 Shall promise Ships with safetinesse vpon the hold to land,  
 And Western Thetis soonke aloofe and drencht in deepest nooke,  
 Shall force the ruddy Morning Sunne from scarlet Skies to looke,  
 The Woolfe shall peeelde his fleering Chaps to suck the Tet of Do  
 Ere wooon by womans loue, to her I crouch and stoupe alow.  
 NV. Loue bysioles oft with snaffling bits the stubboine wayward heart,  
 Beholde thy Mothers natieue land in Scythia euery part,  
 The saluage women feelee the force of Venus yoking band.  
 Thou onely Childe thy Mother had dost this well vnderstand.  
 HIP. This onely comfort of my Mother must I keepe behinde,  
 That leeffull vnto me it is to hate all Momankind. (stooode,  
 NV. Euen as the stitte and sturdy Rocks haue waltring waues wyth-  
 And daieth backe from thoye aloofe the tomy flapping floode:  
 So lightly he contemnes my talke: but Phædra runneth mad  
 Becauld of this my long delay with crushing cares yclad:  
 What will she doe? Aye me alas how shall she now be spread?  
 Her breathlesse body to the ground drops sodenly downe dead.  
 A fallow hue like gaskly death ouerstrikes her frenzy Face,  
 Looke vp and speake beholde thy deare sweete heart doth thee embrace.

K.

PHÆDRA



# Hippolytus

PHÆDRA. NVTRIX.  
HIPPOLYTUS.



As to flote in Waues of woe  
who mee reuiues agayne?  
To pinch my minde with pining pangues  
and bitter hynnts of payne.  
What ease to mee it was, when as  
I lay in traunce at rest?  
Why dost thou thus the pleasure of  
renued lyfe detest:

O heart be holde, assay and seeke thy purpose to attayne,  
Be not abasht, nor faced out with churlish wordes agayne.  
Who faintly craueth any boone, giues courage to deny:  
The greatest portion of my crime dispatcht ere now haue I:  
Shame seekes to late to purchase place within our bathfull brow,  
Sith that in foule and lothsome loue wee haue delight ere now,  
If I obtayne my will, then shall our wedlocke cloake the crime:  
Successe corrupteth honesty with wickednesse sometime:  
HIP. Behold this secret place is voyde from any witnesse bye.  
PH. My foltring tong doth in my mouth my tale begun denye.  
Great force constraineth mee to speake, but greater holde my peace.  
O heauenly Ghostes I you protest, tis this that doth me please.  
HIP. Cannot the minde that couers talke in wordes at will out blast?  
PH. Light cares haue words at will, but great doe make vs sore agast.  
HIP. Morher the griefe y<sup>e</sup> galles your heart come whisper in mine eare.  
PH. The name of Morher is to proude a name for me to beare,  
Importing puissant power too much: the fancy of my minde  
It doth behoue, a bader name of lesse renowne to finde.  
Mee (if thou please) Hippolytus thy Louing Sister call.  
O wayting Maide, and rather so: no drudgry spare I shall,  
If thou through thicke and thin in snowes to trauaile me desire,  
O else commaunde mee for to runne through Coales of flaming fire,  
O set my foote on Pindus frozen Rocks, it y<sup>r</sup>kes mee not.  
O if thou will me rathly runne thorow scorching fire hot,  
O rauening routes of saluage beastes I will not slowly rest,  
With gozy Launce of naked blade my bowels to vnheest.

These

These Kingdomes left to mee in charge weild thou of them the sway,  
And take mee as thy humble Hare, it fits mee to obay,  
And thee to giue commaundement, it is no womans seate,  
To claime her Title to the Crowne, to raigne in Parents seate.

Thou flourishing amid the pryde of lusty youthfull race  
Supply a valiant Dynces roome with fathers golden Hace,  
Protect thy humble suppliant, defend thy lowly Maide  
Embrast in mercies holome, at thy feete so meekely layde.

Take pittie on a helpe Widdowes wo, and wretched plight.

HIP. The God that raignes aloft, forbid such lucklesse lot to light.

My Father Theseus safe in health will straight returne agayne.

PH. The lowring Lord that deepe in strog infernall Gaile doe raigne,  
And damned bp alwayes to passe from Stygian Puddle glum,  
Whereby to breathing bodie left alone the ground to cum,  
Shall he let scape the Cloyner of his ioyes from spousall bed,  
Unlesse that Plutos fancy fond by doting loue be led :

HIP. The righteous Gods will make for him a right retourning way.  
But while through feare our wauering wils in houering Ballace sway,  
Upon my brethren will I cast a due and earnest care,  
And thee defend : heleue not that in Widdowes plight yee are :

And I my selfe will vnto the supply my Fathers place,

PH. O Loue (alas) of credit light, O Loue of sickring face,

Is this inough that hee hath sayd : entreatance will I try,

Deare chylde rue on my wretched woe, doe not my suite deny,

That lurking close doth couch in secret mourning breast of mee, (hee?  
faine would I speake : yet loth I am. HIP. What mischief may this

P. Such mischief as ye would not thinke, could light in Mothers minde.

H. With mūbling boyce perplext yee walte your words against y<sup>e</sup> winde.

PH. A vapo<sup>r</sup> hoate, and Loue doe glow within my bedlem brest:

It raging ranke no inwarde iuyce vndryed leaues in rest :

The fier lonk in skalded guts through euery bayne doth drie,  
And smothering close in seerching bloud as flashing flame doth sie, }  
With egar sweeping sway along bp burning beames on hie.

HIP. Enamorde thus with Loue entiere of Theseus dost thou rage?

PH. Euen so it is : the louely lookes of Theseus former age

Which hee a sweete weltsauorde Boy did heare with conly grace,

When p<sup>r</sup>ety dapper cutted Beard on cleare complexionde face

Gan sproute, on naked Chin, when hee the kennels clottred bloode

Beheld of mongrell Minotaur, and crooking Haze withstoode

R 2.

By grop-

# Hippolytus

By groping long vntwined thyredes the beames of beawty bright  
 That shone then in his face, his crispen lockes with labels dight,  
 Smooth stroked lay, his scarlet Cheekes by nature painted bright  
 Douldred with spurs of golden glasse, and sharpe assaults of Loue  
 Preuayled in his fleshy armes: what grace doth shine about  
 In the Dianas Face, or fiery crested Phœbus myne,  
 Or else in comely count'naunce of this louely face of thine,  
 Such Theseus had when Ariadnaes Eye he did delight:  
 Thus portly pacing did he beare his noble head vpright.  
 It is no counterfeited glosse that shineth in thy face,  
 In thee appeares thy manly Fathers sterne and lowzing Grace.  
 Thy Mothers crabbed count'naunce eake resembled in some part  
 Puts in full well a seemelynesse, to please the Lookers hart.  
 The Scythian awfull Maiesty with Greekish fauour sweete  
 Appeares: if thou had with thy Syre attempt the Seas of Creete,  
 (One of those seauen from Athens sent elect by lucklesse lot  
 To pay such bloudy tribute, which King Minos of them got.  
 The rauening and bloudthirsty Minotaurus fowle to feede)  
 My Sister Ariadne would, for thee haue spunne the threede.  
 Therewith in crafty compact Maze to leade thee to and fro,  
 In bylg Laberynthus long returning from thy fo.  
 Thee, thee O Sister deare whereso in all the Heauen thou are,  
 And thinest bright with blasing beames transform'de into a Starre,  
 I thee beseech come succour mee with like distresse now cloyde:  
 Alas vs hely Sisters twaine one kinned hath destroyde.  
 The Sire thy smart, the sonne hath brewd the bane that mee doth leese.  
 Beholde an Impe of royall race layde humbly at thy Knees,  
 Yet neuer staynde, and vndefilde, an harmelesse innocent,  
 To thee alone of all the Worlde my crouching Knees are bent,  
 And for the nones my hawry heart, and Princely courage stout  
 I did abate, that humbly thee with teares entreate I mought.  
 HIP. O soueraygne Sire of Gods, dost thou abide so long to heare  
 This vile abhominacion? so long dost thou forbear  
 To see this haynous villany? if now the Skies be cleare,  
 Wilt thou henceforth at any time with furious raging hand  
 Dart out thy cracking thunder dint, and dreadfull lightnings brand?  
 Now barr'd downe w<sup>th</sup> bouncing bolts the rumbling Skies let fall  
 That foggy Cloudes with dusky drouping day may couer all,  
 And force the backward starting starres to slide a slope wythall  
 Thou Star:

Thou starry crested crowne, and Titan pranked with beamy blase  
 Come out, with staring bush vpon thy kindreds guilt to gale.  
 Dash out and drowne thy leaming lampe eclipsed in glumny Skyes,  
 To shrink in shimmering shape: why doth thy right hand not asyle  
 O guide of Gods and men? how haps the worlde yet doth not burne,  
 Enkindled with thre forked brand? on me thy thunder turne,  
 Dash out on mee thy hobbing bolt, and let thy fiery flake  
 Whirle out with force, burnt Cinders of my wasted Carcasse make:  
 For guilty (Ioue) I guilty am, deserued death I haue,  
 My Stepdames fancy I haue sed: shall I most sinfull staue,  
 Be worthy thought to blot my Fathers honorable Bed?  
 Canst thou for mischiefe such through mee alone be lightly sped?  
 O Cairne thou of womankinde for guilt that beares the bell,  
 Whose enterprised hainous euill doth passingly excell,  
 Thy Monster breeding Mothers fault with whoredome thee alone  
 Desilde her selfe, when storming sighes with sorrow gan thee grone,  
 Through beastly lust of Bull: till it the Minotaurus fier  
 In act of generation, had quencht her foule desier:  
 And yet the time concealed long, the grim twi-shaped seede  
 At length betwaxd with Bulllike bowes, thy Mothers naughty deede,  
 The doubted Infant did disclose: that wicked wombe thee bare.  
 With thirte, yea, foure times blessed fate of lyfe depriu'de yee are,  
 Whom wolne of waltring Seas haue sonck, me cankred hate of breath  
 Dispoyled hath, and traytrous traynes haue quelde by daunting death.  
 With Stepdames banes and sorcery O father, father myne,  
 I rue thy lot, not to be slayne of milder Stepdame thine.  
 This mischiefe greater, greater farre the wickednesse doth passe  
 That by Medea despyet Dame of Colchis practisde was.  
 PH. And I doe know, what vncouth luck vpon our stock hath light,  
 The thing that we should shun, we seeke, it is not in my might  
 To rule my selfe: through burning fire runne after thee I shall,  
 Through raging Seas, & craggy Rocks, through fleeting Ryuers all,  
 Which boyling waters rustling raple, what way lo goe thou wilt,  
 I bedlem Waight with frantick fits will follow, follow still.  
 O stately Lorde before thy feete yet fall I once agayne.  
 HIP. Doe not with shamelesse sawning Hawes my spotlesse body staine.  
 What meaneth this? with hawling mee t'imbrace she doth begin:  
 Draw, draw my sword, with stripes deseru'de Ile pay her on the skin:  
 Her hayze about my left hand wound, her head I backward wyde,  
 No bloud Diana better spent thine Aulter yet hath dyde.

Ik 3.

PH. Hip-



## Hippolytus .

PH. Hippolytus, now dost thou graunt to mee mine owne desire,  
 Thou cooles my ramping rage, this is much more than I require,  
 That sauing thus mine honesty I may be geuen to death,  
 By bloudy stroake receiued of thy hand to loose my breath.  
 HIP. Auaunt, auaunt, preferue thy lyfe, at my hand nothing craue,  
 This filed Sword that thou hast toucht no longer will I haue.  
 What bathing lukewarme Tanais may I desilde obtaine,  
 Whose clensing watry Channell pure may washe mee cleane againe?  
 Or what Meotis muddy meare, with rough Barbarian waue  
 That boordes on Pontus roling Sea? not Neptune graundfire graue  
 With all his Ocean foulding floud can purge and wash away  
 This dunghill foule of sinne: O woode, O saluage beast I say:  
 NVT. Thy crime detected is: O soule, why droupes thou all agast?  
 Let vs appeach Hippolytus with fault vpon him cast:  
 And let vs lay vnto his charge, how he by might vniust  
 Deslowe would his Fathers Wyfe with mischief, mischief must  
 Concealed bee: the best it is, thy foe first to inuade,  
 Sith that the crime is yet vnknowne who can be witnesse made,  
 That either first wee enterprisde, or sufered of him then?  
 Come, come, in hast Athenians, O troupes of trusty men  
 Help, help, Hippolytus doth come, hee comes, that Villaine vile,  
 That Rauisher, and Lecher foule, perforce woulde vs defile.  
 Hee threatens vs denouncing death, and glittering Blade doth shake,  
 At her who chastly doth withstand, and doth for terrour quake:  
 Lo headlong hence for life and death hee tooke him to his flight,  
 And leaues his Sword in running rash, with gaskly feare afright:  
 A token of his enterprise detestable wee keepe,  
 Sirs chearish her, that storming sighes with pensue breast doth weepe.  
 Her ruffled hayre, and shattred Locks still let them daggle downe,  
 This witnesse of his villany so beare into the Towne.  
 (O Lady mine be of good cheare. Plucke vp your sprights againe,)  
 Why dost thou tearing thus thy selfe abhorre all peoples sight?  
 Not blinde Dischaunce but fancy wont to make alhamelesse Wight.

Chorus.

## Chorus.



IPPOLYTUS euen as the rage-  
 ing storme away doth fly,  
 More swift than whirling Western wynde  
 Optumbling cloudes in Sky,  
 More swift then flashing flames, that catch  
 their course with sweeping way,  
 When Stars proft with whiffling windes  
 long fiery Wyakes display.

Fame (wounding at of alder time our Auncellours renowne)  
 Fare well with thee, and beare away olde worship from our Towne.  
 So much thy beauty brightner shines, as much more cleare and fayre,  
 The golden Moone with glorious Globe full furnisht in the Ayre  
 Dorth shine, when as her fiery tips of wayning hornes doe close,  
 When lifting vp her fulgent face in ambling Maine she goes.  
 Upon her nightwatch to attend, the Starres of lesser light  
 Their darckned Faces hide, as hee the Messenger of night  
 That watchword genes of th'euening tide and Hesperus hee hight,  
 That glading earst was bath'd in Seas, and hee the same agayne  
 When shades be shrunk, dorth then the name of Lucifer obtayne.  
 Thou Bacchus blessed barne of Ioue in warlicke India borne,  
 Thou Lad that euermore dost weare thy hayry bush vnhoine,  
 Whose faueling tuft with Iuy bunch, the Tygres makes adred,  
 And dost with labelde Hyter ble to prauke thy horny hed,  
 Hippolytus his staring Locks thou Bacchus shalt not stayne,  
 To woonder at thy louing looks too much doe thou refrayne,  
 Whom (as the people doe report) the Ariadne bright,  
 For beauties name preferde before Bacchus that Bromius hight.  
 A little Jewell beauty is on mortall men employde,  
 Thou gift that for a season short of Mankinde arte enioyde,  
 How soone alas with feathered foote hence dost thou fading slide?  
 The partching Sommers vapour hoate in Uers most pleasaute pride  
 So withers not the Meadowes greene, (when as the scorching Sūne)  
 In Crapick ligue of burning Crab full hoate at Moone doth runne,

K iiii.

And on

## Hippolytus

And on her shorter cloudy Wheeles vnhorseth soone the night.  
 With wanny Leaues downe hang the heads of withred Lillies whight  
 The balmy bloomes and sprouting floure do leaue the naked hed  
 As beauty bright whose radiant beames in coraund Cheekes is spred,  
 Is dashed in the twincke of Eye: no day as yet did passe,  
 In which not of his beauty rest some pearles person was,  
 For fauour is a fleetynge thing: what wight of any wit  
 Will vnto fragile and fickle ioy his confidence commit?  
 Take pleasure of it whyle thou mayst, for Tyme with stealing steps  
 Will vndermint, on howre past strayght in a worse leps:  
 Why flyest thou to the wilderness, to seeke thy succour there?  
 Thy beauty bydes not safer in the waylesse woods then here.  
 If Tytan hoyst his totterynge Cart on popnt of full midday,  
 Thee throwded close among the brakes the Naides will assay,  
 A gadding troupe that beautyes Boyes do locke in fountaynes fayre,  
 To frame their seate then vnto thee in senseles sleepe repayre,  
 Shal wanton fayries, Nymphes of Frithes, y<sup>t</sup> on the Hilles do walke,  
 Which Dryads mountayne Goblins haunt, that vse on hilles to stalke:  
 Or when from high Starbearing poale Diana downe did looke  
 On thee that next old Arcades in heauen thy seate hast tooke,  
 Shee could not weilde her weltring wayne, and yet no foggy cloude.  
 Eclipse her gleaming Globe, but we with tincking Hans aloude,  
 Can make a noyse, agrised at her dead and glowing light  
 We deemd hir charmd with Magicke verbe of Thessant witches spright  
 But thou didst cause hir buines, and madest her in a maze,  
 Whyle at thy pleasant louely lookes the Goddesse stode in gaze,  
 That rules the rayne of cloudy night she stopt her ruinin<sup>g</sup> race,  
 God graunt that seldome byting frost may pinch this comely face.  
 Let seldome scorching Sunny beames thy Cheekes with freckles die:  
 The Marble blue in quarry pittes of Parus that doth lie,  
 Beares not so hane a glimlyng glosse as pleasant seemes thy face  
 Whose browes with manly maiesty support an awfull grace.  
 And forehead fraught with grauity of fathers countnaunce old:  
 His Juoy colourd necke although compare to Phoebe ye would,  
 His lockes (that neuer lacking knew) it selfe displaying wyde  
 On shoulder poyntes doth set them out, and also doth them hyde.  
 Thy curled forehead seemes thee well, and eake thy notted hayre.  
 That crumpled lies vndight in thee a manly grace doth beare.  
 Thou Gods (though fierce and valiant) perforce dost chase, and farre  
 Dost ouermatch in length of limmes, though yet but young thou arte,  
Thou

## The fourth tragedie.

Thou beares as big & boystrous browes as Hercules: thy breast,  
 Then Champion Mars more hourly bolstred out with broader chest:  
 On back of hornedhoofed Steedes if bawling thou do ryde,  
 With Biddle in thyne actiue hand more handsome canst thou guyde.  
 The trampling Cyllar hoise of Spart, then Princely Castor could,  
 Thy Letherne loope amid thy dart with former fingers hould,  
 And diue thy launce with all thy pith, the actiue men of Creete,  
 That with their pitched darteres asfarre do learne the marke to hit.  
 They shall not hurle a slender Reede, but after Parthian guyse  
 To shoote an arrow if they list into the open Skies.  
 Unsped without some Bird attaynt it shal not light on ground,  
 Unbath'd with lukewarme bloud of guttes in goye smoking wound,  
 And from amid the losly Cloudes downe shalt thou fetch thy pray:  
 Few men (marke wel the tyme) haue bozne beauty vnplagude away.  
 God send thee better lucke, and graunt thy noble personage  
 May passe vnto the happy steps and stretch to daimpish age. }  
 What mischief vnattempt elcapes a Womans witlesse rage?  
 Most haynous crymes thee meanes to lay to guiltles younginās charge  
 And thinks to make her matter good with hayre thus rent at large,  
 She towseth eake the pranking of her head with watred plantes,  
 Her eye deuyls no crafty kind of womans fetches wantes.  
 But who is this that in his face such princely port doth beare?  
 Whose losly lookes with stately pace hie vauntst his head doth reare?  
 Lyke lusty young Pyrithous, he looketh in the face,  
 But that a faynting fallow pale his bleakish Cheekes disgrace,  
 And filthy baggage hangeth on his hath hayre raylde vpright,  
 Lo Theseus, it is agayne reftoord to earthly light:

The



# Hippolytus.

## THE THIRDE ACTE.

*Theseus, Nutrix,*



Length I scapt the glowinge glades  
of grim eternall Night,  
And eake the vnderpropping poale,  
that each infernall Spright  
Dorth muffle in, shut vp in shades  
loe how my dazelled eyes  
Can scant abyde the long dea-  
red light of Marble Skies.

Eleusis now fowre offringes of Triptolemus deuynes,  
And counterpayled Day with Night now foure tymes Libra hydes.  
I earnest in my Parlous toyle in doubt what lucke to haue  
Twirt dread of gastly Death, and hope my feeble life to saue,  
Some sparke of life til in my breables limmes abyding was,  
When as embarkt on erkesome Stix Alcides downe did passe,  
To succour me in dire distresse, who when the hellicke hound  
From Tartares griedly gates in Chaynes he dragd about the ground,  
And also me he carped vp into the World agayne  
My tyred limmes dorth lappy pith of former strength restrayne,  
My feeble saltring legges do quake, what lugging toyle it was  
From bottom deepe of Phlegethon to world alooke to passe?  
What dreary dole & mourning noyse is this that beates myne eares?  
Let some declare it vnto mee: who blubberyd so with teares  
Lamenting loud and languishing within our gates appeares? }  
This enteraynment fit is for a guest that comes from Hell.  
Nu. A stubburne heart and obstinate in Phedras breast dorth dwell,  
With despyet mind to slay her selfe our teares she dorth despyle,  
And giuing vp the gasping Choakt, alas my Lady dyes.  
Th. Why should she kill herselfe? why die, hir spouse being come againe?  
Nu. For this (my Lord) with hasty death she would her selfe haue laine,  
Th. These troblous wordes some perious thing I wot not what to tell.  
Speake plain. what lumpe of glutting grieve her laded heart dorth quel?  
Shee

She doth complayne her case to none, but pensuely and sad  
 She keepes it secret to hir selfe, determind thus shee had,  
 To heare aboute with her the hane, wherewith the meanes to die.  
 He, hie thee fast, I pray thee now, now haue wee neede to hye.  
 Our Pallace lockt with stately skoulpes let open by and by.

*Theseus, Phædra.*



Madame Hate of Spousall bedde  
 thus dost thou entertayne  
 The coming of thy louing Spouse?  
 and welcom home agayne  
 Thy long desyred Husbandes face?  
 why takes thou not away

My Sword out of my hand, and dost not cheare my Sprites (I saye)  
 Nor shewest me what doth the breath out of the body chafe?

Ph. Alas my valiant Theseus euen for thy royall mace,  
 Wherewith thy Kingdome thou dost weild, and by the noble raygne  
 Of thy belo'ud posterity, and coming home agayne,  
 And for the worship that is due vnto my fatall graue,  
 O let me die and suffer me, deserued death to haue.

Th. What cause compelleth thee to die? Ph. If I the cause of death  
 Disclose, then shall I not obtayne the loosyng of my breath:

Th. No worldly wight (saue I my selfe alone) the same shall heare,  
 Art thou affrayd to tel it in thy husbandes bashful eare?

Speake out, thy secretes shoud I shall within my faythful brest.

Ph. What thou would other to conceale, kepe thou it first in rest.

Th. Thou shalt not suffred be to die: Ph. From him that wisheth Death,  
 Death neuer can be seperate. Th. The crime that losse of breath

Ought to reuenge, shew it to me. Ph. Forsooth because I liue.

Th. Alas do not my trilling teares thy stony stomacke grieue?

Ph. It is the sweetest death, when one doth forsome life forsake,  
 Berest of such as shoud for him most woful weeping make.

Th. Stil standes she mum? y<sup>e</sup> croked, old, ilfauord, hoblinge Trotte,  
 Hir Nurse for stripes and clogging bandes shall vtter euery lotte,  
 That thee forbid her hath to tell: in yron chaynes her bynd,  
 Let tawing whips wyng out perforce the secrets of her mynd:

Ph. Now

## Hippolytus.

PH. Now I my selfe wil speak: stay yet. TH. Why dost thou turne aside from me thy weeping Countenance? thy teares why dost thou hide That gushing sodaine eyes streame downe thy cheekes apace? Why hidest thou thy flowing floudes with Coate before thy Face?

PH. Thee, thee, Creator of the Heauens to witnesse I doe call, And thee O glittering fiery glede of Chyristall Sky with all, And Phoebus thou from whom at first our royall Race hath roon. With fawning face & flattering words in suite I was not wooon.

For naked sword, & thundring thyzets, appauled was I not: My brused bones abode the blowe, and stripes when soe he smote: This blemish black of soule defame my bloud shall purge agayne.

TH. Declare what villaine is he y<sup>e</sup> our honour so doth stayne? (long.

PH. Whom least yee would mistrust. TH. To know who tis, full soe I

PH. This Sword wil tel, which soe afright when people thicke in thzdg Resorted fast, the Leacher vile for hast did leaue behinde, Because the people preasing fast he dyceded in his minde:

TH. Ah out alas, O woe is mee, what villany see I?

Alas what uncouth Monster fowle of mischief I espy?

Beholde the royall Iuozy engrau'de and purred fine, Emboast with golden studdes, vpon th'enameld Hast doth shine, (The Jewell of Actea lande) but whyther fled is hee?

PH. With light Heele running soe distmaide these seruants did him see:

TH. O sacred holinesse, O Ioue betweene whose mighty hands The Marble Hoale with weltring way in course directed standg, And thou that second Scepter weilds in comy fighting waue, Why doth this cursed broode with such this wicked vengeance raue? Hath he bene fostred vp in Greece? or craggy Taurus wilde Among hard rugged Rocks, and Caues, some sauage Scythian Childe? Or else in brutish Colchis Ile by Defart Phasis flood?

Cat after kinde hee is, and will th'unkindly Bastard blood Returne vnto his kinreds course, whence first his ligne hee clames, This frantick fury vp and downe comes of the warlicke Dames, To hate the loyall leagues of loue, and thunning long the ble Of Cupids canipe, with tag, and rag, her body to abuse, Become as good as euer twangd: O detestable kinde,

No better Soyle by any meanes can chaunge thy filthy minde.

The brutish beasts themselues doe loath th'abuse which Venus drawes, And simple shamefastnesse it selfe obserueth Natures lawes:

Where is the brag of Maiesty, and sayned portly grace Of manly minde, that hateth new, and olde things doth embrace?

O dubble

O double dealing life, thou clokes deceitful thoughtes in best,  
 And settest out a forhead fayre where frownced mynd doth rest:  
 The laucie Iacke with bashful brow doth malipiertnes hide:  
 The rashnes of the deipret Dicke by stilnesse is vnspide.  
 With shew of right religion knaues villany mayntayne,  
 And guileful mealemouthd Gentlemen do hold with speaking playne:  
 The daynty wanton Carpet Knights of hardnes boast and prate,  
 That Woodraunger, that brainicke beast who liu'd in chaste estate  
 An vndefyled Bachiler thou rude and homely clowne,  
 Thus dost thou watch thy tyme, to breede this blot in my renowne?  
 To make me Cuckold first of all did it delyght thy mynd,  
 First falling to thy spouall sport with mischiefe most vnkind,  
 Now, now, to thee supernal Ioue most hearty thanks I yeeld,  
 That with my first Antiope to dreary death I quelde,  
 That gone to dampish Stygian Denness I left thee not behynd  
 Thy Mother: go, go Magabond rawnge, rawnge, about to finde  
 Straunge foraine sopples, and outcast landes aloofe at world his end,  
 And Iles enclod with th'Ocean fload to hell thy soule shall send:  
 Beneath among th'Antipodes thy selke of harbyng sped,  
 Though in the vtmost lurking nooke, thou shroude thy miching heade,  
 Aboue the grisly Hallaces thou climbe of lofty Hoale,  
 Or maist aboue the clottring Snow aduaunce thy cursed Soule,  
 Beyond the byunt of Winter flawes and threathning rigour passe  
 And stormy wraath with rumbling rough of ylie Boreas,  
 With vengeance, vengeance violent fast hurling after thee,  
 With daunting plagues and pestilence thy sinnes shal scourged bee.  
 For life and death, about the world in euery lurking hoale.  
 O fugitiue I shal not cease stil to pursue thy soule.  
 But seeke and searce for thee I shall in landes that lye a farre,  
 Al corners blynd and caues shut vp Denness lockt with bolt and barre,  
 A thousand wayes vnpassable no place shal me withstand  
 My curlinges blacke shal light on thee there where reuenging hande  
 With weapon can not worke y<sup>e</sup> harme: thou knowest that Neptune great  
 My Syre who flotes on floudes, & waues, with forked Mace doth beat  
 Geue licence freely vnto me thre boones to chuse and craue,  
 Which willingly the God hath graunt, and swoyne I shal it haue  
 Protesting vnglome Stygian Lake, and hallowed hath his bow:  
 O breaker of the wrastring waues, auouch thy promise now  
 Let neuer more Hippolitus behold th'eclipsed light,  
 And for the Fathers wraathful rage the cursed child downe smight,  
To



## Hippolytus.

To waile among the gaskly Sprites o Father bend thy might,  
To giue (alas) this lothsome ayde vnto thy needy Sonne,  
I of thy Maiesty deuyn e exact not to be donne.  
This chiefeft bone, til puissant payle of yles do vs oppresse:  
In bottom deepe of boylyng Tartar pit and soze distrelle,  
In grisly Lymbo Iawes nigh garglefaced Ditis dinne,  
Amid the crumpled threathing browes of Hellick Pluto grim,  
To claime thy promise made to mee, as then I didde refrayne,  
Now Syre thy fapth by promise due perfourme to me agayne.  
Yet dost thou stay: why rumble not the waltring waues yet hush,  
Through foggy cloude in ducky skies with storny blastes outrush.  
Unfold the mantel blacke of Night, and roll away the Skies,  
Enforce the fighting floods hyst out with mounting waues to ryse.  
And coniure vp the water haggas that in the Rockes do keepe,  
The Ocean surges swellng hie cast vp from bottom deepe.

## Chorus.



Nature Grandame greate of Heauenly Sprites,  
Eake Ioue that guides Olympus mighty sway,  
That rakes the race of twinckling heauely lightes  
On spinning Spheare and order dost for aye  
The stragling course of roaming planets hie,  
And weildes about the whirling Axeltree  
The weltring Poales, th'eternal course of Skie  
To keepe in frame, what workes such care in thee  
That earst the cold which hoary winter makes  
Vnclothes the naked wood, and now agayne  
The shades returne vnto the breary brakes  
Now doth the starre of Sommer Lion raygne,  
VVhose scalded necke with boyling heate doth frie,  
Perbraking flames from fiery foming iawes:  
VVith scorching heate the parched corne do drie:  
Ech season so his kindly course in drawes.  
But thou that weildes these thinges of massy might,

By

## The fourth tragedie.

70.

By whom the hugy world with egal payfe  
Euen Ballanced doth keepe in compasse right,  
Each Spheare by meafurd weight that iustly swaife,  
Alas why dost thou beare a retchles breast  
Toward mankind? not casting any care  
That wicked men with mischief be opprest,  
And eake to see that goodmen wel do fare  
Dame Fortune topsieturuy turnes at wil  
The world, and deales her dole with blinded hand,  
And fosters vice mayntayning mischief ill.  
Fowle lust triumphes on good men brought in band  
Deceit in stately Court the sway doth weild,  
In Lordinges levvde the vulgar fort delight,  
With glee to such the Mace of might they yeeld.  
Some magistrates they do both loue and spight,  
And penfiue vertue brought to bitter bale,  
Receyues revvard that doth of right aryse,  
The continent to Prifon neede doth hale,  
The Leacher raygnes enhaunced by his vice.  
O fruitles shame, O counterfayted port.  
But vvhat nevves may this mcssenger novv bring,  
Who vvith maine pace comes poasting in this fort,  
And staves vvith mourning countnance at the Kinge.

The

# THE FOVRTH

## ACTE.

*Nuntius, Theseus,*



Heauy happe and cruell chaunce  
of Seruantes slauiſh ſtate,  
Why am I Poaſt to bring the newes  
of this il fauor'd fate?

Th. Be not abaſht the ruthful wꝛacke  
with courage to declare:

My bꝛeaſt agaynſt the hunt of boyles  
ſtil armed I prepare,

Nun. My ſoltring tongue doth ſpeech vnto  
my glutting grieſe denye.

Th. Our ſtocke with ſorrow ſhaken ſore what cares do cruſh eſcrie.  
Nun. Hippolytus (ay woe is me) is ſlayne by doleful death.

Th. Now Father do I know my Sonne bereaued of his bꝛeaſt,  
For why the Leacher life is loſt: ſhew in what ſort he hide.

Nun. In all poaſt haſt as fugitiue to ſhunne the Towne he hyde  
Once hauing caught his cutting courſe apace he ſcuddes away,  
His prauncing Halfrayes ſtraite he doth with Collers cloſe araye:

With curbed bittes their ſnaffled heads at wil he byddles in,  
Then talking much vnto himſelfe to curſe he doth beginne

His natiue ſoule: alas deare Father, Father ſtil he cryes:

And angry latheth with his whip, whyle looſe his Bridle lies:

Then ſodenly a hugy ſwolue gan ſwel amid the deepe,

And ſtarteth vp into the ſtarres no pipling wind doth ſweepe

Along the Seas in Heauen ſo liſh no noyle at all there was:

The Seas ful calme euen as their kindly Tyde doth dꝛiue them, paſſe.

For yet no boyſterous Southerne wynd the Sycill ſand turmoyles.

For yet with ſomie ramping ſurge the raging gulph vp boyles,

Heaude vp by Weſterne puffes: when as the rockes with clappꝝng claſh  
Do ſhake and dꝛownd Lucates cliue the hoary ſome doth daiſh.

The rombling waues togeather roſt on hiſs are heaped hie,

The ſwelling ſwolue with Monſter much to land aloſe doth ſpye,

For only ſhaken ſhips in Seas do ſuffer wꝛacke hereby:

}  
The

# The fourth tragedie.

71

The land in hazard lyes of stormes a waltring waue is cold  
 In tottring wise a wallowing gulph with winding compass fold,  
 Diues downe I know not what withall: a flat bpisylng new  
 An head aboue the water bym doth rayle the Starres to bew.  
 In foggie cloud eclipsed is Apollos dusky gleede,  
 And Scyros Rocks whom Trumpe of Fame aduaunst by dreary deede  
 Corynthus eake whom double Sea on epyther side assaile:  
 While greatly we agriefd, these thinges do languishing bewaile,  
 The belking Seas yell out the grunting Rockes with all do roze:  
 The slabby Cliue doth reke, fro whence the water ebde before,  
 It frothes, and keping course by course it spewes the waters out, }  
 As doth Physeter fish (that sittes the Ocean Coast about )  
 And gulping doth from yawning throat his fouds of water spoute. }  
 The shaken surge did rottre straye and brake it selfe in twayne:  
 With wracke (more violent then wee did feare) it rusht amayne  
 Agaynst the shore, beyond the bankes it breakes into the land:  
 And hideous Monster followes: these for feare did quaking stand  
 Th. What shape that vncouth Monster had and body vast declare.  
 Nu. A boasting Bull, his marble necke aduaunced hye that bare,  
 Upstayd his lofty bristled Hayn on curled forehead greene  
 With maggy eares prickt by his diuers speckled hoynes were seene.  
 (Whom Bacchus earst possessed had, who tames the Cattell wyld,  
 And eake the God that bozne in fouds was byed a water Chylde)  
 Now puffing he perbraketh flames, and now as leaming light  
 With sparckling beains his goggle eyes do glare and glister bright.  
 His greasy larded necke (a marke for to be noted well)  
 With tough and knobby curnels hie out bumping hig do swell.  
 His noyting Nostrilles wyde dogrunt and yawning gulphes they colle.  
 His breast and throtebag greenishly are dawbd with clammy molle  
 His side along begrymed is with Lactuse red of hue,  
 On snarling knots his wrinkled rumpe toward his face he dye,  
 His scaly haunch, and lagging tayle most vgly dragges hee vp, }  
 As Priftis in the deepe of Seas the swallowed Keele doth sup, }  
 Or else perbraketh out agayne the vndigested pup.  
 The earth did quake, the Cattel feard about the field do rampe,  
 The hunter starke with chilling feare beginnes to stare and stampe,  
 The heidman had no mynd his scattrynge Hefers to pursue,  
 The Deere amazed brake the pale and bad the Laundes adue.  
 But onely yet Hippolytus. deuoyde of faynting feare  
 His neyng horses with the raynes of Bydles hard doth beare,

L.

With



## Hippolytus

With wonted woordes he cheareth by his nymble Nagges afraide :  
 A steepe hie way at Argos lies with stony cliues decaide,  
 That noddling ouerhangs the Sea which underfleetes that wayes :  
 That ugly Royle heere heates him selfe, and raging wrath doth rayle, }  
 And kindling courage hoate, him force with burning breast allayes, }  
 And chaufing eft himselfe before gan fret with angry hart.  
 So then into a scouring course on todayne doth hee start,  
 With whirling pace he girding forth doth scarcely touch the ground,  
 Lighting a front the trimpling Cart with glaring Eyes hee glownd.  
 Then also doth thy threathing Son with lowring browes vpstart,  
 Nor chaungerth Countenance, but speakes with stout couragious hart.  
 This foolish feare doth not appaule my bold and hardned brest,  
 It comes to mee by kinde, that Bulls by mee should bee oppress.  
 His Steedes despying strait the Raynes plunge forward with the Cart,  
 As rage did prick them, fore afright beside the way they start.  
 This bias way among the Rocks they raunge, and wander wyde,  
 But as the Pylot (least the Barke should totter to one syde )  
 Doth heare it euen in wrastling waues: so while his hoxles skip,  
 He ruleth them, now raines them hard, and now with winding whip  
 Free lashes on their buttocks layes: his foe doth him pursue,  
 Now step by step, now meeting full agaynst his face hee flue.  
 Prouoking terror euery where. No further fly they might:  
 The horned beast with butting Bowes gan run vpon them right.  
 The trampling Gennets straught of wits doe straight way breake their  
 The struggle struing hard to slip the Collar if they may. (ray,  
 And praucing on their hinder feete, the burden hurle on ground :  
 Thy Son flat falling on his face, his body fast was bound,  
 Entangled in the winding ropes, the more he strues to loose  
 The slipping knots, he faster sticks within the sliding noose.  
 The hoxles doe perceyue the hoxle: and with the Waggon light  
 While none there is to rule the Raynes, with skittish feare afright  
 At randon out they ramping runne, (euen as the Welkin hye  
 The Cart that mist his woonted waight, disdayning in the Skye  
 The dreery day that falsely was commit vnto the Sun,  
 From off the fiery Marble Poale that downe a skew doth run,  
 Flang Phaeton topsie toruey tost ) his bloud begozes the ground :  
 And dingd agaynst the rugged Rocks his head doth oft rebound :  
 The brambles rent his haled hayre: the edged flinty stones,  
 The beauty batter of his face, and breake his crashing bones :


At Mouth

At Mouth his blaring tongue hangs out with squeased eyne out dastht,  
 His Jawes & Skull doe crack,abrode his spurning Baynes are pasht,  
 His curled beauty thus desoylde with many wounds is spent:  
 The totting Wheeles do grinde his guts, and drenched lims they rent.  
 At length a Stake w<sup>b</sup> Trachion burnt his ripped Paunch hath caught,  
 From riued Grine toth' Hauell stead within his wombe it raught:  
 The Carr vpon his Maister pawlde agaynst the ground ycrushd.  
 The fellies stuck within the wounds,and out at length they rushd:  
 So both delay and Maisters limbs are broke by streile of Wheeles:  
 His dragling guts then trayle about the wincing hoyses heeles.  
 They thumping with their hoyny Hooues agaynst his Belly kick,  
 From bursten Paunch on heapes his blouddy bowells tumble thicke:  
 The scratting Byers on the Bakes with needle poynted pyicks  
 His goy Carkas all to raze with spelles of thorny sticks  
 And of his flesh ech ragged shrub a gub dorth snatch and rent,  
 His men(a mourning troupe God knowes)with brackish teares besprēt  
 Doe stray about the fiede,whereas Hippolytus was toze:  
 A piteous signe is to bee seene by tracing long of goze:  
 His howling Dogges their Maisters limmes with licking follow still:  
 The earnest toyle of woful Wights can not the coars bp fill,  
 By gathering vp the gobbers sparst and broken lumps of flesh.  
 Is this the flaunting brauery that comes of beauty fresh?  
 Who in his Fathers Empryre earst did raigne os pryncely Deare  
 The Heyre apparant to the Crowne,and thone in honour cleare,  
 Lyke to the glorious Stars of Heauen,his Limmes in pīeces small  
 Are gathred to his fatall Graue, and swept to funerall.  
 TH. O Nature that preuaylste too much,(alas)how dost thou binde  
 Whyth bonds of bloud the Parents bzeast? how loue we thee by kinde?  
 Maugre our Teeth whom guilty eeke we would haue rest of bzeath?  
 And yet lamenting with ny teares I doe bewayle thy death.  
 NVN. None can lament with honesty that which he wistht destroyde.  
 TH. The hugiest heape of woes by this I thinke to be enioyde,  
 When sickering Fortunes curled wheele doe cause vs cry alas,  
 To rue the wrack of things which earst wee wished brought to passe.  
 NVN. If stil thou keepe thy grudge,why is thy Face w<sup>b</sup> teares besprēt?  
 TH. Because I lue him,not because I lost him,I repent.

L 2.

Chorus.

## Hippolytus Chorus.

 Hat heape of happes do tumble vpsyde downe  
Th'estate of man? lesse raging Fortune flies  
On little things: lesse leaming lightes are throwne  
By hand of Ioue, on that which lower lies.

The homely couch safe merry hartes do keepe:  
The Cotage bafe doth giue the Golden sleepe.

The lofty Turrets top that cleaues the cloude  
VVithstandes the sturdy stormes of Southren wynde,  
And Boreas boysterous blastes with threatning loud  
Of blustering Corus shedding showres by kinde.  
The reking Dales do seldome noiance take,  
Byding the brunt of Lightninges flashing flake.

Th'aduaunced crest of Caucasus the great  
Did quake with bolt of lofty thundring Ioue:  
VVhen he from cloudes his thunder dintes did beat,  
Dame Cybels Phrygian fryth did trembling moue:  
King Ioue in hawty heauen ful fore affright  
The nighest thinges with weapons doth he smyght.

The ridges low of Vulgar peoples house  
Striken with stormes do neuer greatly shake:  
His Kingdomes coast Ioues thundring thumpes do soufe:  
VVith wauering winges that houre his flight doth take  
Nor flitting Fortune with her tickle wheele  
Lets any wight assured ioy to feele.

VVho in the VVorld beholds the Starres ful bright,  
And chereful day forfaking gastly Death,  
His sorrowfull returne with groning spright  
He rewes, sith it depriude his Sonne of breath  
He seeth his lodging in his court agayne,  
More doleful is then sharpe Auernus payne.

O Pal

## The fourth tragedie.

73

O *PALLAS* vnto whom all *Athens* land  
Due homage oweth, because that *THESEVS* thine  
Among vs worldly Wights againe doth stand,  
And seeth the Heauens vpon himselfe to shine,  
And passed hath the parlous myrie Mud  
Of stinking *Stygian* Fen, and filthy Flud.

Vnto thy rauening Vncles dreery Gaile  
O Lady chaste not one Ghost dost thou owe,  
The Hellick Tyrant knowes his perfect tale,  
Who from the Court this shrieking shrill doth throwe?  
What mischief comes in frantick *PHÆDRAS* brayne  
With naked Svord thus running out amayne.

## THE FIFTE ACTE.

THESEVS. PHÆDRA.  
CHORVS.



Through pierst with pangues of penſuenesse  
what fury prickes thy brayne?  
What meanes this bloudy blade? what meanes  
this shriking out amayne?  
And languishing vpon the Corps  
which was thy mallice made?  
PH. O tamer of the waſtling waues  
mee, mee, doe thou inuade.

The Monſtrous hags of Harble Seas to rampe on mee ſend out,  
What euer Thetis low doth keepe with folding armes about,  
O what the Ocean Seas aloofe embrace with winding waue:  
O Theſeus that to thine alies doſt ſtill thy ſelfe behaue  
So Curriſhly, O thou that for thy louing Friends awayle  
Doſt neuer yet returne: thy Sonne and Father doe bewayle

Æ 3.

Thy pal-



## Hippolytus

Thy passport brought by death, and bloud, thy stocke thou dost destroy,  
 By loue or hatred of thy wife thou workest still annoy:  
 O sweete Hippolytus thus I behold thy battred face,  
 And I it is, I wretch (alas) that brought thee to this case.  
 What Scinis forst thy lims so toyne his snatching boughes to feele?  
 Or what Procrustes rackt and rent thee streacht on bed of Steele?  
 Or else what Minotaur of Crete that grim twishaped Bull  
 With horny head (that Dedalls dennes with lowing fillers full)  
 Hath thee in fitters toyne? (aie me) where is thy beauty fled?  
 Where are our twinkling stars thine eyes? alas and art thou ded?  
 Appeare a while, receiue my words, for speake I shall none yll:  
 This hand shal strike the stroake, wherewith thy vengeance quite I wil.  
 And sith that I, I Cause, I, abridged haue thy life,  
 So here I am content, to peeelde thee mine with bloody knife.  
 If ghost may here be giuen for ghost, and breath may serue for breath,  
 Hippolytus take thou my soule, and come againe from death.  
 Behold my bowels yet are safe my lims in lusty plight,  
 Would God that as they serue for me, thy body serue thy might,  
 Mine eyes to render kindly light vnto thy Tackasse ded,  
 So for thy vse this hand of mine shal pluck them from my hed,  
 And set them in these empty cells and vacant holes of thine.  
 Thy weale of me a wicked Might to win, do not repine.  
 And if a womans woefull heart in place of thine may rest,  
 My bosom straight breake by I shall, and teare it from my best.  
 But courage stout of thine doth loth faint womans heart to haue  
 Thy Noble minde would rather go with manly heart to graue.  
 Alas be not so manly now, this manlineesse forbeare,  
 And rather choose to liue a man with womans sprite and feare,  
 Then as no man with manly heart in darcknesse deepe to sit:  
 Haue thou thy life, giue me thy death that more deserueth it.  
 Can not my profer purchase place? yet vengeance shal thou haue,  
 Hell shall not hold me from thy syde nor death of dompith graue.  
 Sith fates wil not permit thee life, though I behest thee mine,  
 My selfe I shall in spite of fate my fatall twist vntwine.  
 This blade shall rine my bloody breast, my selfe I will dispoile  
 Of soule, and sinne at once: through floods and Tartar gulphes y<sup>e</sup> boyle,  
 Through Styx and through the burning Lakes I wil come after thee:  
 Thus may we please the towring Shades, receiue thou heere of mee  
 The parings of my HOLL and Locks cut off from forehead toyne,  
 Our hearts we could not ioyne in one, yet wretches now forlozne

Alc

We shal togeather in one day our fatall hower close:  
 If thou be loyall to thy spouse, for him thy life then lose:  
 But if thou be vncestuous, dye for thy louers sake.  
 Shall I vnto my husbandes bed agayne my corps betake,  
 Polluted with so haynous crime? O death the chiefest ioy  
 Of wounding shame: Death onely ease of stinging Loues annoy:  
 We runne to thee: embrace our sowles within thy glad some breast:  
 Harke Athens, harke vnto my talke, and thou aboute the reste,  
 Thou father worse vnto thy Child than bloody stepdame I.  
 Falke forged tales I told with shame, I sayning that did lye,  
 Which I of spite imagined, when raging breast did swaue:  
 Thou father falsly punisht hast him that did not deserue.  
 The youngman chaste is cast away for myne vncestuous vice,  
 Both bathful he and guiltles was, now play thy wonted guyle.  
 My guilty breast with bloody Launce of Sword deseru'd is riuen,  
 The Dirge to thy dead to purge my spouse shal with my blood be geuen.  
 Thou father of the stepdame learne, what things thy Sonne should haue  
 Of life depriued, as to lay his carkasse in a graue.  
 Th. O wanny Jawes of blacke Auerne, eake Tartar dungeon grim,  
 O Lethes Lake of woful Soules the ioy that therein swimme,  
 And eake ye glummy Sulphes destroy, destroy me wicked wight  
 And stil in pit of pangues let me be plunged day and night.  
 Now, now, come vp ye Goblins grim from water creekes alow,  
 What euer Proteus hugie swolue aloofe dorth ouerflow,  
 Come dowse me drownd in swallowes depe, that triumphe in my sinne:  
 And father thou that euermore ful ready prest hath binne  
 To wreake myne ye, aduentring I a deede deseruing death  
 With new found slaughtre haue bereft myne onely Sonne of breath.  
 His rattred lims I scatred haue the bloody field about,  
 Whyle thy innocent I punish doe, by chaunce I haue found out  
 The truth of al this wickednes: heauen, starres, and sprites of hell  
 I pester with my treachery that me dorth ouerquell.  
 No mischiefes hap remayneth more: in kingdomes know mee well: }  
 We are returned to this World. For this did Hell vnfold  
 His gates that burials twayne I might and double death beholde?  
 Wherby I both a wyueles Wight and eake a Sonles Sire,  
 May with one hand to wyfe and Sonne enflame the funeral fire.  
 O tamer of blackefaced light Alcides, now restore  
 Thy booty brought from Hel, redeeme to mee, to mee therfore  
These

Ik. 4.

## Hippolytus

These Ghostes that now be gone, ah sinful wretch to death in bayne  
 I sue, most vndiscrete by whom these wretched Wightes were slayne.  
 Imagining destruction soe aboute it wil I goe,  
 Now with thyne owne handes on thy selfe due vengeance do bestow: }  
 A Pine tree hough downe straiend perforce vnto the ground alow, }  
 Let slip into the open ayre shal cut my corpes in twayne.  
 From top of Scyrons Rockes I wil be tumbled downe amayne.  
 More grievous vengeance yet I haue in Phlegethon Riuer found,  
 Tormenting guilty Ghostes enclod with fiery Channel round.  
 What pit and pangues shal plunge my soule already haue I known, }  
 That tryng toyle of Sisyphus that retchles rolling stone. }  
 Let peeld vnto my guilty Ghost, and beyng layed on  
 These shoulders, these, these lifting handes of myne downe let it sway:  
 And let the fleeting floud aboute my lips deluded play.  
 Pea let the rauening grype come heare and Tytius paunch forlake, }  
 Forglutting foode with grasping Cleaze my liuer let him take, }  
 Encreasynge stil to feede the foule, and for my tormentes sake.  
 And pause thou my Pyrothous Spire, and eke the Inackle Wheele  
 That whirleth stil enforce my limmes thy swinging swift to feele.  
 Gape, gape, thou ground and swallow me thou cruell Chaos blynd,  
 This pailage to thinfernall Sprightes is fit for me to find:  
 My Sonne I wil ensue, thou Prince of gaskly ghostes in hell,  
 Dread not for chaff wee come to thee: geue thou me leaue to dwell  
 Among thy dreadful dennes for aye, and not to passe agayne.  
 Alas, my prayer at the Gods no fauour can obtayne,  
 But if that mischiefe craue I should how ready would they bee?  
 Ch. O Theseus to thy plaint eternall tyme is graunted thee:  
 Prouyde thy Sonne his Obit rytes, and shroude in dompish graue  
 His broken lims, which Monsters soule disperst and scattered haue.  
 Th. The shreadings of this deare beloued carkasse bring to mee,  
 His mangled members herher bring on heapes that tumbled be:  
 This is Hippolytus, I do acknowledge myne offence,  
 For I it is, that haue depriued thee of life and sense.  
 Least that but once, or onely I should be a guilty Wight,  
 I Sire attempting mischiefe haue besought my Fathers might.  
 Lo I enioy my fathers gift, O solitarie,  
 A grievous plague when feeble yeares haue brought vs to distresse,  
 Embrace these lims, and that which yet dorth of thy sonne remayne,  
 O woeful wight in baleful breast prelerue and entertayne.  
 These scattred scraps of body toyme O Spire in order set,

The

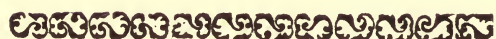
The straying gobbetts bring agayne, here was his right hand set:  
 His left hand here instructed well to rule the raynes must be.  
 His left syde rybbs (ful wel I know to be bewayld of mee  
 With bitter teares) as yet alas are lost and wanting still,  
 O trembling handes behold this woful busines to fulfil,  
 And withered Cheekes forbid your streams of flowing tears to runne  
 Whyle that the father do accompt the members of his Sonne.  
 And eke patch vp his body rent, that hath his fashon lost,  
 Disfigured foule with goyve woundes, and all about betost:  
 I doubt, if this of thee be peece, and peece it is of thee:  
 Here, lay it here, in th'empty place, here let it layed be,  
 Although perhap it lye not right: (aye me) is this thy face?  
 Whose beauty twinkled as a starre, and eake did purchase grace,  
 In sight of Foe procurd to ruth. Is this thy beauty lost?  
 O cruell will of Gods, O rage in sinne preuapling most.  
 Doth thus the Syre that great good turne perfourme vnto his Sonne?  
 Lo let thy fathers last farewell within thyne eares to runne,  
 My child whom oft I bid farewell: the whilst the fire shall burne  
 These bones, let ope his buriall bower, and let vs fall to mourne  
 With loude lamenting Mopsus wise for both the coarles sake:  
 With Princely Pompe his funerall fire see that ye ready make.  
 And seeke ye vp the broken parts in field disperfed round,  
 Stop hir vp hurld into a Pit, let heauy clodds of ground  
 lie hard vpon hir curled hed.

FINIS.



OEDIPVS.  
**THE FIFTH TRAGEDI**  
 OF SENECA, ENGLISHED  
 The yeare of our Lord  
 M. D. LX.

BY  
 ALEXANDER NEVYLE.



TO THE RIGHT HONORA-  
 BLE, MAISTER DOCTOR  
 WOTTON: ONE OF THE

*Queenes Maiesties priuy Coun-  
 sayle: Alexander Neuyle wish-  
 eth Helth, vvith encrease of  
 Honor.*



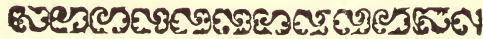
*His sixtenth yeare of myne age (righte  
 honorable) reneweth a gratefull memo-  
 ry of your great goodnes towards mee:  
 (for at Baptisme your honor vouchsafed  
 to aunswear for mee): and causeth mee  
 thus boldly to present these greene and  
 vnmelowed fruiſts of my first trauailes vnto you: as signes  
 and testimonies of a well disposed minde vnto your honor.  
 Albeit when first I vndertoke the translation of this pre-  
 sent Tragædy, I minded nothing lesse, than that at any  
 tyme thus rudely transformed it shoulde come into the  
 Printers*

*Printers hands. For I to none other ende remoued him, from his naturall and lofty style, to our corrupt and base, or as some men (but vntruly) affyrme it, most barbarous Language: but onely to satissfy the instant requests of a few my familiar frends, who thought to haue put it to the very same vse, that SENECA himselfe in his Inuention pretended: VVhich was by the tragicall and Pompous shoue vpon Stage, to admonish all men of their fickle Estates, to declare the vnconstant head of wausring Fortune, her sodayne interchaunged and soone altered Face: and lyuely to expresse the iust reuenge, and fearefull punishmēts of horrible Crimes, wherewith the wretched worlde in these our myserable dayes pyteously swarmeth. This caused me not to be precise in following the Author, word for word: but sometymes by addition, somtimes by subtraction, to vse the aptest Phrases in geuing the Sēse that I could inuent. VVhereat a great numbre ( I know ) will be more offended than Reason or VVysedome woulde they should bee. Thus as I framed it to one purpose: so haue my frends (to whom I can not well deny any thyng that Frendshyps ryght may seeme iustly to requyre) wrested it to another effect: and by this meanes blowen it abroad, by ouerrash and vnaduised printing. By whych fond deede I know vndoubtedly I shall receyue the poysoned infamies, of a number of venemous tonges. VVherefore (ryght honorable) as I geue these the first Fruiets of my trauayle vnto you: declaring therein the great good-wyll and duety that I owe vnto your Honor, for the noble disposition of your vertuous mynde: so am I driuen humbly to require your strong ayde, and assured defence agaynst the*

## The Epistle.

*gaynst the sclaunderous assaults of such malicious mouths, which obtayned: I shalbe the better encouraged agaynst an other time, to bestow my trauaile in matters of farre greater weighte and importaunce. In the meane season (desiring your Honour to take these simple Attemptes of myne in good part :) I leaue you to the tuitiō of the right high and mighty God: VVho keepe you long in health, & graunt you many happy yeares :with encrease of Honor.*

*All your Honours to commaund.  
Alexander Neuile.*



### THE PREFACE TO

the Reader.



BEHOLD HERE BEFORE THY Face (good Reader) the most lamentable Tragedy of that most Infortunate Prince *OEdipus*, for thy profit rudely translated. Wonder not at the groseness of the Style: neyther yet accounte the Inuentours Dylygence dygraced by the Translators Neglygence: VVho thought that he hath somtimes boldly presumed to erre from his Author, rousing at random vvhere he list: adding and subtracting at pleasure: yet let not that engender disdaynefull suspition with in thy learned breast. Marke thou rather vvhat is ment by the vvhole course of the History: and frame thy lyfe free from such mischiefes, vvherevvith the World at this present is vniuerally ouervvhelmed, The vvyrathfull vengeance of God prouoked, the Body plagued, the mynde and Conscience in midst of deepe deuouring daungers most terribly assaulted,  
In such

In such fort that I abhorre to write : and euen at the thought thereof I tremble and quake for very inward grieffe and feare of minde : assuredly perswading my selfe that the right high and immortall God, will neuer leaue such horrible and detestable crimes vnpunished. As in this present Tragœdy, and so forth in the proceſſe of the whole hyſtory, thou maiſt right well perceyue. Wherein thou ſhalt ſee, a very expreſſe and liuely Image of the incôſtant chaunge of fickle Fortune in the perſon of a Prince of paſſing Fame and Renown, miſt whole floods of earthly bliſſe : by meare miſfortune (nay rather by the deepe hidden ſecret Iudgemēts of God) piteouſly plunged in moſt extreame miſeries. The whole Realme for his ſake in ſtraungeſt guiſe greuouſly plagued : beſides the apparaunt deſtruction of the Nobility : the generall death and ſpoyle of the Côminalty : the miſerable transformed Face of the City, with an infinite number of miſchieſes more, which I paſſe ouer vn-reherſed. Onely wiſh I all men by this Tragicall hyſtory (for to that entent was it written) to beware of Synne : the ende whereof is ſhamefull and miſerable. As in the moſt infortunate fall of this vnhappy Prince right playnely appeareth. Who by inward gripe of fearefull cōſuming Cōſcience wretchedly tormented : beholding the lamētable ſtate of his vile infected Realmes, waſted by the burning rage of priuy ſpoyleing Peſtilence, finds himſelfe in traēt of time, to be th'onely plague & miſery of the almoſt quight deſtroied City. Wherevpon calling together his Priests and Prophets, and aſking cōſaile of the Gods by them, for preſent remedy in thoſe euils, wherewith the Realme was than vniuerſally ouerflowen : aũſwere was made that the Plague ſhould neuer ceaſſe, till king *LAIVS* death were thoroughly reuenged : and the bloody Murtherer driuen into perpetuall exile. Which aũſwere receiued, *OEDIPVS*, farre more curious in bowlting out the truth, than carefull of his own Eſtate : ſodainly ſlides into an innumerable company of dredfull miſeries. For as ſoone as he had once the perfect vewe of his own detestable deedes, and wicked miſdemeanour caſt before his eyes, together with the  
vnnatu-



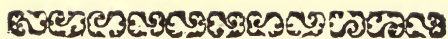
*To the Reader.*

vnnaturall killing of his Father *LAIVS*, the incestuous Marriage of his Mother *IOCASTA*, the preposterous order of his ill misguyded lyfe, vvith a hundred moe like mischiefes, vvch chaste & vndefiled eares abhorre to heare: fretting Fury cōmon enemy & tormētor to corrupted cōsciēces pricking him forvvard, all inflamed vvith Phrensie and boyling in invvard heate of vile infected minde, hee rooteth out his wretched eyes vnnaturally, bereaueth his Mother her life (though earnestly requested thereto) beastly, & in the ende in most basest kind of slavery, banisht, dieth miserably. Leauing behind him vnto all posterities, a dredfull Example of Gods horrible vengeance for sinne. Such like terrors as these requireth this our present Age, wherein Vice hath chiefeest place, & Vertue put to flight, lies as an abiect, languishing in great extremity. For the vvch cause, so much the rather haue I suffred this my base trāslated Tragœdy to be published: frō his Author in word & verse somewhat trāfformed, though in Sense litle altered: and yet oftentimes rudely encreased vvith mine owne simple inuention: more rashly (I cōfesse) than wisely, vvishing to please all: to offend none. But vvhereas no man liues so vprightly, vvhom flaundring tongues leaue vndiffamed, I referre my selfe to the Iudgement of the vvifest, litle esteeming the preiudiciall mouthes of such carping Marchaūts, vvhych suffer no mens doings almost to scape vndefiled. In fine, I beseech all to gether (if so it might be) to beare vvith my rudenes, & consider the grosenes of our owne Countrey language, which cā by no meanes aspire to the high lofty Latinists stile. Myne onely entent vvas to exhorte men to embrace Vertue and shun Vyce, according to that of the right famous & excellent Poet *Virgil*

*Discite iusticiam moniti, & non temnere diuos.*

This obtayned: I hold my selfe thoroughly cōtented: In the meane season I ende: wishing all men to shun Sin, the plaine (but most perilous) pathway to perfect infelicity.

A. Neuile.



## The Speakers names.

{	OEdipus.	{	Iocasta.	}
	Chorus.		Creon.	
	Tiresias.		Manto.	
	Sanex.		Phorbas.	
[Nuntius.]				

THE FIRST  
ACTE.

OEDIPVS the King. IOCASTA the Queene.



The Night is gon : and dreadfull day  
begins at length t'appeere:  
And Phœbus all bedim'de with Clowdes,  
himselfe aloft doth reere.  
And glyding forth with deadly hue,  
a dolefull blase in Skies  
Doth beare : Great terror & dismay  
to the beholders Eyes.

Now shall the houses voyde bee seene, with Plague deuoured quight?  
And slaughter that the night hath made, shall day bring forth to light.  
Doth any man in Princely throne reioyce? O hyttle Joy,  
How many ills? how fayre a Face? and yet how much annoy  
In thee doth lurke, and hidden lies? what heapes of endless strife?  
They iudge amisse, that deeme the Prince to haue the happy life.  
For as the Mountaynes huge and hie, the blustering windes withstand.  
And craggy Rocks, the belching fluds do dash, and driue fro land:  
Though that the Seas in quiet are, and calme on euery side:  
So kingdoms great all Windes and Waues of Fortune must abide.  
How well shund I my Father deare Polybius Scepters late?  
Eril'de, bereft of carefull feare, in Pilgrims happy state:  
I call the Gods to witness this, and Stars that glyde in Skyes.  
A kingdome is befauln to mee, I feare least thereof ryle  
A mischiefe, (mighty Ioue,) to great I feare, alas I feare  
Least these my handes haue rest the life, of thee my Father deare.  
Apollo hyds mee this beware, and yet a mischiefe more  
Foretels. IOC. Can any greater bee than that you tolde before?

Of Fa.

## Oedipus

Of father slayne by sonnes own hand? OE. (O thrice unhappy state.)  
With horror all dismayde I stand in dyes of threathed fate.  
I am ashamed my destinies to wle (O Queene) to thunder out,  
And openly to blase my feare my trembling minde doth dout:  
Yet out it goes. Phœbus me bids my Mothers Bed to fly,  
As though that I her Sonne, with her incestuously should ly.  
This feare, and onely this me coulde my fathers kingdome great  
For to forsake. I fled not thence when feare the minde doth beat.  
The restless thought still dyes the thing, it knows can neuer chaunce.  
Such fantasies now torment my heart, my safety to aduaunce,  
And eke thyne euer sacred lawes (O Nature) for to keepe  
A stately Scepter I forlooke, yet secret feare doth creepe  
Within my breast: and frets it still with doubt and discontent,  
And inward pangues which secretly my thoughts a sunder rent.  
So though no cause of dyes I see, yet feare and dyes I all,  
And scant in credit with my selfe, my thoughts my minde appall  
That I cannot perswaded be though reason tell me no,  
But that the Web is weauing still of my decreed wo.  
For what should I suppose the cause? a Plague that is so generall,  
And Cadmus country wholly spoyles, and spreds it selfe through all?  
Should mee, amongst so huge a heape of plagued Bodies spare?  
And we alone amongst the rest reuerde to mischiefes are?  
O heauy hap. And hide I stil alone the spoyles to see?  
Of Cities great, of men, of beasts, by plague that wasted bee?  
And thou amongst so many ils, a happy lyfe to lead,  
Couldst once perswade thy selfe (O wretch) without all feare or dyes.  
Of Phœbus secret Iudgements to, and that in Kings estate?  
Thou, thou, infected hast the ayre, in such a filthy rate.  
Thou art the onely cause of woe: by thee these evils rise,  
By thee to graue on such a sorte, this wretched people plies.  
The fiery flaming fryng heate, afflicted hearts that walke,  
Is not relieude as wont it was by cold and pleasaunt blasts.  
The gentle western windes haue left with healthfull pusses to blow,  
And now the fiery Dog with blase of boyling heate doth glow.  
The Sunne in Leo burns so hoate, and to the earth doth broyle,  
That fluds and hearbes are dyes vp, and nought remaynes but soyle,  
So througly schoycht and skied with heate, that moisture all is gone,  
And now amongst so many fluds, remaynes alas not one.  
The places dry are onely scene the streames are drunken vp.  
And water that doth yet remayne: the soaking Earth doth sup.  
The Moon

The Moone with cloudes quight ober cast, all sadly forth she glides,  
 And dolefull darksom shades of night, the whole worlde ouerhides.  
 No Star on high at all doth shine, but black and helllike hue  
 Hath ouerthaded all the Skyes, whence deadly mists ensue.  
 The corne that wonted was to growe and fruitfully to spring,  
 Now to the boydded Barnes nought els, but empty stalkes doth bring.  
 No part of all our kingdome is free from destruction:  
 But all together run and rush, to bitter confusion.  
 The old men with the yong (alas :) the father with the chyld  
 The plague consumes. Both man & wife, all beasts both tame & wyld  
 Are spoyled by the Pestilence. No pompe at all remaynes,  
 That wonted was in Funerall, to ease the mourners paynes.  
 Alas this spoile of people made, by plague hath dyde myne eyes:  
 And secretly within my breast, the grieve it boyling fryes.  
 And that, that wonted is to hap, in most extremest ills:  
 My teares are dry and glutting grieve my wretched breast it fills.  
 The crased father beares the sons, vnto theyr dampish graues:  
 And after him with burden like, the Mother comes and raues:  
 And euen lamenting as they stand, starck dead downe both they fall,  
 And mourners new in like estate, for them and theirs they call.  
 Who likewise in the midst of all their toyle and paynfull payne  
 Do drop into the graue they digd, and so the place doe gayne  
 That was prepar'd for others erst. A hell it were to heere  
 The horroz, and the miseries that euery where appeere.  
 A Combe is made for noble men, fast on the people hie,  
 And in their burdens sing. Great Pieres all vnregarded lye.  
 For lack of Graues, to Ashes cleane their bodyes some doe wast:  
 And some halfe burnt doe leaue them there, and home away for hast  
 They run, & more they fetch, and then wood, fier, graue, and all  
 Doth want. And downe for very grieve the wretched mysers fall  
 No prayers auaille. No Arte can help this raging Plague r'appeale,  
 For none almost is left aliue each others woe to eale.  
 Before thine altuers heere O God my feeble handes I hold,  
 Requiring all my destinies, at once with courage hold.  
 And that by death I may preuent, my Countrey prest to fall.  
 For this, and only this (O God) vpon thy name I call.  
 Let mee not be the last that dies: The last that goes to Graue.  
 Graunt this, and then (O mighty Ioue) my full request I haue.  
 O cruell Gods vnkinde: O more than thyse unhappy fates:  
 That onely mee denied is, that lyghtes on all Estates.

M.

I meane



## OEdipus

I meane a speedy death (alas) these euils to preuent,  
 And deadly woes that doe my heart with restlesse rage torment.  
 Leaue of thy blubbering teares (O foole,) & fly these kingdomes foyle  
 With rotten plagues & Botches vile, and graues ech where dispoyle.  
 All which diseases thou unhappy guest didst bring with thee  
 Dispatch. Away. Go hence. At least, vnto thy parents flee.  
 IO. What bootes it Sir these mischiefs, great w<sup>b</sup> piteous plaints to ag-  
 stoutly to beare aduersity, is firste for Kings estate. (greate.  
 When dyed and daunger most assaile: when cruell Cares doe crush  
 Thy princely breast. The oughtst thou most to beare and bide the push.  
 It is no point of courage stout to yeelde to fortunes frown. (down.  
 OED. Nay. Feare could neuer cause mee stoupe nor Fortune cast mee  
 My manly minde was neuer thraule to vain: and peauish feares,  
 But euermore in each assault, it princely courage beares.  
 No not a thousand glistering swords, nor Mars himselfe in fiede,  
 Can once dismay my Countenaunce, or cause my heart to yeelde.  
 The very Giants fierce and huge in fight withstand I dare.  
 That Monster Sphinx whole riddels through the world renowned are,  
 Could not dismay my dreadles heart, nor cause my courage slide  
 For all the terrors I beheld, I did that Fury hyde.  
 I saw him belching Cubes of bloud, I viewde full well the fiede  
 That all to spatterd lay with bloud, and bones quight ouerheelde.  
 And when y<sup>e</sup> he on Mountaynes top with mouth full huge to see.  
 Stroode gaping all with greedy Jawes to feede and pray on mee,  
 Met fluttering with his fearefull wynges and shaking oft his tayle,  
 Began full like a Lyon fierce with threates mee to assaile.  
 Of whom straight way the Riddell I, it rust into myne eares  
 With roying sound his winges he claps, the Rock for hast hee teares.  
 Desiring with my Bowels still his greedy Jawes to glut:  
 But I full soone appoyled had the question that he put.  
 And ech the subtile poinctes thereof, and twisted knots bntwinde.  
 IO. What makes you wish for death to late, and waste your wordes in  
 You might haue died than (you know) for Sphinx so nobly slain. (wind.  
 This kingdom vnto you, and yours for euer shall remain.  
 OED. The ashes of that Monster vile, agaynst vs doth rebell.  
 That vile mishapen lothsome Beast, that raging ffeend of Hell.  
 Is cause of all the plague that doth this mournfull City smight.  
 Now only this remaynes alone, if Phœbus heauenly might,  
 Can any meanes inuent for vs, or way of mercy make:  
 Whereby these burning Plagues at length may haply chaunce to slake.  
Chorus.

Chorus.



More then thise renoumed Stock  
of auncient Cadmus Race.  
O mighty Thebes City great,  
O heauy ruthfull Case.  
Loe now you lye all desolate,  
with Plague deuoured quight.  
Both you and all your Husbandmen.  
(Oh miserable sight.)

O fowle and fearefull Fate (alas) what causeth all this wo ?  
O God whence springs this Pestylence that vs tormenteth so ?  
No age, no shape, no forme is sparde, but all confounded lye.  
Thus happiest now y<sup>e</sup> man I count, whose chaunce was first to dye.  
For hee hath shund a thousand ills, which wretched Eyes haue seene:  
And mischiefes great that vs doe presse from him are taken cleane.  
O God withhold thy fury great, thy Plagues from vs remoue.  
Ceasse of afflicted Soules to scourge, who thee both serue and loue.  
Howe downe on them diseases fowle, that them deserued haue.  
A Guerdon iust for sinne (Oh God) this this of thee wee craue,  
And onely this. We aske no more, the cause and all is thyne,  
A thing not vnde of Gods it is, from pity to declyne.  
My heart doth pant, and trembling cold through all my lims doth run,  
As oft as I remembryng, count the nshle Stockes vndun,  
By death and dolfull destenies that ouerwhelmed lye,  
And yet alas the people stil to Graue doe faster hie.  
In long Aray all in a rancke by thousandes on a roe,  
On euery side, in euery streete to buriall fast they goe.  
The seuen broade wyde open Gates, are not enough for way,  
But thryngd the people peltred stand still in a fearefull stay,  
And in the mydst of all theyr toyle with corles on their backes,  
The number that before doth poast the hinder number stacks.  
The corles in the streates doe lye and Graue on Graue is made,  
But all in vayne. For nought it boots the plague cannot bestayde.  
The sacrifices don to Gods haue to to ill successe,  
And such straunge sights & signes doe rise that nought els I can gesse,  
But that at hand with gasty pawes, is vtter destruction,  
With thousand ills accompayned and extreme confusion.  
The sheepe of rot by heapes as thicke, as dogges doe fall and dye,  
And belchynge out their wasted lunges, on grounde doe sprawling lye.  
And I my selfe of late did see: (a sight vnseene before,)

¶ 2.

As our

## OEdipus

As our high priest stood sacrificling at the Temple doze,  
 And strake with grievous bloody wound the golden horned Bull  
 When downe with liueles lump he drops and members made full dull.  
 And all the wound wide bleeding gapes & black goard bloud out spues.  
 And yet the blade vnspinkled was. The bloud it boyling stues  
 And bubbles on the ground. Alas what do these things portend?  
 Oh mighty Ioue at length vouchsafe some good and happy end. }  
 At length withhold thy hand (O God) and health vnto vs send.  
 Nothing (alas) remaynes at all, in wonted old estate,  
 But all are turned topsyt downe, quight boyd and desolate  
 The fainting horse for todayne paine from back his burden tats,  
 And after on his maisters brest his liueles lymis he squats:  
 Who cries for help: but all in vain the beastes in field that bide  
 Unkept: vnknown wayes and pathes do raunge and ouerstride.  
 The Bull for lacke of foode and meate in field all faintyng lyes,  
 And all his flocke disperfed quight, the sely Shephard dyes.  
 The herdman eke amongst his beasts his fatal breath expiers  
 And to the heuens with piteous cries, commends his last desires.  
 The Harts without all feare of wolues do lyue in wretched peace.  
 The rage, and wrathful roring sounds of ramping Lions cease.  
 The vengeaunce wyld outragious Beares are now as tame as sheepe  
 The ugly Serpent that was wont, the Rocky Denness to keepe.  
 Oft quaffing poisoned Menom sups in inward heat thee boyles.  
 And all inflamd and schorcht, in bayne for lenget lyfe the toyles.  
 The woods are not adourned now, with fresh and lyuely hue,  
 The wonted shades are gon. All things are quight out of their Due:  
 No greenish grasse on ground doth grow, the earth no moisture soupes,  
 The Vine withouten any sap, his drowly head down drowpes.  
 What shal I say? all things (alas) are withen out of coure,  
 And as they seeme to me, are lyke, to fare still worse and worse.  
 O mighty God aboute? when ende these euerduryng yls?  
 When cease these plagues? that giltles bloud thus fierce and raging spils?  
 I thinck but we almost alyue, there do no men remayne:  
 Whom doful Darts of Destenies, on earth haue left vnslayne.  
 I thinke the darcksome shades of hell where filthy fluids do flow,  
 Where plagues and vile diseases too, where dyedfull horrors grow,  
 And all the furies brasten loose do mischiefes on vs throw,  
 With Botch & blane of sundry kindes which sothern blasts do blow,  
 And wreklful bered haggess of hell do breath and on vs brynge:  
 The angry fendes of hell I thinke their vengeaunce on vs flinge

And



And out their mortall poyson spue which they agaynst vs beare,  
 To see how greedy death on vs with scowling eyes dorth leare.  
 See, see. Oh Ioue how fast hee throwes his Dardes. Not one he spares  
 But all confounds. His thierning force, withstand no Creature dares.  
 No doubt the lothsome feryman the sinfull soules that traynes  
 Through stincking fuds, his labour loths that he for vs sustaynes. }  
 Such presse by plups to him is made which still renews his paynes. }  
 But harken yet moe lers more the these, the flame abroade dorth fly  
 That hellishe Dogges w' bawling sound were heard to howle and cry,  
 And y' the ground with trembling shooke, and vnder feete did moue.  
 And dreadfull blasing Comets bright were seene in Skies about.  
 And gasty shapes of men besides, to wander on the ground.  
 And wood, and trees on euery syde, did fearefully resound.  
 Besides all this straung Ghosts were seene in places where they stode.  
 And Ryuers more then one or two, that ran all blacke goord bloode.  
 O cruell plague, O vile disease, farre worse then speedy death.  
 O wee unhappy thise and more, who doe prolonge our heath.  
 In these accursed dayes and tymes. But harken to mee a while.  
 When first this lothsome plague begins these Mylers to deale,  
 It takes them thus. A seareful Cold through all their bones dorth run,  
 And Cold and Heate togeather mixt, their senses all benome.  
 Than litle lothsome markes appeare, and all their bodys spot.  
 And all their members flaming glow, and burning fast doe rot.  
 The Lights, the Lungs, the heart, the Guts, and all that inwarde lies.  
 And all the secret partes iscorcht, with deadly fier tries.  
 The bloud all clotted in their Cheekes, in cluster lies by lumps,  
 And it and heate together makes, great, straung, and ruddy bumps.  
 And bloud and flesh congeled stands, in face as stiffe as flake.  
 And Eyes in head fast fired set, and often trickling make.  
 And downe apace whole fuds they steame, and clots & drops doe trill,  
 And all the skin from of their face, by flakes and scales dorth pill.  
 A thousand fearefull sounds at once, into their eares doe rush.  
 And lothsome bloud out of their Nose, by stilling streames dorth gush.  
 The very anguish of their heart dorth cause them for to shake.  
 And what with payne & heate, and feare, their wried lims doe quake.  
 Then come the running Ryuers haunt, and come on ground doe wallow.  
 And come agayne their thirst to slake, cold water gulping swallow.  
 Thus all our country tost with plague in Griefe it waltering lies. }  
 And still desiring for to dye, a thousand deathes it dyes. }  
 But God to heare them then is prest: and death to none denyes. }

¶ 3.

Besides



## OEdipus

Besides al this, the church some do frequent : but not to pray,  
But onely for to glut the Gods, with that that they do say.  
But who is this that comes to Court in hast with poasting pace?  
What? ist Creon that noble Prince (for deedes and kately race?)  
O doth my mynd opprest with care thinges false for true contriue?  
Creon it is long looked for, his sight doth me reuiue.

### THE SECONDE

#### A C T E.

The first Scene.

*OEDIPVS. CREON.*



O feare my body chilles, alas,  
and trembling all I stand  
In quakinge dread. I feke and toyle,  
these mitchiefes to withstand.  
But al in bayne I spend my thoughtes  
it wil not be, I see,  
As long as all my senses thus  
by cares distracted bee.

My mynd desyrous stil (Oh God,) the truth for to vnfold,  
With doubtful Dread is daunted so, that it can scant vpholde  
It selfe. O Brother heare, if way or meane of health thou know,  
Declare it out and sticke not all the truth to me to show.

Cre. The Oracle (most noble king) ys darke, and hidden lies.

Oed. Who doubtful health to sicke men byings, all health to the denies.

Cre. Apolloes hse yt is the troth in darkesome dens to hold,

Oed. And Oedipus of Gods it hath thinges hidden to vnfold :

Speake out, tell all, and spare not man : all doubtles I can discus.

Cre. Apollo then (most noble King) himselfe commaundeth thus.

By exile purge the Princes seat, and plague vvith vengeance due

That haples vvretch, vvwhose bloody handes of late King Laius slue :

Before that this perfourmed bee, no hope of milder ayer :

Wherfore do this (O King) or else All hope of helpe dispayre.

Oe. Durst

Oe. Durst any man on earth attempte, that noble Prince to slay?

Shew me the man that I may him dispatch out of the way.

Cre. God graunt I may it safely tel: the hearyng was to terrible,

My senses all amased are: it is a thing so horrible,

That I abhorre to vtter it (oh God) for feare I quake

And euen at the very thought my lims beginne to shake.

Allsoone as I Appollos Church, had entred in affrayd,

Vppon my face flat downe I fell, and thus to him I prayd.

Oh God if euer thou didst rue, on wretched misers state,

If euer men oppress thou eald, or didst their cares abate,

If euer thou in present neede didst present helpe declare,

If euer thou afflicted hartes with cares confound didst spare:

Shew now thy wonted clemency and pittie knowne of poore.

Scant had I layd: Resounding all the mountaynes thondring toze:

And filthy feedes spout out their flames out of their darksome caues.

And woods do quake, and hills do moue, and by the surging waues

Do mount vnto the skies aloft, and I amased stand,

Still looking for an aunswere at Apollos sacred hand.

When out with ruffled hayre disguisd the Prophet comes at last:

And when that thee had felt the heate of mighty Phoebus blast.

All puttyng out the swellles in rage, and panting still the caues,

And scant he entred had into Apollos shyning caues,

When out a thundring voyce doth bust that's farre aboue mans reach.

So dreadfull seemed then to me the mighty Phoebus speech.

Chan thus he spake and thus at length into myne eares he rust

Whyle sprawling stil the Prophet lay befoze the doozes in dust.

The Thebane City neuer shal be free fro plagues (quoth he,)

Except from thense the Kingkiller forthwith expulsed bee:

Vnto Apollo knowen he was, or euer he was borne.

Do this: or else no hope of health, to this, the gods haue sworn.

And as for thee, thou shalt not long in quiet state indure,

But with thy self wage war thou shalt & war thou shalt pro-

Vnto thy children deare: & crepe agayn thou shalt into (cure  
thy mothers wombe.

Oed. Loke what the Gods commaunded haue accomplished shalbe.

For neuer shal these eyes of myne abyde the day to see,

A King of kingdome ipoyld by force, by guyle or craft suppress.

A kinge to kinges the prop ought be, and chiefeest cause of rest:

No man regardes his death at all whom liuing he doth feare,

¶ iiii

Great

## OEdipus

Cr. Great cause makes mee my Princes death conceale and closely beare  
Oed. Dought any cause of feare or grieve, thy duty for to let?  
Cre. The threatenning of the prophelyes, do stil my breast beset.  
Oe. Let vs (with God commaunds) forthwith some good attnement make  
If any way, or meanes there be their wraithful rage to slake.  
Thou God that sits on seate on high, and al the world dost guide,  
And thou by whose commaundement the Starres in Skies do glide:  
Thou, thou that onely ruler art of Seas, of floods, and all.  
On thee and on thy Godhead great, for these requestes I call.  
Who so hath slayne king Laius, oh Ioue I do thee pray.  
Let thousand ills vpon him fall, before his dying day.  
Let him no health ne comfort haue, but al to cruelt with cares,  
Consume his wretched yeares in grieve, & though that death him spares  
Awhile. Yet mischiefes all, at length vppon him light.  
With all the evils vnder Sun, that vgly monster might.  
In exile let him liue a Slaue, the rated course of life.  
In shame, in care, in penury, in daunger and in strife.  
Let no man on him pity take, let all men him reuple.  
Let him his Mothers sacred Bed incestuously defyle.  
Let him his Father kill. And yet let him do mischiefes more.  
What thing more haynous can I wish then that I wish before?  
Let him do all those illes I say, that I haue thund and past.  
All those and more (if more may be) oh God vpon him cast.  
Let him no hope of pardon haue: but lue and all in bayne.  
All hellish Furies on him light, for to encrease his payne.  
O Ioue powre downe thy fury greate, thy thundring thumpes out throw  
Let Boreas boysterous blastes and stormy plagues vpon him blow  
Consume him quight. fret out his guttes w<sup>th</sup> pockes and botches vile  
Let all diseases on him light that wretched bodyes fyle.  
Let these and more (if more may be) vppon that Monster fall.  
Let Harpies pawes and greedy paunches deuoure his members all.  
Let no man him regard: or seeke his limmes in graue to lay:  
But let him dye ten thousand deathes before his dying day.  
By this my Kingdome I do sweare, and Kingdome that I left  
By al my Countrey Gods that bene in Temples closely kept,  
I sweare, I vow, I do protest, and thereto witnes take:  
The Starres, the Seas, the Earth and all that ere thy hand did make.  
Except that I my selfe forthwith this bloudy monster find,  
To wraike the wraith of God some way with solemipne or I bynde.  
And

## The fifth tragedie.

83.

And so my father, Polybius his happy dayes outlyue.  
 And so my mother Merope, n<sup>o</sup> marriage new contriue:  
 As he shall dye that did this deede, and none shall him excuse.  
 Whoso he be here I protest for that he shortly rues:  
 But where this wicked deede was don Creon now tell me playne:  
 Both by what meanes? & where: and how King Laius was slayne.  
 Creon. Passing through Castalia woods & mountayns heapt with snoe  
 Where groues and scrubs, and bushes thicke & brambles sharp do growe.  
 A threepathd crooked way there is that diuerly doth goe.  
 One vnto Bacchus citty hendes that Phoece doth hight,  
 The other to Olenius, forth stretcheth out aright:  
 The third that reacheth through the vales and by the riuers lyes  
 Tends downe vnto the Bancks wherby Eleia water plyes  
 There vnawares (O piteous chaunce) a troupe of theues entraps  
 The noble prince, and murders him hence spring these great mishaps  
 Which heape you realms with hideous woes and plagues on euery side,  
 By iust decree of heauenly powers which can no murder hide.  
 But see Tiresias where he comes with old and trembling pace.  
 I thinke Apolloes heauenly might haue brought him to this place.  
 See where he comes, and Manto too, his steps directing stapes  
 Tis he who for your grace (O king) and for your countrie prayes

The



# THE SECOND

## ACTE.

### THE SECOND SCENE.

OEDIPVS. TYRESIAS.  
MANTO.



Some holy priest (to Phœbus next)  
these doubtfull answers tolde:  
And whom that destinies will to dye,  
Straightwayes to me disclose.  
TY. Renowned Prince, though still I stand  
in silence dūme dismayde:  
And though by inward feare of mynde  
my lingring tonge is stayde:

Yet pardon me (O noble Prince,) and geue me leaue a while.  
From lack of sight springs Ignorance which powre hath to exile  
Unspotted Truth fro doubtfull breasts. This thing ful well you knowe,  
But whither God and Countrey calles, with willing minde I goe.  
Let deadly fatall destinies, be houlted out at length.

O King if I of greener yeares had now my wanted strength:  
This matter soone discust should be, and I would take in hande,  
My selfe in presence of the Gods, in temple for to stande.  
A mighty Ore all colourd white, vp on the Autlers reare,  
Which neuer yet on wried necke, the croked yoke did beare.  
And Manto thou, O daughter mine, mine onely prop and stay:  
The secret hidden misteries, and sacred signes out say.

MA. The beast before the Autler stands. TY. To Gods a prayer make,  
And on the holy Autlers eke, some pleasaunt odors shake.

MA. Tis done. And all the fiers fierce, with incence bright doe flame.

TY. O Manto now what signes seest thou? how doe thy matters frame?  
What? doth the fire, the Sacrifice encompass rounde about?

MA. Not so. But first it mounts aloft, and streight it flatherh out.

TY. Well Yet, how doth the sacred flame all shining bright and cleare  
It selfe on high vnto the Skies, with sparkeling flakes vpeare?

O? doeh it oft rebounding backe, it selfe, from Skyes vnfold?

O? all with rumbling rozing noyse, about the place ist could?

O? dīm'de

O dīm'd with smoke, ist tost from place, to place, now heere, now there?  
 MA. Not one. But diuerse, colours mixt the flame doth with it beare.  
 Much like vnto the Rainbow, which with sundry paynted hues  
 Foretewes vnto the husbandmen the weather that enlues.  
 What colour it wants, or what it hath, to me is like vncertayne.  
 Now is it black, now blue, now red, and euen now agayne  
 Quight out it is. Yet once agayn, all fierce it flathing flames:  
 But lo, yet mischief's more then this, vnluckely it frames.  
 The fier quight a sunder parts, and flame with flame doth fight.  
 O farther I abhorre to see, this vgly lothsome sight.  
 The Wyne to blud is turned quight, and all the Pynces hed,  
 With thicke black clouds encōpast is, with smoke all ouersped.  
 O farther tell what this portends? TY. What should I tell alas?  
 My mynde for feare astonied stands, and trembling cold doth pas  
 Through all my lims. What shall I say? or where shall I begin?  
 O cruell Plagues, O weckfull Gods, O vengeaunce due for sin.  
 Some dyze and blouddy deed (Alas) these hydeous signes declare.  
 Whats that the Gods would haue reuealde, and yet doe bid beware  
 To vtter it? By certaine signes their wꝛath is oft descride:  
 Such signes appeere, and yet they seeme their fury great to hide.  
 They are ashamde: I wot nere what. Come hither, quickly bring  
 Some salt with thee, and it vpon the sacrifice goe fling.  
 What? are their lookes pleasant and milde, and doe they gently bide  
 The touching of thy sacred hands? MA. What may this thing beride?  
 The Bull (a wonder great to see) his head on hie he lifts  
 And turned still vnto the East, from thence it alway shifts,  
 Still lōhing as hee seemes to me, of heauen to see the light,  
 Oſt scouling with his blearing eyes with galtely ruthfull sight.  
 TY. But doth one blow the dyne to ground, or more the one they haue?  
 MA. The Heifer as it seemde, enflamd with courage stoute and braue  
 Vpon the mortall Blade did rush, and there hirsclſe destries:  
 When out the bloud it coming spoutes, and mounts vnto the Skies.  
 The browny Bull twiſe stroke or thriſe, with groueling groning tyres,  
 And toyling vp and down he moyles. And still to liue deſires. }  
 And yet at length with much ado, his brutiſh breath erpiers.  
 TY. What? doth the wounde wide open gape, or is it cloſed vp?  
 O doth the deepnes of the hole, the bloud in ſoking ſup?  
 MA. Out of the wounded Heifers bꝛeaſt Black bluſh waters ruſh.  
 As for the Bull, but litle bloud, out of his wounds doth guſh.

It back

## OEdipus

It back rebounds, and from his Mouth & Eyes by streames doth flow  
But what these dreadfull signes portend the Gods alone doe know.  
TY. By this unhappy Sacrifice, great feares within mee rise.  
But tell mee now: In the inner parts, what secret hidden lies?  
MA. O Father what meanes this (alas) that more then wonted guile  
The Inwards stir? and shake my hands, and heaving oft arise,  
The blood by streames out of the baynes, full straungly skips aloft.  
The heart all schorcht and hidden lies, and strykes are scene full oft,  
Of Colour very wan and pale: The chiefest parts doe want.  
The Lyuer blackish gall out spurts, and somewhat ryāg pants.  
And that, that myschiefes great, to kingdoms doth foreshow:  
Two heads are scene, and yet both heads one skin doth ouergrow  
And ouerheales them quight, But yet the skin, it is so thin  
That easely one may discerne what lieth hid therein.  
And that which horroz doth encrease, a man may plainly see  
How both the heart, the Lights, and Lungs, and all disturbed bee.  
The fearefull noyle and sound you heere is not of beasts, but fier  
That roaring on the Alters makes, presaging wrekefull pre  
Of angry Gods who doe foreshew some purpose that they haue,  
For to reuenge some soule mildeede that vengeance iust doth craue.  
No part his proper place obserues, nor keepes his order due:  
But altogether quight disguilde, with an vnwonted hue.  
Mishapen, out of frame, transformde, displaced quight (alas)  
What thing is that the Gods entend ere long to bring to pas?  
OEd. Why than declare from whence, and why these deadly signes arise,  
With courage stout I will it heare, it shall not once aggrife  
My valiaunt mynd. Extremest ils haue power to banish feare.  
TY. You will wishe that vnhard which you so much desyre to heare.  
OEd. Yet sence the Gods wil haue him known tell me (I say) his name  
That due your King. TY. For wing, nor womb of Bird or beast y<sup>e</sup> same  
Can tell (O king) new sacrifice, new meanes we must inuent.  
From dreadfull darke infernall damps some fury must be sent  
These mischiefes great for to vnfolde. Or els King Ditis hee,  
That Emphyre keepes on grieuoly Ghosts, entreated needes must bee  
These things forthwith for to disclose. Tell who shall haue the charge,  
A King thou art, than maist not thou go through those kingdoms large.  
OEd. Than noble Creon thou shalt goe, this payne is first for thee:  
Who must this crown and kingdome great enioy after mee.

THE

*THE THIRDE*

A C T E.

THE FIRST SCENE.

Oedipus. Creon.



Though that thy face where sadness sits  
in heauy mourning guise,  
Nought els portend, but dedly griefes,  
and mischiefes stil to ryle:  
Yet tel some meanes whereby at length  
the Gods we may appeale,  
And purchase to our Kingdomes wast,  
some hope of health and ease.

Cre. Alas you byd me that disclose which feare doth byd me hyde.

Oed. If that the Thebane Citties great, by doleful plagues destrype.  
Perce not thy hart: yet oughrest thou, these Kingdomes for to rue,  
Which were vnto thy brothers house, of auncient title due.

Cre. You wish y<sup>t</sup> thing to know, which you wil with vnkown at length.

Oed. Why so? a simple remedy of litle force and strength

Is ignorance of our estate when daungers vs betryde.

But what? wilt thou so great a good for common safety hide?

Cre. Irkesome Medicines and perillous in sickness I abhorre:

Oed. And I likewise at Subjects hands discdayne to take a doyre,  
Speake out with speed, or else by prooffe of torment thou shalt find  
How daungerous a case it is to gawle a Princes mynd.

Cre. Kings often vble to wish vntolde, which they had tel before.

Oed. Go to, dispatch and cease in time to bere me any more.

Except that thou forthwith to me this veinous deede disclose:

The gods I do protest, to death for al thou onely goes.

Cre. O pardon me most noble king. O let me hold my pes,

Of al the gracies Princes graunt, what fauour may be lesse?

Oed. As though y<sup>r</sup> silence hurts not more both king and countries weale:  
Then spech oft tymes: which Subjects thoughts to Princes doth reueale?

Dispatch



## OEdipus

Dispatch at once, stir me no more thou knowst my guise of olde.  
CRE. Silence denied, what privilege may silly Subject holde?  
OED. A traitor he is, who silence keepes, when king commands to speake.  
CRE. Then pardon my constrained speech, since silence for to breake  
You me compell. A dolefull tale (O king) my tongue must tell,  
And which I feare your maiesty will not interpret well.  
OED. Was euer man rebuked for that, that he was bid to say?  
CRE. Well than since needes I must: I am contented to obey.  
A wood there is from City farre, enhaunted with stately trees:  
Where many a plant, and herbe doth grow, which Phoebus neuer sees:  
With euerdurling bushes Greene, the Cypress there doth ryse,  
And puts his olde and louty head within the cloudy Skyes.  
The auncient Time-eaten Oke with crooked bended lims.  
The Teyl tree fine: The Alder which in Neptunes kingdoms swims,  
The Bayes with bitter berries eke the Elmes deere friends to Wyndes,  
And many a noble tree besides, as Hirtels, firs, and Pynes.  
Amidst them all, one tree there is with large out stretched armes,  
Whose roling sound, & craking noyse the lesser woods I charmes,  
And ouershades them all: a Tree of monstrous huge estate,  
Beset with fearefull woods: there is that doore, and dreadfull gate,  
That leades to lothsome Lymbo Lake, and pyts that euer flowe.  
Where choked miry mud doth streame with slimy course full slowe.  
Here when the Priest was entred in, with comely aged pace,  
He stayed not: No neede there was, for night was still in place.  
Than all the ground wyde open gapes, & smothering vapours ryse,  
And fyre and smoke, & stinking stink, mounts vp vnto the Skyes.  
The Priest with wayling weede iclad, his fatall rod out tooke:  
And entring in, in blacke Array, full often times it hooke.  
With heauy cheere and dolefull pace: his hoary haire was twyned  
With bowes of mortall Griefe. A tree wherewith the mourners winde,  
They mourning heads, & Garlandes make. In this guise all awayde,  
The sacred Priest doth enter in, with trembling lims dismayde:  
Than in the Sheepe, and Oren blacke, by backward course are drawn.  
And odoures sweete, & Frankincense, on flaming fyres are throwne.  
The beasts on burning Altars cast, do quake with choched lims:  
And bloudy streames with fyre mixt, about the Altars swim.  
Than on the darke infernall Gods, and him that rules them all:  
With deadly shrieking voyce aloud, the Prophet gins to call.  
And rous the Magick verse in mouth, and hidden Artes doth proue:  
Which eyther power haue to appeale or els the Gods to moue.  
Than bloudy streaming Lycours black, with broyling heate doe boyle:  
And all

And all the Beasts consume and burn. The Prophet than to toyle  
 Begins. And mixed wyne and Mylke vpon the Altars throwes.  
 And all the Dongeon darke, and wyde with streaming bloud it flowes.  
 Than out with thundring voyce agayne the Prophet calles and cryes.  
 And straight as much w<sup>t</sup> mumbling mouth he champs in secret wyse  
 The trees do turne. The Riuers stand. The ground with rozing shakes.  
 And all the world as seemes to mee, with fearefull trembling quakes.  
 I am heard, I am heard, than out aloude the Priest began to cry:  
 When all the dampned soules by heapes abroad outrushing fly.  
 Then woods with rumbling noyse, doe oft resounding make.  
 And Heauen, and Earth together goe. And bowes and trees do crake.  
 And Thunders rooze. And Lightnings flash. And waues aloft doe fly.  
 And ground retremes: and Dogs doe bawl: and Beastes are heard to cry.  
 And whyther long of Acheron, that lothsom flud that flowes  
 All stinking streames: or of the earth, that out her Bowels throwes,  
 Free place to Sprightes to geue: or of that fierce internall wound,  
 That at such times doth bukkling make w<sup>t</sup> chayns, & ratling sound.  
 The Earth al wide it open gapes. And I did see on ground,  
 The Gods with colour pale and wan, that those dark kingdoms keepe.  
 And very night I saw in deede, and thousand shapcs to creepe,  
 From out those filthy stinking Lakes, and lothsom pits of Well.  
 Where all the euils vnder Son, in darksom shades doe dwell.  
 So quaking all for feare I stood with minde right sore apalde,  
 Whilst on those Gods w<sup>t</sup> trembling mouth the Priest full often calde.  
 Who all at once, out of theyr dens did skip with grielly face.  
 And Monsters grim, and stinging Snakes seemd wander in that place.  
 And all the fowlest freendes of Hell, and Furies all were theare.  
 And all trallformed Ghosts & sprights, that euer Hell did beare.  
 With Cares, and all Diseases vyle, that mortall mynds doe crush,  
 All those, and more I sawe out of those Dongeons deepe to rush.  
 And Age I sawe, with riueled face, and Neede, & feare, and Death,  
 And fyre, and flames, & thousand ills out fro those pits to breath.  
 Then I was gon: and quight amaze. The wenche in worse case.  
 And yet of olde, acquaynted with her fathers Artes she was.  
 The Priest himselfe vnmoued stood, and boldly cited owt.  
 Whole Armies of king Ditis men, who clustring in a Rowt:  
 All sittring thin like Cloudes, disperst abroad in Ayre doe fly.  
 And bearing sundry shapcs and formes doe scud about in Sky,  
 A thousand woods I thinke haue not so many leaues on trees.  
 Ten thousand meadowes fresh haue not so many flowers for bees.

Ten hun-

## OEdipus

Ten hundred thousand riuers not so many Foule can show:  
 Nor all the drops and streams, and gulphes that in the Seas do flow,  
 If that they might be wayed, can sure so great a number make  
 As could those shapes and formes that flew from out of Limbo lake.  
 Both Tantalus and Zetus too, and pale Amphions Ghost:  
 And Agaue, and after her ten thousand Sprighthes do poss.  
 Than Pentheus, and more and more, in like estate ensue:  
 Til out at length comes Laius with foule and grisly hue:  
 Uncomly drest in wretched plight with fylth all ouergrowne:  
 All perst with wounds, (I loth to speake) with bloud quight ouerflown  
 A Miser ryght as seemd to me, and most of Misers all:  
 Thus in this case, at length he spake, and thus began to call.  
 O Cadmus cruel Citry hyle, that stil delightste in bloud,  
 O Cadmus thou, which kinmens death, accountst as chiefeest good.  
 Teare out the bloudy Bowels of your Childzen, learne of me.  
 Do that, and rather more, then you would hyde the day to see  
 Like ill as late on mee are light. Voe mothers loue (alax)  
 Hath cauld the greatest misery that ere in Theba was.  
 The Countrey with the wraith of Gods at this tyme is not tost.  
 Nor yearthly nor ayre infect is not the cause that all bene lost.  
 No No. A bloudy King is cause of all these mischieses great:  
 A bloudy wretch. A wretched child that sits in fathers Seate:  
 And Mothers bed defyles (O wretch) and entret in agayne,  
 In places whence he came from once and doublerly so her payne,  
 Whilst that hee filds the haples wombe wherein himselfe did lie  
 With graceles seede and causerly her twise childbirthes pangues to try:  
 Unhappy Sonne, but father worse and most unhappy hee,  
 By whom the lawes of sacred Hamie so sore confounded bee.  
 For that that very bestes (almost) do all abhorre to do,  
 Euen of his mothers body he hath brothers gotten two.  
 O mischiese great: O dyedful deede, then Sphinx, O muster more:  
 Example vnto ages all of Gods foretold before.  
 But I thee, thee, that Scepter holdst, thy ffather wil pursue,  
 And wreacke my selfe on thee and thyne with plagues & vengeance due.  
 All restles rage of spite and paine I will vpon thee blow,  
 And all the furies foule of hell vpon thee I will throw.  
 I wil subuert thy Houses cleane, for this thy lothsome lust:  
 I wil do this thou wretch: And thee, and thyne consume to dust.  
 Wherefore dispatch at once (I say) into exile driue your King.  
 That ground y<sup>e</sup> first of all he leaues, with fresh grene grasse shall spring,  
And



And sweete, and pleasaunt Ayre, and healthfull blasts shall ryle,  
 And all the euills vnder Sun, that mortall men surprize:  
 The Rocks, the Piles, the Botch, the blaine, & death with him shall fly,  
 And with him mischiefs all shall passe, and Monsters vnder Sky.  
 And as for him I know hee would depart with willing mynde:  
 But I will clog his feete, and hands, his way he shall not finde.  
 But groping with his aged staite, shall passe from place to place.  
 This shall he doe. And none shall rue vpon his ruthfull case.  
 Bid you the Monster from the Earth, for Heauen let mee alone.  
 No sooner sayd, but straight away, his dreadfull Ghost was gone.  
 And fast by thousands after him, th'other Sprights in hyde:  
 Than Cold & trembling feare began through all my bones to glyde.  
 OED. The thing I alwayes fearde, I see vpon mee now is layde:  
 But slender props they are (God wot) whereby your Treason is stayde.  
 Meropa my Mother deare, shall mee from this defend:  
 Polybius eke shall purge mee quight, from Actions all, that tend  
 To murder, or to incest vile, they both shall mee excuse.  
 In such a case no meanes at all of repall I refuse.  
 Lay what you can vnto my charge. No fault in mee remainys.  
 The Thebanes long or I came heere, of Laius death complayns.  
 My Mother yet alyue, my Father still in like estate.  
 No, no, this is some doltishe drift, of yon false Prophets pate.  
 Or else some mighty God aboue, doth heare me no good will,  
 And seekes by Plagues on mee to wreke, his wraathfull vengeaunce stil.  
 Ah Sir I am glad at length I smell your drifts and fetches syne.  
 I know the whole confederacy your sleights I can vntwyne.  
 That heastly Priest, that bleareyed wretch heelyes the Gods and mee:  
 And thee thou Traytour in my place hath promist king to bee.  
 CRE. Alas would I my Sister of, her lawfull kingdome spoyle?  
 Thinke you such treason may haue place in brothers breast to hoyle?  
 Yet that myne Orh could me not keepe content with my degree:  
 But that contemning meane estate, I would cline aloft to bee.  
 Yet should ill Fortune mee deter, from such attempts I trowe:  
 Whole guile it is on Princes heads, huge heapes of Cares to throwe.  
 I would aduise your grace betimes this charge from you to cast:  
 Least lingring long all vnawares, you be opprest at last.  
 Assure your selfe, in baser state, more safer you may liue:  
 And shun a thousand Cares, & Griets: which Princes hearts doe rlie.  
 OED. And dost thou me exhort thou haue my kingdome for to leaue?  
 A saythlesse head. A shamelesse heart, y<sup>e</sup> could such treasons weaue?  
Dart



## Oedipus

Darst thou attempt thou villayne bile this thing, to me to breake?  
And fearst thou not in such a cause so boldly for to speake.

CRE. I would perswade them so (O King) who freely might possesse  
Their Realmes such piteous cares I see, do Princely hearts oppresse:  
But as for you of force you must your fortunes chainge abyde.

OED. The surest way for them that gape for kingdoms large, & wyde,  
Is first things meane, and rest, and peace, and bale estate to prayle:  
And yet with Tooth and Nayle, to toyle to mount aloft alwayes.  
So often times, most restless beastes doe chiefly rest commend.

CRE. Shall not my seruice long suffice my truth for to defend?

OED. Time is the onely meanes for such, as thou to worke they will.

CRE. It is so say, but as for mee, of goods I haue my fill.

A great resort. A pleasaunt life: from Princely cares exempt.

All these might (surely) mee dissuade from such a foule attempt.

There is no day almost (O King) the whole yeare thorow out,  
Where in some royall gyfts are not from countreys round about  
Unto mee sent, both Golde, and pearles, and things of greater cost,  
Which I let passe, least I should seeme but vainly for to boast.

Besides the life of many a man hath bin preserue by mee.

In such a blisfull state (O King) what can there wanting bee?

(OE. Good fortune can no meane obserue, but stil she pleaseeth higher.)

CRE. Shall I than guiltlesse die (alas,) my cause and all vntryde?

OED. Were vnto you at any time my life, my deedes discride?

Did any man defend mee yet? or els my causes pleade?

And guiltlesse yet I am condemn'de to this you doe mee leade,

And mee expresse example giue, which I intend to take.

What measure you doe meat to mee, lyke measure must I make.

CRE. The minde which causelesse dyed appawls, true cause of feare be-  
That conscience is not guiltlesse sure, which euery blast dismaies. (Wraies

OED. Hee that in midst of perilles deepe, and daungers hath bene cast,  
Doth seeke all meanes to shun like ills as hee hath ouerpast.

CR. So hatreds ryse. OE. Hee that to much doth vse ill will to feare,

Unskillfull is: and knowes not how, hee ought him selfe to beare

In kings estate. For feare alone doth Kingdomes chiefly keepe.

Than hee that thus doth arme him selfe from feare all free may sleepe.

CRE. Who so the cruell tyrant playes, and guiltlesse men doth lymight,

Hee dreareth them that him doe dread, so feare doth chiefly light

On causers chiefe. A iust reuenge for bloudy mindes at last.

OED. Come take this traytor vile away, In dongeon deepe him cast

Enclose. There for his due deserts, let him abide such payne

And scourge of minde (as meete it is) false traytors to sustayne.

Chorus.

## Chorus.



See, see, the myserable State,  
 of Princes carefull lyfe.  
 What raging storms? what bloudy broyles?  
 what toyle? what endlesse stryfe  
 Doe they endure? (O God) what plagues?  
 what grieve do they sustayne?  
 A Princely lyfe: No. No. (No doubt)  
 an euer duringe payne.

A state ene fit for men on whom fortune woulde wreke her will.  
 A place for Cares to couch them in. A doore wyde open still  
 For griefes and daungers all that ben to enter when they list.  
 A king these Hates must euer haue, it bootes not to reist.  
 Whole floods of pynny pinching feare, great anguyshe of the minde:  
 Apparant plagues, & dayly griefes. These playfayres Princes finde.  
 And other none, with whom they spend, and passe they wretched dayes.  
 Thus hee that Princes liues, and bale Estate together wayes:  
 Shall finde the one a very hell, a perfect infelicity:  
 The other eke a heauen right, exempted quight from mysery.  
 Let OEdipus example bee of this vnto you all,  
 A Mirrour meete. A Patern playne, of Princes carefull thall.  
 Who late in perfect Joy as seem'de, and euerslasting blis,  
 Triumphantly his life out led, a Myler now hee is,  
 And most of wretched Mylers all, euen at this present tyme,  
 With doubtfull waues of feare Itolt, subiect to such a Tryme  
 Whereat my tongue amased staves, God graunt that at the last,  
 It fall not out as Creon tolde. Not yet the worst is past,  
 (I feare.)

N 2.

THE

# THE FOVRTH

## ACTE.

### THE FIRSTE

#### SCENE.

OEdipus. Iocasta.



Mynde with doubtfull waues of dread,  
is tolled to and fro,  
I wot not what to say (Alas)  
I am tormented so.  
For all the Gods on me doe cry,  
for paynes and vengeaunce due.  
They say that these my guiltlesse hands,  
king Laius lately slue.  
But this my conscience boyde of crime  
and mynde from mischiefe free:

To Gods vntried, to mee well known denies it so to bee:  
Full well I doe remember once, by chaunce I did dispatch,  
A man who sought by force with mee presumptuously to match.  
His purpose was (a fond attempt) my Chariot for to stay,  
This I remember well enough, the strife was in the way.  
And he a man well kept in yeares, and I a lusty bloud,  
And yet of meere disdayne and pride in bayne hee mee withstood.  
But this from Thebes farre was done, a crooked thre pathd way,  
That was the place in which we fought: it hard by Phocis lay.  
Deare Wyfe resolue my doubts at once, and mee expressly tell.  
How old was Laius the King whan this mischaunce befell?  
Was he of fresh and lusty yeares? or stricken well in age  
When he was kilde? Deale my thoughts of this tormenting rage.  
IOC. Betwixt an old man an a yong: but nearer to an olde.  
OED. Were there great Bands of men w<sup>th</sup> him his Person to uphold?  
IOC. Some by the way deceiued were, and some deterd by payne.  
A fewe by toyle and labour long, did with their Prince remaine.  
OE. Were any slayne in his defence? IO. Of one report is rise,  
Who constant in his princes cause full stoutly lost his lyfe.  
OED. It is enough, I knowe the man that hath this mischiefe done.  
The number and the place agrees. The time vntried alone  
Remaynes: Than tell what time hee died, and when that he was slaine.  
IOC. 'Tis ten yeares since: you now reuiue my chiefest cares againe.

THE

# THE FOVRTH

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## ACTE.

### THE SECOND

#### SCENE.

Senex. OEdipus.



**T**he Corinth people all (O King)  
in Fathers place to rayn  
Doe call your Grace: Polybius doth  
eternall rest obtayn.

OED. O God what Fortune byle doth mee  
opprelle on euery side?

How doe my sorowes still encrease?

Tell how my Father dide.

SEN. No sicknesse (Sir) but very age did of his life him reauē.

OED. And is hee dead? in deede? not slayne? what ioy may I conceaue?

How may I now triumph? the Gods to witnesse I doe call,

To whom are known my hidden thoughts and secret workings al:

Now may I lift to skyes my hands, my hands from mischiefe free.

But yet the chiefest cause of feare remaineth still to mee.

SEN. Your Fathers kingdom ought al dyed out of your mind to dyue.

OED. That I cōfesse. But secret thoughts my trembling heart do rīue

With inward doubt of deepe distresse, my Mother I do feare.

This grudge is that continually my heart doth rent and teare.

SEN. Do you your Mother feare? on your return that onely stayes.

OED. I feare not her: but from her sight, a godly zeale mee frayes.

S. What will you her a Wydow leaue? OE. Now, now, thou wōldst my

This, this, and onely this (alas,) is cause of all my smart. (heart.

SEN. Tell me (O king) what doubtfull feare? doth presse thy princely

Kings cōncels I can well cōceale that ben with Cares opprest. (hest:

OED. Least as Apollo hath fozetolde, I should a Mariage make

With myne owne Mother: only this fowle feare doth make me quake.

SEN. Such hayne & penyth feares, at length from out your breast exyle,

Meropa your Mother is not in deede, you do your selfe beguile.

OED. What bauntage should it be to her adopted Sonnes to haue?

SEN. A kingdom she shall gayne thereby. Her Husband layde in graue.

The chiefest prop to stay her Realmes from present confusion,

Is children for to haue: and hope of lawfull succession.

¶ 3.

OED. What



## Oedipus

OED. What are the meanes whereby thou dost these secrets vnderſtād  
 SEN. My ſelfe (your grace) an Infant gaue into your fathers hand.  
 OED. Didst thou me to my ffather geue? Who than gaue me to thee?  
 SEN. A Sheparde ſir, that wonted on Cytheron Hills to bee. (do?  
 OE. What made thee in thoſe woods to raiſe? what hadſt thou there to  
 SEN. Upon thoſe Hills my Beaſts I kept, ſometime a Sheepeherde to.  
 OE. What norſ, what priuy marks haſt thou wherby thou doſt me kno?  
 SE. The holes y<sup>t</sup> through your ſecte are boꝝde frō where your name did  
 OE. Declare forthwith what was his name y<sup>t</sup> gaue me vnto thee. (gro.  
 SE. The kings chief Shephard than that was, deliuered you to mee.  
 OE. What was his name? SE. A king old mens remēbrance ſoone doth  
 Obluiſion for the chiefest part, doth hoary heads allayle, (ſayle:  
 And drowns their former memoꝝy of things long out of mynde. (ſinde,  
 OE. What? canſt thou know y<sup>t</sup> man by ſight? S. Perhaps I ſhould h<sup>m</sup>  
 And know by face. Things ouerwhelmd by time, and quight oppreſt.  
 A ſmall marke oft to mynde reuokes, and freſh reuues in bꝛeſt.  
 OE. Sirs bid the Herdmien forthw<sup>d</sup> driue they<sup>r</sup> Beaſts to Aulterſ all.  
 Away with ſpeede, make haſt, the Maſter Sheepherds to mee call.  
 SE. Sith that your deſtyn this doth hyde, and Fortune it detayne  
 And cloſely keepe, let it be ſo, from opening that reſtrayne.  
 That long conceald hath hidden lpen, that ſeeke not to diſcloſe:  
 Such things outſercht and ſouid oſtrimes agaynſt the ſercher goes.  
 OE. Can any miſchiefe greater be? than this that now I ſeate.  
 SE. Aduiſe you wel remembre fyrſt what weight this thing doth beare:  
 That thus you goe about to ſearch, and ſlit with Toothe and Nayle,  
 Obſerue the golden meane: beware beare ſtill an equall ſayle.  
 Your Countreys wealth (A King) your lyfe, and all vpon this lyes.  
 Though you ſtir not, bee ſure at length your Fortune you eſcꝛyꝛes.  
 A happy ſtate for to diſturbe doth nought at all behoue.  
 OE. When things be at the worſt, of them a man may ſafely moue.  
 SE. Can you haue ought moꝝe excellent? than is a Pꝛinces ſtate?  
 Beware leaſt of your Parents found it you repent to late.  
 OE. No (father) no I warrant that: repent not I (I trow.)  
 I ſeeke it not to that entent. I haue decreed to know,  
 The matter at the full. Wherefoꝛe I will it now purſue.  
 Lo Phorbas: where hee trembling coms, with comely aged hue.  
 To whom of all the kinges ſtock than, the care and chaꝛge was due.  
 Doſt thou his name, his ſpeach his face, or yet his perſon know?  
 SE. He thinks I ſhould haue ſeene his face, and yet I cannot ſhow  
 The places where I haue him ſeene, ſmall time bzings ſuch a chainge,  
 As well

As well acquainted Faces oft, to vs appeare full strainge.  
 This looke is neyther thoroughly known, nor yet vnkown to mee,  
 I cannot tell: I doubt it much, and yet it may bee hee.  
 In Laius tyme long since when hee these Kindomes great did keepe:  
 Wast thou not on Citheron hils chiefe Shepard to his sheepe?

# THE FOVRTH

## ACTE.

### THE THIRDE SCENE.

Phorbas. Senex. OEdipus.



Sometime a charge of sheepe I had,  
 vnworthy though I weer.  
 And did vpon those hills chiefe rule  
 on other Shepards beare.  
 SE. Knowst thou not me. PH. I cannot tell.  
 OE. Didst thou once geue this man  
 A Childe. Speake out, why dost thou say?  
 if so, declare it than.  
 Why dost thou blush and doubting stand,  
 troth seeketh no delay?

PH. Things out of minde you call agayne, almost quight worne away.  
 OE. Confesse thou slaue, or els I sweare, thou that constraind bee  
 PH. In deede I doe remembre once, an Infant yong by mee,  
 Delpyuered was vnto this Man: but well I wot in bayne,  
 I know he could not long endure, nor yet aloue remayne.  
 Long since he is dead (I know it well) hee liues not at this day.  
 SE. No? God forbid, he liues no doubt, and long may liue I pray.  
 OE. Why dost thou say the child is dead, that thou this man didst giue?  
 PH. With Irons sharp his feete were boord, I know he could not liue,  
 For of the sore a swelling rose, I saw the bloud to gush  
 From out of both the wounds: and down by powring streames to flush.

¶ 4.

¶ Nowe

## Oedipus

SEN. Now stay (O king) no farther now, you know almost the truth.  
 OE. Whose child was it? tell me forthwith. PH. I dare not for mine Othe.  
 OE. Thine Orh thou slave? Some lye here. He charme thine Orhe and  
 With lye & flames: except forthwith thou tell the truth to mee. (thee.  
 PH. O pardon mee, though rude I seeme, I seeke not to withstand  
 Your graces minde: (most noble king.) My life is in your hand. (name?  
 OED. Tell me y<sup>e</sup> truth, what child, & whose, What was his Mothers  
 P. Born of your wyfe. OE. O gaping earth deuour my body quight:  
 Or else thou God that ruler art of houses boyde of light,  
 To Hell my Soule with thunder boltes to Hell my Soule down dzyue.  
 Where grieuily Ghosts in darkeneite deepe, and endlesse payne do lyeue.  
 For thee alone, these Plagues doe rage. For thee these mischiefs ryle.  
 For thee, the Earth lyes desolate. For thee thou wretch the Skies  
 Infected are. For thee, for thee, and for thy filthy lust,  
 A hundred thousand guiltlesse men, consumed are to dust.  
 O people throw: cast heapes of stones vpon this hatefull Hed:  
 Bath all your swords within my brest: you furies ouerhed  
 My restlesse thoughts, with raging wdes: and plungde in seas of pain.  
 Let mee those horrors still endure, which damned soules sustain.  
 You citizens of Statelie Thebes ber me with torments due.  
 Let Father, Son, and Wyfe, and all with vengeance me pursue.  
 Let those that for my sake alone with plagues tormented bee  
 Throw darts, cast stones, sling fier and flames, and tortures all on mee.  
 O shame: O launder of the Wo:ld: O hate of Gods aboue.  
 Confounder O of Nature thou to lawes of sacred loue,  
 Euen from thy birth an open foe. Thou didst deserue to dye  
 As soone as thou wast born. Go, go, vnto the Court thee hie,  
 There with thy Mother (slave) triumph reioyce as thou maist do,  
 Who hast thy house encreased with unhappy children so.  
 Make haste with speede, away, some thing thy mischiefs woorthy finde.  
 And on thy selfe wrecke all the spight of thy reuenging minde.

Chorus.

# The fifth tragedy.

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## Chorus.

**F**ortune the guide of humane lyfe doth al things chaūge at will.  
 And stirring stil, w<sup>th</sup> restles thoughts our wretched midys doth fill.  
 In bayn men strine their stats to kepe w<sup>th</sup> hīdeous rēpelts rise:  
 And blustering windes of daungers deepe lets death befoze their  
 Who saith he doth her fauning feele? & chaūgeth not his minde. (eyes.  
 When sickle sight of Fortunes wheele doth turne by course of kinde.  
 These greuous plagues frō priuat house to princely Thrones do flow,  
 And oft their minds with cares they soule and thīck vpon the strow.  
 Whole heapes of griefe and dyre debate, a wofull thing to see:  
 A Princely lyfe to mylers state, conuerred foz to bee.  
 O Oedipus thy fatall fall, thy dzeadfull mischiefs ryght.  
 Thy dolefull state, thy mysery, thy thise unhappy plight:  
 These things shall blase through all y<sup>r</sup> world: what heart may thē reioyce  
 At thy distresse? I can no more: my teares doe stop my voyce.  
 But what is he that yonder stamps? and raging puffs and blowes,  
 And often shakes his beted head, some mischiefe great hee knowes.  
 Good sir your countnaunce doth import some great and fearefull thing,  
 Tell vs therfore (if that you may) what newes from Court you bying.

## THE FIFTE

### A C T E.

#### NVNTIVS.



When Oedipus accursed wretch,  
 his fatall fals had spied,  
 To hell he damns his wretched soule  
 and on the Gods he cryed  
 foz vengeaunce due. And posting fast  
 with franticke moode & grieelly hue,  
 Unto his dolefull Court hee went,  
 his thoughts foz to pursue.

Much like a Lion ramping wyld, his furious head that shakes.  
 And roares with thundring mouth alowd, and often gnathing makes,  
 None otherwise thus miser farde. A lothsome sight to see.  
 Besides himfelfe foz very rage, he still desires to dye.

And rowl:



## Oedipus

And rowling round his wretched Eyes with visage pale and wan:  
 Ten thousand Cursers out he poyzes. Himselfe the unhappiest man  
 Of all that liue, he doth account: as iustly he may doe.  
 A wretch, a slaue, a castrife vyle. The cause of all our woe.  
 And in this case enflamd with spight he cries, he stamps, he raues.  
 And boyling in his secret thoughts, he still desyres to haue  
 All torments vnder sun that may his Cares conceiude encrease.  
 O wretched wyght, what should hee doe? What man may him release?  
 Thus coming all for rage at mouth, with sighes, and sobes, & groanes,  
 His dammed head ten thousand times, as oft his werped bones  
 He beats. And often pissing makes, and roares, and swels, & sweats.  
 And on the Gods for death hee calles, for Death hee still entreats,  
 Threë times he did begin to speake: and thysle his tong did stay.  
 At length he cried out alowd: O wretch. Away, away.  
 Away thou monstrous Beast (he sayd:) wilt thou prolong thy lyfe?  
 Nay rather some man strike this brest with strooke of bloudy knyfe.  
 Or all you Gods aboute on mee your flaming fiers outcast:  
 And dints of Thunderbolts down throw. This is my prayer last.  
 What greedy vile deuouring Gripe, vpon my guts will gnaw?  
 That Tigre fierce my hateful limmes will quight a sunder draw?  
 Loe, here I am you Gods: Loe, heere, wke now on me your will:  
 Now, now you fyre feendes of Hell, of vengeaunce take your fill.  
 Send out some wilde outragious beast send Dogs mee to deuoure,  
 Or els all ils you can deuise, at once vpon me poyze.  
 O wofull soule. O sinfull wretch. Why dost thou feare to dye?  
 Death only ridz fro woes thou knowst. Than stoutly Death desie.  
 With that his bloudy fatall Blade, from out his sheath he drawes.  
 And lowd he rozes, w<sup>th</sup> thūdyng voice. Thou beast why dost thou pawse?  
 Thy Father cursed castrife thou, thy Father thou hast slayne  
 And in thy Mothers bed hast left an euerduring stayne.  
 And Brothers thou hast got: nay Sons thou liest: thy Brothers all  
 They are. Thus for thy monstrous lust thy Countrey down doth fall.  
 And thinkst thou than for all these ils enough so short a payne?  
 Thyngkst thou the Gods will be appealde, if thou forth with be slayne?  
 So many mischiefes don: and ist enough one stroke to hydt?  
 Account'st thou it sufficient paynes, that once thy sword should glide  
 Quight through thy guilty brest for all? why than dispatch and dye.  
 So maist thou recompence thy Fathers death sufficiently.  
 Let it be so: what mends vnto thy Mother wilt thou make?  
 Vnto thy chylzen what? these plagues (O wretch) how wilt thou slake?  
 That thus

That thus for thee thy countrey wastes? One push shall ende them all.  
 A proper fetch. A fine deuise. For thee a worthy fall.  
 Inuent thou monstrous beast forthwith: a fall euen worthy for  
 Thy selfe inuent: whom all men hate and loth, and doe abhor.  
 And as dame Natures lawfull course is broke (O wretch) by thee.  
 So let to such a mischief great, thy Death agreeing bee.  
 O that I might a thousand times, my wretched lyfe renewe.  
 O that I might reuue and dye by course in order dewe.  
 Ten hundred thousand times & more: than should I vengeance take  
 Upon this wretched head. Than I perhaps in part should make  
 A meete amends in deede, for this my fowle and lothsom Sin.  
 Than should the prooue of payne reprove the life that I liue in.  
 The choyse is in thy hand thou wretch, than vse thine owne discretion.  
 And finde a meanes, whereby thou maist come to extreame confusion.  
 And that, that oft thou maist not doe, let it prolonged bee.  
 Thus, thus, maist thou procure at length an endlesse death to thee.  
 Serch out a death whereby thou mayst perpetuall shame obtayne:  
 And yet not dye. But still to liue in euermlasting payne.  
 Why stayst thou man? Go to I say: what meane these blubbing teares?  
 Why weepst thou thus? Alas to late. Leau of thy foolyshe teares.  
 And ist enough to weepe thinkst thou? Shall teares and wayling serue?  
 No wretch it shall not be. Thou dost ten thousand deaths deserue.  
 Myne eyes doe dally with mee I see, and teares doe still out powre.  
 Shall teares suffice? No, no, not so I shall them better scowre,  
 Out with thine Eyes (he sayd:) and than with fury fierce enflam'de.  
 Like to a bloody raging feend and monstrous beast vntam'de.  
 With fiery flaming spotted Cheekes his breast he often beats.  
 And scratch, and teare his face hee doth and Skin a sunder creats. }  
 That scarle his eyes in head could stand so sore he them helers. }  
 With furious fierce outrageous minde hee stamps and cries aloud:  
 And roares & rayles, with ramping rage. Thus in this case he stood.  
 Perplext, and vexed sore in minde, with deadly sighs and teares. }  
 When sodenly all franticklike himselfe from ground hee reares. }  
 And rooterth out his wretched Eyes, and sight a sunder teares. }  
 Then gnasherh hee his bloody Teeth, and bites, and gnawes, & champs,  
 His Eyes all bathd and hyde in blood, for fury fierce he stamps.  
 And raging more than needes (alas,) his Eyes quight routed out:  
 The very holes in bayne hee scrapes so sore the wretch doth dout:  
 Least sight should chaunce for to remayne he rents and mangels quight  
 His face, his Nose, his Mouth, and all whereon his hands do light  
 Hee rygs

## Oedipus

Hee rygs and ryues. Thus lowly rayd (alas) in piteous plight:  
 At length his head aloft he lifts, and therewith geues a might.  
 And whan hee sees that all is gone, both light, and sight, and all.  
 Than schreiking out: he thus begins vpon the Gods to call. }  
 Now spare you Gods, now spare at length my countrey prest to fall.  
 I haue done that you did commaund: Your wraths reuenged bee.  
 This wretched looke, this mangled face, is fittest now for mee.  
 Thus speaking, down the blackish bloud by streams dorth gushing flow  
 Into his mouth. And clotted lumps of flesh the place dorth strow  
 Wherein hee standes.  
 Beware betimes, by him beware, I speake vnto you all.  
 Learne Justice, truth, and feare of God by his vnhappy fall.

## Chorus.

**M**Ans lyfe w<sup>t</sup> tumbling fatal course of fortunes wheele is rowld,  
 To it giue place, for it dorth run all swiftly vncontrowld.  
 And Cares & teares are spent in vayne, for it cannot be stayed:  
 Syth his decree of heavenly powers perforce must be obeyed.  
 What mankind bydes or does on earth it cometh from aboue,  
 Then wayling grones powd out in grieve do nought at all behoue.  
 Our life must haue her pointed course, (alas) what shall I say. }  
 As fates decree, so things do run, no man can make them stay.  
 For at our byrth to Gods is known our latter dying day.  
 No Prayer, no Arte, not God himselte may fatall fates resist.  
 But fastned all in fixed course, vnchaunged they perist.  
 Such ende them still ensues as they appointed were to haue,  
 Than fly all feare of Fortunes chaung, seeke not to lyue a slaue  
 Enthrald in bondage hyle to feare. For feare dorth often bring  
 Destinies that dreaded ben and mischiefs feard vpon vs sing.  
 Yea many a man hath come vnto his fatall ende by feare.  
 Wherefore set peuisht feare aside, and worthy courage beare.  
 And thou that subiect art to death. Regard thy latter day.  
 Thinke no man blest before his ende. Aduise thee well and stay.  
 Be sure his lyfe, and death, and all, be quight exempt from mysery:  
 Ere thou do once presume to say: this man is blest and happy.  
 But out alas, see where he coms: a wretch withouten Guide,  
 Bereft of sight. Halfe spoyld of lyfe: without all Pomp, and Pride  
 (That vnto Kings Estate belongs.)

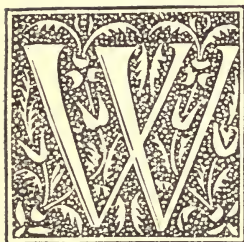
T H E



*THE FIFTE*  
ACTE.

THE SECOND SCENE.

OEdipus. Chorus, Iocasta.



Ell, well, tis done : more yet ? No, no,  
no mischiefs more remaines.  
My Fathers Rites performed are.  
What God on Myselfers paynes  
That rues within this Cloud hath tolde,  
and wrapt my wretched Fate.  
Ah he : this is a life alone.  
This is a happy State.  
This is a case ene fit for thee,  
for thee thou wretch, for thee.

From whose accursed sight the Sun, the Stars and all doe flee.  
Yet mischiefs more, who giues to doe ? The dreadfull day I haue  
Escapt. Thou filthy Paracide : thou vile mischieuous Slaue.  
Unto thy right hand nought thou owlt, all things performed bee.  
O woe is mee that euer I liu'de this lucklesse day to see.  
Where am I now ? Alas, alas, the light and all doth mee  
Abhor : O wretched OEdipus this looke is fitt for thee.

CHO. See, see, where Iocasta comes, with fierce and furious moode,  
Quight past her selfe. For very rage thee frets and waxeth woode.  
Much like to Cadmus daughter mad, who late hir Sonne did kill.  
Fayne would she speake her mynde : for feare (alas) she dares not : still  
Shew stayes, and yet from out her breast these ill haue quight exile  
All shamefastnes. See how shee looks, with count'naunce fierce & wilde.  
IO. Fayne would I speake, I am afraide. For what should I thee call  
My Son ? doubt not. Thou art my Son. My Son thou art for all  
These mischiefs great : alas, alas I shame my Son to see.  
O cruell Son. Where dost thou turn thy face ? Why dost thou flee  
From me. From me thy Mother deare ? Why dost thou shun my sight ?  
And leaue me thus in misery, with Cares consumed quight.

OE. Who troubles me ? Let me alone. I thought not to be founde :  
Who now restores myne Eyes to mee, Mother ? or Mothers founde ?  
Dur la.



## Oedipus

Our labour all is spent in bayne, now may wee meete no more.  
 The Seas deuide those meetings vile that wee haue had before.  
 The gaping earth deuide vs both, th'one from th'other quight.  
 Still let our feere repugnant bee. So shall I shun the light  
 That most of all me grieues. So shall I space obtaine to wayle  
 These bleeding woes on euery side, that doe my thoughtes assaile.  
 IOC. The Destenies are in fault. Blame them. Alas, alas, not wee.  
 OED. Spare now. Leauē of to speake in bayne, spare now O Mother  
 By these Reliques of my dismembred body I thee pray. (mee,  
 By myne unhappy Childzen pledges left. What shall I say?  
 By all the Gods I thee beseech. By all that in my name  
 Is good or bad, let mee alone. Alas you are to blame  
 To trouble mee. You see what hell my haplesse heart doth payne.  
 You see that in my Conscience then thousand horrors raine.  
 IOC. O dying heart: O sindownd soule. Why dost thou faint alas?  
 Why dost thou seeke and toyle in bayne these ills to ouerpas?  
 What meane these sighes, & scalding teares? why dost thou death refuse?  
 Thou mate of all his mischiefs thou, by whose meanes onely rues  
 The law of nature all: by whom, Ah, Ah, confounded lies,  
 Both God, and man, and beast, and all that eyther liues or dies.  
 Die thou, dispatch at once thyself through thy vile incestuous brest:  
 Thou hast none other meanes (alas) to let thine heart at rest.  
 Not thou, if God him selfe, if he his flaming fiers should throw  
 On thee, or mischiefs all by heapes vpon thy body strow  
 Couldst once for thy deserued ills due paines or vengeaunce pay:  
 Some meanes therefore to weake Gods wrath vpon thy selfe assay.  
 Death, death now best contenteth mee. then seeke a way to dye.  
 So maist thou yet at length finde end for all thy misery.  
 O Son lend mee thy hand: sith that thou art a Paracyde,  
 This labour last of all remaynes, this labour thee doth hyde.  
 Dispatch rid mee thy mother deare from all my deadly woe  
 It will not be: no prayers auailē. Thy selfe this deede must doe.  
 Take vp this sword. Goe to, with this thy husbände late was slayne.  
 Husband? thou term'st him false: hee was thy syer: O deadly payne.  
 Shal I quight through my brest it dꝛiue? or through my throte it thrust?  
 Canst thou not choole thy wound? away: die, die, (alas) thou must.  
 This hateful womb then would (O wretch) this, this w<sup>th</sup> thine own hand  
 Strike, strike it hard: (O spare it not) sith both a husband, and  
 (The same a Son it bare.)

CHOR. Alas, alas, shee is slaine, shee is slayne, dispatched with a push:  
 Who euer sawe shee like to this: see how the blood doth gush.

O heaup

A heauy doulfull case : who can this dyzefull sight enduer  
 Which for the hideoutnesse thereof might reares of stones procuer.  
 OED. Thou God, thou teller out of fates. On thee, on thee, I call,  
 My father onely I did owe, vnto the Destinies all.  
 How twise a Paracide, and worse than I did feare to bee :  
 My Mother I haue slayne. (Alas) the fault is all in mee.  
 O Oedipus accursed wretch, lament thine owne Calamity,  
 Lament thy state, thy grieve lament, thou Catrike bozne to misery.  
 Where wilt thou now become (alas?) thy face where wilt thou hyde :  
 O miserable Slaue, canst thou such shamefull tormentes hyde?  
 Canst thou which hast thy Parents slain? Canst thou prolong thy life?  
 Wilt thou not dye? deseruing Death: thou cause of all the grieve,  
 And Plagues, and dreadfull mischiefs all that Thebane City preale.  
 Why dost thou seeke by longer life, thy sorrowes to encrease?  
 Why dost thou toyle and labour thus in bayne? It will not bee.  
 Both God, and man: and beast, and all abhorre thy face to see.  
 O Earth why gapst thou not for me? why doe you not vnfolde  
 You gates of hell mee to receaue? why doe you hence withholde?  
 The fierce Infernall ffeends from me, from me so wretched wight?  
 Why breake not all the furies lose this hatefull head to smight  
 With Plagues? which them deserued hath (alas) I am left alone,  
 Both light, and sight, and comfort all from mee (O wretch) is gone.  
 O cursed head: O wicked wight, whom all men deadly hate.  
 O Beast, what meanst thou still to liue in this vnhappy state?  
 The Skies doe blush and are aghamd, at these thy mischiefs great  
 The Earth laments, y<sup>e</sup> Heauens weepe, the Seas for rage doe treat.  
 And blustering rise, and stormes doe stir, and all thou wretch for thee.  
 By whole incest, and bloody deedes all things disturbed bee.  
 Night out of course, displaced quight, O cursed fatall day.  
 O mischiefs great, O dreadfull times, O wretch, away, away.  
 Erile thy selfe from all mens sight, thy life halfe spent in misery,  
 Goe end consume it now outright in thyse as great calamity.  
 O lying Phoebe thine Oracles my sin, and shame surmount:  
 My Mothers death amongst my deedes, thou neuer didst recount.  
 A meete Exploit for me that am to Nature deadly foe.  
 With trembling fearefull pace goe forth, thou wretched monster goe,  
 Grope out thy wayes on knees in darke thou miserable Slaue.  
 So maist thou yet in tract of time due paynes, and vengeance haue,  
 For thy mischeuous lyfe. Thus, thus, the Gods themselves decree.  
 Thus, thus, thy fates: thus, thus, the fates appoint it for to bee.

Then

## Oedipus

Then headlong hence, with a mischief hence, thou castise hyle away.  
Away, away, thou monstrous Beast. Goe, Run. Stand, stay,  
Least on thy Mother thou doe fall.

All you that wearyed bodies haue, with sicknesse ouerprest.  
Loe, now I fly: I fly away, the cause of your varest.  
Lift vp your heads: a better state of Ayre shall straight ensewe  
When I am gone: for whom alone, these dreadfull mischiefs grewe.  
And you that now, halfe dead yet liue in wretched misers case.  
Help those who present torments preise forth, hve you on apace.  
For loe, with me I cary hence, all mischiefs vnder Skyes.  
All cruell fates, Diseales all that for my sake did ryle,  
With mee they goe: with me both griefe, Plague, Pocks, Botch, & all  
The ills that eyther now you preise, or euer after shall.  
With me they goe, with me: these Hares bin merest of all for mee.  
Who am the most unhappiest wretch that euer Sun did see.

FINIS.

95

**THE SIXTE**  
**TRAGEDIE OF THE MOST GRAVE**  
 & prudēt Author **LVCIVS ANNÆVS SENECA,**  
 entituled *TROAS*, vvith diuers and  
 fundrye Additions to the same,  
 by **IASPER HEY-**  
**VVOOD.**

*To the Reader.*



*L THOUGH (GENTLE Reader) thou mayst perhaps thinke mee arrogant, for that I onely among so many fine wittes and to-wardly youth (with which Englād this day florisheth) haue enterprised to set forth in english this present piece of the flowre of all writers, Seneca, as who say, not fearing what grauer heads might iudge of me, in attempting so hard a thing, yet vpon well pondering what next ensueth, I trust both thy selfe shalt cleare thine owne suspicion, and thy chaunged opinion shal iudge of me more rightfull sentence. For neither haue I taken this worke first in hand, as once entending it should come to light ( of well doynge wherof I vtterly dispayred) and beyng done but for myne owne priuate exercise, I am in myne opinion herein blameles, though I haue (to proue my selfe ) priuately taken the part which pleased me best of so excellent an author, for better is tyme spent in the best then other, and at first to attempt the hardest writers, shall make a mā more prompt to translate the easier with more facility. But now since by request, & frēd-ship of those, to whom I could denye nothings, this worke agaynst my will extorted is out of my hands, I needes must*  

O. craue



*To the Reader.*

*craue thy pacience in reading, and facility of iudgement: when thou shalt apparantly se my willes lacke of learning, praying thee to consider how hard a thing it is for mee to touch at ful in all poynts the authors mynd, (beyng in many places verye harde and doubtfull, and the worke much corrupt by the default of euil printed Bookes) and also how farre aboue my power to keepe that Grace and maiestye of stile, that Seneca doth, when both so excellent a writer hath past the reach of all imitation, and also this our English toung (as many thinke, and I here fynd) is farre vnable to compare with the Latten: but thou (good Reader) if I in any place haue swerued from the true sence, or not kept the roialty of speach, meete for a Tragedie, impute the one to my youth and lacke of iudgement: the other to my lacke of Eloquence. Now as concerninge sondrye places augmented and some altered in this my translation. First forasmuch as this worke seemed vnto mee in some places vnperfite, whether left so of the Author, or parte of it loste, as tyme deuoureth all thinges, I wot not, I haue (where I thought good) with addition of myne owne Penne supplied the wante of some thynges, as the firste Chorus, after the firste acte begynninge thus. O ye to whom &c. Also in the seconde Acte I haue added the speache of Achilles Spright, ryfying from Hell to require the Sacrifyce of Polyxena begynning in this wyse. Forsakinge now. &c. Agayne the three laste stunes of the Chorus after the same Acte: and as for the thyrde Chorus which in Seneca beginneth thus, QVE VOCAT SEDDES? For as much as nothing is therein but a heaped number of farre and straunge Countries, considerynge with my selfe, that the names of so manye vnknown*  
Coun-

*Countreyes , Mountaynes , Desertes , and VVoodes ,  
shoulde haue no grace in the Englishe tounge , but bee a  
straunge and vnpleasant thinge to the Readers (excepte  
I should expound the Historyes of each one , which would  
be farre to tedious,) I haue in the place therof made ano-  
ther beginninge, in this manner. O Ioue that leadst. &c.  
VVhich alteration may be borne withall, seyng that Cho-  
rus is no part of the substaunce of the matter In the rest  
I haue for my slender learninge endeouored to keepe touch  
with the Latten, not worde for woorde or verse for verse,  
as to expounde it, but neglectynge the placinge of the  
wordes, obserued their sence. Take Gentle Reader this  
in good woorth with all his faultes , fauour my first be-  
ginnings, and amende rather with good will such things  
as herein are amisse, then to depraue or discommende my  
labour and paynes, for the faultes, seyng that I haue  
herein, but onelye made waye to other that  
canne farre better doe this or like, desi-  
ryng them that as they can , so  
they would. Farewel gen-  
tle Reader and ac-  
cept my good  
will.*

## The Argument.

**T**He ten yeares siege of Troy, who list to heare,  
And of thaffayres that there befell in fight:  
Reade ye the workes that long since written were,  
Of all Thassaultes, and of that latest night,  
When Turrets toppes in Troy they blased bright  
Good Clerkes they were that haue it written well  
As for this worke, no word therof doth tell.

But Dares Phrygian, well can all report,  
With Dictis eke of Crete in Greekish tounge  
And Homer telles, to Troye the Greekes resort  
In scanned verse, and Maro hath it song  
Ech one in writ hath pend a stoary long,  
Who doubtles of ought, and casteth care to knowe  
These antique Authors, shal the story showe,

The ruines twayne of Troy, the cause of each,  
The glittering helmes, in fieldes the Banners spread,  
Achilles yres, and Hectors fightes they teach.  
There may the iestes of many a Knight be read:  
Patroclus, Pyrrhus, Ajax, Diomed,  
With Troylus, Parys, many other more,  
That day by day, there fought in field full fore.

And how the Grekes at end an engine made:  
A hugie horse where many a warlike Knight  
Enclosed was: the Troians to inuade  
With Sinons craft, when Greekes had fayned flight,  
While close they lay at Tenedos from sight,  
Or how Eneas els as other say,  
And false Antenor did the towne betray.

But as for me I naught therof endight,  
Myne Author hath not all that story pend:

My

My pen his wordes in English must refight,  
Of lateſt woes that fell on Troy at end,  
What finall fates the cruell God could fend.  
And how the Greekes when Troy was burnt gan wreake  
Their ire on Troians, therof ſhall I ſpeake.

Not I with ſpere who pearced was in field,  
Whoſe throate there cutte, or head ycorued was  
Ne bloudſhed blowes, that rent both targe and ſhield  
Shal I refight, all that I ouerpaffe.  
The worke I wryght more woeful is alas,  
For I the mothers teares muſt here complayne,  
And bloud of babes, that giltles haue bene ſlayne.

And ſuch as yet could neuer weapon wreast,  
But on the lap are wont to dandled bee,  
Ne yet forgotten had the mothers breast,  
How Greekes them ſlew(alas)here ſhal ye ſee  
To make report therof ay woe is mee,  
My ſong is miſchife, murder,mifery,  
And hereof ſpeakes this doleful tragedy.

Thou fury fel that from the deepeſt den  
Couldſt cauſe this wrath of hell on Troy to light,  
That worckeſt woe guyde thou my hand and pen,  
In weeping verſe of ſobbes and ſighes to wryght,  
As doth myne author them bewayle aright:  
Helpe woefull muſe for mee beſemeth wel  
Of others teares, with weeping eye to tell.

When battered were to ground the towres of Troy  
In writ as auncient authors do refight,  
And Greekes agayne repayrde to Seas with ioy,  
Vp riſeth here from hel Achilles Spright,  
Vengeance he craues vvith bloud his death to quight.  
Whom Paris had in Phœbus temple ſlayne,  
With guile betrapt for loue of Polyxeine.

O iij

And



## Troas'

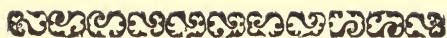
And wrath of hel there is none other pryce  
That may affwage: but bloud of her alone  
Polyxena he craues for facrifyce,  
With threatninges on the Grecians many one  
Except they shed her bloud before they gone.  
The Sprighes the hell, and depeft pittes beneath,  
O Virgin dere, (alas) do thrust thy death.

And Heçtors sonne, Aftyanax (alas)  
Pore feely foole his Mothers onely ioy,  
Is iudgd to die by sentence of Calchas  
Alas the whyle, to death is led the boy,  
And tumbled downe from Turrets tops in Troy.  
What ruthful teares may serue to wayle the woe  
Of Heçtors wyfe that doth her child forgoe.

Her pinching pange of hart who may expresse,  
But such as of like woes, haue borne a part?  
Or who bewayle her ruthful heauines  
That neuer yet hath felt therof the smart?  
Ful well they wot the woes of heauy hart.  
What is to leefe a babe from mothers breast,  
They know that are in such a case distrest.

Firft how the Queene laments the fall of Troy,  
As hath mine author done, I shall it wryght  
Next how from Heçtors wyfe they led the boy  
To die, and her complayntes I shall refight,  
The maydens death then I must last endight.  
Now who that lifte the Queenes complaint to here,  
In following verse it shall forthwith appeare.

The

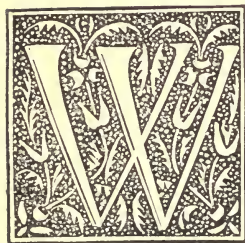


## The Speakers names.

HECVBA Queene of Troy.	CALCHAS. PYRRHVS.
A company of women.	CHORVS.
TALTHYBIVS a Grecian.	ANDROMACHA
AGAMEMNON King of Greeks.	An old man TROIAN. VLYSSES.
ASTYANAX.	HELENA.
NVNCIVS.	The Sprihgt of Achilles.

## THE FIRST ACTE.

Hecuba.



Ho so in pompe of prowde estate,  
or Kingdome lets delight:  
O who that ioyes in Princes courte  
to heare the sway of night.  
He dreads the fates which from aboue  
the wauering Gods downe flinges:  
But fast affiance fixed hath,  
in frayle and fickle thinges:  
Let him in me both se the face,  
of Fortunes flattering ioy:

And eke respect the ruthful end of thee (O ruinous Troy)  
For neuer gaue thee playner prooffe, then this ye present see:  
How frayle and brittle is the state of pride and high degree,  
The flowre of flowing Asia, loe whole fame the heauens resound,  
The Worthy worke of Gods aboue, is bated downe to ground.  
And whole assaultes they fought afar, from West w<sup>t</sup> Banners sped  
Where Tanais cold her bzaunches seuen, abroad the world doth shed.  
With hugie host and from the East, where springes the newest dea,  
Where Lukewarme Tygrischannell runnes, and meetes the ruddy sea.

D 4

And

## Troass

And which frō wandzyng land of Scyrthe, the band of widowes sought:  
 With fire and sword thus battered be her Turrets downe to nought.  
 The walles but late of high renowne lo here their ruinous fall:  
 The buildinges burne, and flashing flame, sweepes through the pallas al.  
 Thus euery house ful hie it smoakes, of old Astarackes lande:  
 Ne yet the flames withholdes from spoyle, the greedy Victors hand.  
 The surging smoake, the asure skye, and light hath hid away:  
 And (as with cloude beiet) Troyes Athes staynes the dusky day.  
 Through pearst with ire and greedy of hart, the victor from a farre.  
 Doth view the long assaulted Troy, the gaine of ten yeares warre,  
 And eke the miseries therof abhoyres to looke vpon,  
 And though he se it yet scant himselfe, helieues might be wonne,  
 The spoyles thereof with greedy hand, they snatch and beare away:  
 A thousand shippes would not receiue aboarde so huge a pray  
 The yreful might I do protest of Gods aduerse to mee,  
 My countreys dust, and Troyan King I call to witnes thee,  
 Whom Troy now hydes, and vnderneath the stones art ouertrode:  
 With al the Gods that guides the Ghost, and Troy that lately stode.  
 And you also you flocking Ghostes of al my chyldren dere:  
 Ye leller Sprightes what euer ill, hath hapned to vs here.  
 What euer Phœbus watrish face, in fury hath foresayde:  
 At raging rise from seas when earst, the monsters had him frayde.  
 In chyldehd bandes I saw it yore, and wist it should be so:  
 And I in bayne before Cassandra told it long agoe.  
 Not false Vlysses kindled hath these fires, nor none of his:  
 Nor yet deceptful Sinons craft, that hath bene cause of this.  
 My fyre it is wherwith ye burne, and Parys is the brand  
 That smoketh in thy towres (O Troy) the slowre of Phrygian land.  
 But ay (alas) vnhappy age, why dost thou yet so soze,  
 Bewayle thy Countreies fatall fall thou knewest it long before.  
 Behold thy last calamities, and them bewayle with teares:  
 Account as old Troys ouerturne, and past by many yeares,  
 I saw the slaughter of the King, and how he lost his life:  
 By Th'aulter side (more mischief was) with stroake of Pyrrhus knife.  
 When in his hand he wound his lockes, and drew the King to ground,  
 And hid to hiltes his wicked sword, in deepe and deadly wound.  
 Which when the gozed King had tooke, as willing to bee slayne,  
 Out of the old mans thyoate he drew his bloudy blade agayne.  
 Not pittie of his yeares (alas) in mans extreamest age:  
 From slaughter might his hand withhold, ne yet his yre allwage:  
The

The Gods are witnes of the same, and eake the sacrificyes,  
 That in his kingdome holden was, that flat on ground now lies.  
 The father of so many Kings Pryam of aunient name,  
 Untombed lieth and wants in blase of Troy: his funerall flame.  
 He yet the Gods are wreakt, but loe his Sonnes and daughters all,  
 Such Lordes they serue as dorth by chance of lot to them befall.  
 Whom shall I follow now for pray? or where shall I be led  
 There is perhaps amonge the Greekes that Hectors wyfe wil wed.  
 Some man desyres Helenus spouse some would Antenoys haue,  
 And in the Greekes their wantes not some, that would Cassandra craue  
 But I (alas) most woeful wight whom no man seekes to chuse,  
 I am the only refuge left, and me they cleane refuse  
 Be careful captiue company, why stints your woful crye?  
 Beate on your breastes and piteously complayne with voyce so hye,  
 As meete may be for Troyes estate, let your complayntes rebound  
 In toppes of Trees: and cause the hills to ring with terrible sounde.

*THE SECOND*  
 SCENE.

The VVoman,      Hecuba.



Ot folke vnapt, nor nevv to vveepe (O Queene)  
 Thou vvilst to vvayle by practife are vvee taught,  
 For all these yeares in such case haue vve bene,  
 Since first the Troyan gwest, Amiclas foughte  
 And faild the Seas, that led him on his vvay  
 With sacred ship, to Cibell dedicate  
 From vvhen he brought his vnrepyning pray,  
 The cause (alas) of all this dire debate,  
 Ten tymes novv hydde the hilles of Idey bee,  
 With snovve of Syluer hevv all ouer layd.  
 And bared is, for Troyan rages each tree,  
 Ten tymes in field, the haruest man asfayde,

The



## Troas

The spikes of Corne hath reapt, since neuer day  
His waylyng wantes new cause renewes our woe  
Lift vp thy hand ,(O Queene )crie well away :

We follow thee, we are wel taught thereto.

HEC. ¶ Ye faythful fellowes of your casualty,

Vntie that tyre, that on your heads ye weare,

And as behoueth state of misery,

Let fall aboute your woeful neckes your hayre.

In dust of Troy rub all your armes about,

In slacker weede and let your breastes be tyed

Downe to your bellies let your limmes lye out,

For what wedlocke should you your bosomes hyde?

Your garmentes loose, and haue in readines

Your furious handes vppon your breast to knocke

This habite well befeemeth our distresse,

It pleaseth me, I know the Troyan flocke

Renew agayne your longe accustomde cries,

And more then earst lament your miseryes.

We bewaile Hector.

WO. ¶ Our hayre we haue vntide,now euerychone,

All rent for forrow of our curfed cace,

Our lockes out spreads, the knottes we haue vndone

And in these ashes stayned is our face.

HEC. ¶ Fill vp your handes and make therof no spare,

For this yet lawful is from Troy to take

Let dovne your garmentes from your shoulders bare.

And suffer not your clamour so to flake.

Your naked breastes wayte for your handes to smight

Now dolor deepe now forrow shevv thy might:

Make all the coastes that compas Troy about

Witnes the foude of all your careful crye

Cause from the Caues the eccho to cast out :

Rebounding voyce of all your misery :

Not as she wontes, the latter word to found

But

## The fixt tragedie.

100

But all your woe from farre let it rebound  
Let al the Seas it heare, and eke the land  
Spare not your breastes vvith heauy stroake to strike  
Beate ye your selues,ech one vvith cruell hand  
For yet your vvonted crie doth me not like

VVe bevvayle Hector.

VVO.Our naked armes, thus here vve rent for thee,  
And bloody shoulders,(Hector)thus vve teare:  
Thus vvith our fistes,our heades lo beaten bee  
And all for thee,behold vve hale our heare.  
Our dugges alas,vvith mothers hands be torne  
And vvhere the flesh is vvounded round about  
VWhich for thy sake,vve rent thy death to morne  
The flowing streames of blood,they spring thereout.  
Thy countres shore,and destinies delay.  
And thou to vvearied Troians vvaft an ayde,  
A vvall thou vvaft,and on thy shoulders Troy  
Ten yeres it stode,on thee alone it staide,  
VVith thee it fell:and fatall day alas

Of Hector both,and Troy but one there vvas.

HEC. Enough hath Hector:turne your plaint and mone  
And shed your teares for Pryame euery chone.

VVO.Receiue our plaintes,O lord of Phrigian land

And old tvvise captiue king,receiue our feare,

VWhile thou vvert king. Troy hurtles then could stand

Though shaken tvvise,with Grecian sword it weare,

And twise did shot of Hercules quiuer beare,

At latter losse of Hecubes sonnes all

And roges for kings,that hgi h on piles we reare:

Thou Father shutst our latestt funerall.

And beaten downe,to Ioue for sacrifices.

Like liewles blocke,in Troy thy carkas lies.

HEC. Yet turne ye once your teares, another way,

My pryams death,should not lamented be.

O Troians

## Troas

O Troyans all,ful happy is Pryame fay,  
For free from bondage, downe descended hee,  
To the lowest Ghoste : and neuer shall sustayne  
His Captiue necke with Greekes to yoked bee.  
Hee neuer shal behold the Atrids twayne  
Nor false Vliffes euer shal he see.  
Not hee a pray for Greekes to triumph at  
His necke shall subiect to their conquestes beare  
Ne geue his handes to tie behynde his backe,  
That to the rule of Scepters wonted weare,  
Nor following Agamemnons chare,in bande  
Shall he bee pompe, to proude Mycenass land.

WO. ¶ Ful happy Pryame is,each one wee fay  
That toke vvith him his Kingdome then that stooode  
Now fass in shade, he seekes the wandring way ,  
And treads the pathes of all Elizius wood,  
And in the blessed Sprighthes, ful happy hee,  
Agayne there seekes to meete with Hectors Ghost.  
Happy Pryam,happy whofo may see,  
His Kingdome all,at once vvith him be lost.

*Chorus added to the Tragedy by  
the Translator.*



Ye to whom the Lord of Lande and Seas,  
Of Life and Death hath graunted here the powre  
Lay dovne your lofty lookes,your pride appeas  
The crownded King fleeth not his fatall howre.  
Who so thou be that leadst thy land alone,  
Thy life vvass limite from thy mothers vvombe,  
Not purple robe, not Glorious glittering throne,  
Ne crowne of Gold redeemes thee from the tombe :

A

## The sixt tragedie.

101.

A King he was that wayting for the vayle,  
Of him that flew the Minotaure in fight :  
Begilde with blacknes of the wonted faile  
In fease him fonke, and of his name they hight.  
So he that wild, to vvin the golden spoyle  
And first vvith ship, by fease to seeke renovvne,  
In lesser vvaue, at length to death gan boyle,  
And thus the daughters, brought their father dovne :  
Whose songes, the vvoodes hath dravven, and riuers held,  
And birdes to heare his notes, did theirs forsake,  
In peece meale throwvne, amid the Thracian field,  
Without returne hath sought the Stigian lake.  
They sit aboue, that holde our life in line,  
And vvhat vve suffer dovne they fling from hie,  
No carke, no care, that euer may vntwine  
The thrids, that vvouen are aboue the skie,  
As vvitnes he that sometyme King of Greece,  
Had Iason thought, in drenching fease to drovvne  
Who scapt both death and gaind the Golden fleece,  
Whom fates aduance, there may no povvre plucke dovne  
The higheft God sometyme that Saturne hight  
His fall him taught to credite their decrees  
The rule of heauens: he lost it by their might,  
And Ioue his sonne novv turnes the rolling Skies.  
Who vveneth here to vvin eternall vveth,  
Ket him behold this present perfite prooffe.  
And learne, the secrete stoppe of chaunces stelth,  
Most nere alas, vvhen most it seemes aloofe.  
In slipper ioy let no man put his trust:  
Let none dispayre that heauy haps hath past  
The svete vvith sovvre she minglenth as she lust  
Whose doubtful web pretendeth nought to last.  
Frailtie is the thride, that Clothoes rocke hath sponne,  
Novv from the Distaffe dravvne novv knapt in tvvaine

With



## Troas

With all the world at length his end he wonne,  
Whose works haue wrought, his name should great remaine  
And he whose trauels twelue, his name display,  
That feared nought the force of worldly hurt,  
In fine (alas) hath found his fatall daye,  
And died with smart of Dianyraes shurt,  
If prowes might eternity procure,  
Then Priam yet should liue in lyking lust,  
Ay portly pompe of pryde thou art vnfore,  
Lo learne by him. O Kinges yee are but dust.  
And Hecuba that wayleth now in care,  
That was so late of high estate a Queene,  
A mirrour is to teach you what you are  
Your wauering wealth, O Princes here is seene.  
Whom dawne of day hath seene in high estate  
Before Sunnes set, (alas) hath had his fall  
The Cradels rocke, appoyntes the life his date  
From setled ioy, to fodayne funerall.

### THE SECOND ACTE.

*The Spright of Achilles added to the tra-  
gedy by the Translator.*

The first Scene.



Orfaking now the places tenebrouse,  
And deepe dennes of thinfernall region  
From all the shadowes of illufious  
That wader there the pathes ful many one  
Lo, here am I returned al alone,  
The fame Achil whose fierce and heauy hande  
Of al the world no wight might yet withstand.  
What man fo stout of al the Grecians hoft,  
That hath not fometyne crau'd Achilles aide,

And

## The sixt tragedie.

102.

And in the Troyans , who of prowes most  
That hath not feard to see my Banner splaide  
Achilles lo, hath made them all affrayde.  
And in the Greekes hath bene a piller post,  
That stvrdy stode agaynst their Troyan host.

Where I haue lackt the Grecians went to wracke,  
Troy proued hath what Achills sword could doe  
Where I haue come the Troyans fled a backe,  
Retyring fast from field their walles vnto,  
No man that might Achilles stroke fordoe  
I dealt such stripes amid the Troian route,  
That with their bloud I staynd the fieldes aboute.

Mighty Memnon that with his Persian band,  
Would Pryams part with all might mayntayne,  
Lo now he lyeth and knoweth Achilles hand  
Amid the field is Troylus also slayne.  
Ye Hector great, whom Troy accompted playne  
The flowre of chiuallry that might be found,  
All of Achilles had theyr mortall wound.

But Paris lo, such was his false deceit ,  
Pretending maryage of Polixeine,  
Behynd the aulter lay for me in wayte  
Where I vnwares haue falne into the trayne  
And in Appolloes church he hath me slayne  
Wherof the Hel will now iust vengeance haue,  
And here agayne, I come my right to craue.

The deepe Auerne my rage may not fustayne,  
Nor beare the angers of Achilles spright  
From Acheront I rent the spoyle in twayne,  
And though the ground I grate agayne to fight :  
Hell could not hide Achilles from the light,

Vengeance

## Troas

Vengeance and bloud doth Orcus pit require,  
To quench the furies of Achilles yre.

The hatefull land,that worfe then Tartare is  
And burning thrust excedes of Tantalus,  
I here beholde againe,and Troy is this  
O,trauell worfe, then stone of Sifyphus  
And paines that passe the panges of Tityus  
To light more lothsome furie hath me sent  
Then hooked wheele,that Ixions flesh doth rent.

Remembred is alowe where sprites do dwell  
The wicked slaughter wrought by wyly way.  
Not yet reuenged hath the deepest hell,  
Achilles bloud on them that did him slay  
But now of vengeance come the yrefull day  
And darkeft dennes of Tartare from beneath  
Conspire the fautes,of them that wrought my death.

Now mischiefe,murder,wrath of hell draweth nere  
Aud dyre Phlegethon flood doth bloud require  
Achilles death shall he reuenged here  
VVith slaughter such as Stygian lakes defyre  
Her daughters bloud shal flake the spirites yre,  
VVhose sonue we flew,whereof doth yet remayne,  
The wrath beneath,and hell shalbe their payne,

From burning lakes the furies wrath I threate,  
And fire that nought but streames of bloud may flake  
The rage of winde and seas their shippes shall beate,  
And Ditis deepe on you shall vengeance take,  
The sprites crie out,the earth and seas do quake  
The poole of Styx,vngratefull Greekes it seath,  
VVith slaughtred bloud reuenge Achilles death.

The

The soyle doth shake to beare my heauy foote  
And fearth agayne the sceptors of my hand,  
The pooles with stroake of thunderclap ring out,  
The doubtful starres amid their course do stand,  
And fearfull Phœbus hides his blasing brande  
The trembling lakes agaynst their course do flite,  
For dread and terrour of Achilles spright.

Great is the raunsome ought of due to mee,  
Wherwith ye must the sprighes and hell appease,  
Polyxena shal sacrfyfed be,  
Vpon my tombe, their yreful wrath to please,  
And with her bloud ye shall asswage the seas  
Your ships may not returne to Greece agayne  
Til on my tombe Polyxena be slayne.

And for that she should then haue bene my wyfe,  
I wil that Pyrrhus render her to mee,  
And in such solemne fort bereaue her life,  
As ye are wont the weddinges for to see,  
So shal the wrath of Hel appeased bee,  
Nought els but this may satiffy our yre,  
Her wil I haue and her I you require.

P.

The



# Troas.

## THE SECOND SCENE.

Talthibius, Chorus.



Las how long the lingring Greekes  
in hauen do make delay,  
When eyther warre by seas they seeke  
or homie to passe theyr way.  
Ch. Why, thew what cause doth hold your  
and Grecian nauy staves,                      ships  
Declare if any of the Gods  
haue stopt your homeward waves.  
Tal. My mynd is mai'd, my trembling sin-  
newes quake and are afeard,  
For straunger newes of truth then these

I thinke were neuer heard.

So I my selfe haue playnly seene in dawning of the day,  
When Phoebus first gan to appoach and driue the starres away.  
The earth all shaken sodaynly and from the hollow grownde:  
My thought I hard with roaryng crye a deepe and dreadfull sound:  
That shoke the woods, and al the trees rong out with thunder stroke,  
From Ida hils downe fel the stones, the mountayne toppes were broke.  
And not the earth hath onely quakt, but all the Sea likewyse.  
Achilles presence felt and knew, and high the surges ryle.  
The clouen ground Erebus pittes then thewd and deepest dennes,  
That downe to Gods that guyde beneath, the way appeard from hence.  
Then shoke the tombe from whence anone in flame of fiery light,  
Appeareth from the hollow caues Achilles noble spright.  
As wonted he is Thracian armes and bannars to display  
And weild his weighty weapons wel agaynst thassautes of Troy,  
The same Achilles seemde he than that he was wont to bee  
Amid the hostes and easily could I know that this was hee.  
With carkasse slayne in furious fight, that stopt and sild each floude.  
And who with slaughter of his hand made Xanthus runne with bloud.  
As when in Chariot high he late with lofty stomacke stoute.  
Whyle Hector both and Troy at once he drew the walles aboute.  
Alowd he cride, and euery coast rang with Achilles sound,  
And thus with hollow voyce he spake, from bottom of the ground.  
The

The Greekes shal not with litle pryce redeeme Achilles yre,  
A princely ranfome must they geue, for so the fates require  
Vnto my athes Polyxene spouled shal here be slayne  
By Pyrrhus hand, and al my tombe her bloud shal ouerspayne.  
This sayd, he straght ranke downe agayne to Plutoes deepe region,  
The earth then cloald, the hollow caues were banished and gon  
Therwith the wether waxed clere, the raging wyndes did flake,  
The sombling seas began to rest and al the tempest brake.

*THE THIRD*  
SCENE.

Pyrrhus, Agamemnon,  
Calchas.



What tyme our sayles we should haue spread,  
vppon Sygeon Seas,  
With swift returne from long delay,  
to seeke our homeward wayes.  
Achilles rose whose onely hand,  
hath geuen Greekes the spoyle.  
Of Troia sore annoyde by him,  
and leueld with the soyle,  
With speede requirring his abode  
and former long delay,

At Scyros yle, and Lesbos both amid the Ægæon sea.  
Til he came here in doubt it stoode of fall or sure estate,  
Then though ye haue to graunt his wil ye shall it geue to late.  
Now haue the other captaynes all the pryce of their manhood,  
What els reward for his prowesse then her al onely blood?  
Are his desertes thinke you but light, that when he might haue fled,  
And passing Pelyus yeares in peace, a quiet life haue led,  
Detected yet his mothers crattes, forlooke his womans weede,  
And with his weapons prou'd himselfe a manly man indeede:  
The King of Mysya, Telephus that woulde the Greekes withstand,  
Comming to Troy, forbidding vs the passage of his land:

¶ 2.

To

## Troas.

To late repenting to haue felt. Achilles heauy stroke  
 Was glad to craue his health agayne where he his hurt had tooke  
 For when his soze might not be salu'd as told Appollo playne,  
 Except the speare that gaue the hurte, restoared help agayne.  
 Achilles plasters cur'd his cuttes, and sau'd the King aliuē:  
 His hand both might and mercy knew to slay and then reuyne.  
 When Thebes fel. Ection saw it and might it not withstand,  
 The captiue King could nought redresse the ruin of his land.  
 Lyrnesus litle likewyse felt his hand and downe it fill,  
 With ruine ouerturned like from top of haughty hil.  
 And taken Byzeps land it is and prisoner is the caught  
 The cause of strife betwene the Kinges is Chryses come to naught.  
 Tenedos yle wel knowne by fame and fertile soyle he tooke  
 That fostreth fat the Thracian flockes and sacred Cilla shooke  
 What bootes to blase the hute of himwhom trumpe of fame doth shew,  
 Through all the coastes where Caicus floud with swelling stream doth  
 The ruthful ruine of these realmes so many townes bet downe, flow?  
 Another man would glozy count and worthy great renowane.  
 But thus my father made his way and these his iourneyes are,  
 And battayles many one he fought whyle warre he doth prepare.  
 As wist I may his merits more shall yet not this remayne.  
 Wel knowne and counted prayse enough that he hath Hector slayne  
 Duryng whose lyfe the Grecians al might neuer take the towne,  
 My father onely vanquish Troy, and you haue pluckt it downe.  
 Reioyce I may your parentes prayse and brute abroad his actes,  
 It seemeth the sonne to follow well his noble fathers factts,  
 In sight of Priam Hector slayne, and Memnon both they lay.  
 With heauy cheere his parentes wayld to mourne his dying day.  
 Himselke abhord his handy worke in sight that had them slayne,  
 The Sonnes of Goddes Achilles knew were bozne to die agayne  
 The woman queene of Amazons that greu'd the Greekes ful soze.  
 Is turnd to flight then ceast our feare wee dread their bowes no more.  
 If ye wel waigh his worthynes Achilles ought to haue  
 Though he from Argos or Mycenass would a Virgin craue,  
 Doubt ye herein? allow ye not that straight his wil be done.  
 And count ye cruel Pryams bloud to geue to Peleus sonne?  
 For Helen sake your owne childes bloud appeald Dianass ye  
 A wonted thing and done ere this it is that I require.  
 Ag. The onely fault of youth it is not to restraîne his rage  
 The fathers bloud already sturres in Pryams wanton age:

Some=

Sometime Achilles grieuous checkes I bare with patient hart,  
 The more thou mayst the more thou oughtst to suffer in good part  
 Whereto would yee with slaughtred bloud a noble spirit slayne?  
 Thinke what is meete the Greekes to do, and Trojans to sustayne.  
 The proude estate of tyranny may neuer long endure.  
 The King that rules with modest meane of safety may be sure.  
 The higher step of princely state that fortune hath vs signd  
 The more behou'th a happy man humillity of mynd  
 And dread the chaunge that chaunce may bring, whose gifts so sone be lost  
 And chiefly then to feare the Gods, whyle they the fauour most.  
 In beating downe that warre hath wonne, by prooofe I haue ben taught,  
 What pompe and pride in twinke of eye, may fall and come to naught.  
 Troy made me fierce & proude of mynde, Troy makes me frayd withal:  
 The Greekes now stand wher Troy late fel, ech thing may haue his fal.  
 Sometime I graunt I did my selfe, and Sceptors proudly beare,  
 The thing that might aduance my hart makes me the more to feare.  
 Thou Priam perfit prooofe presentst thou art to mee estlones:  
 A cause of pride, a glasse of feare a mirrour for the nones,  
 Should I account the Sceptors ought, but glorious vanity  
 Much like the borrowed brayded hayre, the face to beautify.  
 One sodayne chaunce may turne to naught, and mayne the might of men  
 With fewer then a thousand shippes, and yeares in lesse then ten.  
 Not he that guydes the slipper wheele of fate, doth so delay:  
 That he to al possession grauntes, of ten yeares settled stay.  
 With leaue of Greece I wil confesse, I would haue wonne the towne  
 But not with ruine thus extreme to see it beaten downe.  
 But loe the battel made by night and rage of feruent mynd,  
 Could not abyde the hydling bitte that reason had assignd.  
 The happy sword once staind with blood vnfariable is,  
 And in the darke the feruent rage doth strike thee more amis.  
 Now are we weakt on Troy so much let all that may remayne.  
 A Virgin hozne of Princes bloud for offering to be slayne  
 And geuen he to slayne the tombe and ashes of the ded,  
 And vnder name of wedlocke see the guiltles bloud be shed,  
 I wil not graunt for myne should bee thereof both fault and blame,  
 Who when he may, forbiddeh not offence: doth wil the same.  
 Pyr. And shall his spights haue no reward their angers to appeyse?  
 Aga. Yes very great, for all the world shall celebrate his prayle,  
 And landes vnknownen that neuer saw, the man so prayd by fame,  
 Shall heate and kepe for many yeares the glozy of his name.



## Troas.

If bloudshed bayle his ashes ought strike of an Ores hed,  
 And let no bloud that may be cause of mothers teares, be shed.  
 What furious franly may this be that doth your will so leade,  
 This earnest carefull suite to make in trauaple for the dead?  
 Let not such enuy towarde your father in your heart remayne,  
 That for his sacrifice yee would procure an others payne,  
 Pyr. Proude tirant, while prosperity thy stomacke doth aduance,  
 And cowardly wretch that shrinks for feare in case of fearefull chaunce.  
 Is yet agayne thy breast enflamde, with brand of Venus might?  
 Wilt thou alone so oft depriue Achilles of his right?  
 This hand shall giue the sacrifice, the which if thou withstand.  
 A greater slaughter shall I make, and worthy Pyrrhus hand.  
 And now to long from Princes slaughter doth my hand abide,  
 And meete it were that Polyxene were layde by Priams side.  
 Aga. I not deny, but Pyrrhus chiefe renowne, in warre is this,  
 That Pryam slaine with cruell sword, to your father humbled is.  
 Pyr. My fathers foes we haue them known, submit themselues humbly,  
 And Pryam presently yee wot, was glad to craue mercy.  
 But thou for feare not stout to rule, liest close from foes by hit:  
 While thou to Ajax, and Vlysses, dost thy will commit.  
 Aga. But needes I must, and will confesse, your father did not feare:  
 When burnt our flecte with Hectors brands, & Greeks they slaughtred  
 While loytring then a loofe he lay, vnmindfull of the fight. (weare.  
 In flecte of armes with scratch of quill, his sounding harp to smight.  
 Pyr. Great Hector then despising thee, Achilles songes did feare:  
 And Theffale ships in greatest dread, in quiet peace yet weare.  
 Aga. For why alsoe the Theffale flecte, they lay from Troyans handes,  
 And well your father might haue rest, he felt not Hectors handes.  
 Pir. Well seemes a noble king to giue an other king reliefe.  
 Aga. Why hast thou then a worthy king berieued of his life?  
 Pyr. A point of mercy sometime is, what liues in care to kill.  
 Aga. But now your mercy mosueth you a birgins death to will.  
 Pyr. Account yee cruell now her death whose sacrifice I craue.  
 Your own deere daughter once yee knowe, your selfe to th'aulters gaue.  
 Aga. Naught els could saue the Greekes fro seas, but th'only bloud of  
 A king before his children ought, his countrey to prefer. (her:  
 Pyr. The law doth spare no captiues bloud nor wil'th their death to stay  
 Aga. That which the law doth not forbid, yet shame doth oft say nay.  
 Pyr. The conquerour what thing he list, may lawfully fulfill.  
 Aga. So much the lesse he ought to list, that may do what he will.  
 Pyr. Thus

PYR. Thus boast ye these as though in all ye onely bare the stroke:  
 When Pyrrhus loosed hath the greekes, from bond of ten yeres yoke.  
 A. Hath Scyros yle such stomaks bred? P. No betherens woth it knowes.  
 AG. Belet about it is with waue. PYR. The seas it do enclose.  
 Thyestes noble stocke I know and Atreus eke full well,  
 And of the betherens dire debate, perpetuall fame doth tell.  
 AG. And thou a bastard of a mayde, deflowred priuely.  
 Whom (then a boy) Achilles gat, in filthy lechery.  
 Pyr. The same Achill that doth possesse, the raigne of Gods aboute,  
 With Thetys seas: with Æacus sprights, the starred heauen with Ioue  
 Aga. The same Achilles that was slaine, by stroke of Paris hande.  
 Pyr. The same Achilles, whom no god, durst euer yet withstand.  
 Aga. The stoutest man I rather would his checkes he should restraine  
 I could them tame, but all your bragges, I can full well sustaine.  
 For euen the captiues spares my sword: let Calchas called be.  
 If destinyes require her blood, I will thereto agree  
 Calchas whose counsel rulde our ships, and nauy hither brought,  
 Unlookt the poale and hast by arte the secretes thereof sought,  
 To whome the bowelles of the beast, to whom the thunder clap,  
 And blasynge starre with flaming traine, betokeneth what shall hap.  
 Whose words with dearest price I bought, now tell vs by what meane  
 The will of Gods agreeth that we returne to Grece againe.  
 Cal. The fates apoint the Grekes to buy their waies with wonted price.  
 And with what cost ye came to Troy, ye shal repayre to Grece  
 With blood ye came, with blood ye must from hence returne againe,  
 And where Achilles ashes lieth, the virgin shal be slaine,  
 In seemely sort of habite, such as maydens wont ye see,  
 Of Thessalie, or Mycenae els, what time they wedded be.  
 With Pyrrhus hand she shal be slaine, of right it shalbe so  
 And meete it is that he the sonne, his fathers right should do.  
 But not this onely stayeth our shippes, our sayles may not be spred,  
 Before a worthier blood then thine, (Polixena) be shed,  
 Which thirst thirst the fates, for Priames nephew, Hectors litle boy:  
 The Grekes shal tumble hedlonge down, from highest towre in Troy.  
 Let him there die, this onely way ye shal the gods appeas,  
 Then spread your thousand sayles with ioy ye neede not feare the seas.

P 4.

Chorus

## Troas.

### Chorus.



Ay this be true, or doth the Fable fayne,  
When corps is deade the Sprite to liue as yet?  
When Death our eies with heauy hand doth straine,  
And fatall day our leames of light hath shet,  
And in the Tombe our ashes once be fet,  
Hath not the foule likewyse his funerall,  
But stil (alas) do wretches liue in thrall?

Or els doth all at once togeather die?  
And may no part his fatal howre delay.  
But with the breath the foule from hence doth flie?  
And eke the Cloudes to vanish quite awaye,  
As danky shade fleeth from the poale by day?  
And may no iote escape from desteny,  
When once the brand hath burned the body?

What euer then the ryfe of Sunne may see,  
And what the West that sets the Sunne doth know.  
In all Neptunus raygne what euer bee,  
That restles Seas do wash and ouerflow,  
With purple waues stil tombling to and fro.  
Age shal consume: each thing that liuth shal die,  
With swifter race then Pegafus doth flie.

And with what whirle, the twyfe fixe signes do flie,  
With course as svift as rector of the Spheares,  
Doth guide those glistering Globes eternally.  
And Hecate her chaunged hornes repeares,  
So drauth on death, and life of each thing vveares,  
And neuer may the man, returne to fight,  
That once hath felt the stroke of Parcas might.

For

## The sixt tragedie.

107

For as the fume that from the fyre doth passe,  
With tourne of hand doth vanish out of sight  
And swifter then the Northren Boreas  
With whirling blaste and storme of raging might,  
Driuth farre away and puttes the cloudes to flight,  
So fleeth the sprighte that rules our life away,  
And nothing taryeth after dying day.

Swift is the race we runne, at hand the marke  
Lay downe your hope, that wayte here ought to win,  
And who dreads ought, cast of thy carefull carke:  
Wilt thou it wot what state thou shalt be in,  
When dead thou art as thou hadst neuer bin.  
For greedy tyme it doth deuoure vs all,  
The world it swayes to Chaos heape to fall.

Death hurtes the Corpes and spareth not the spright,  
And as for all the dennes of Tænare deepe.  
With Cerberus kingdome darke that knowes no light,  
And streightest gates, that he there sittes to keepe,  
They Fancies are that follow folke by sleepe  
Such rumors vayne, but fayned lies they are,  
And fables like the dreames in heauy care.

*These three staues following are added  
by the translatour.*

O dreadful day, alas, the fory time.  
Is come of al the mothers ruthful woe,  
Aftianax (alas) thy fatal line  
Of life is worne, to death strayght shalt thou goe,  
The sisters haue decreed it should be so,

There



## Troas

There may no force (alas) escape there hand,  
 There mighty Ioue their will may not withstand,  
 To se the mother, her tender child forsake,  
 What gentle hart that may from teares refrayne  
 Or whoſo fierce that would no pity take,  
 To ſee (alas) this guiltles infant ſlayne,  
 For ſory hart the teares myne eyes do ſtayne  
 To thinke what forrow ſhall her hart oppreſſe,  
 Her litle child to leeſe remedileſſe,

The double cares of Heſtors wife to wayle,  
 Good Ladies haue your teares in readines,  
 And you with whom ſhould pity moſt preuayle.  
 Rue on her grieve: bewayle her heauines.  
 With ſobbing hart, lament her deepe diſtreſſe,  
 When ſhe with teares ſhall take leaue of her ſon,  
 And now (good Ladies) heare what ſhall be done.

## THE THIRD ACTE.

Andromacha. Senex.

Vliffes.



Las ye careful company,  
 why hale ye thus your happes?  
 Why heate you so your boyling breasts  
 and stayne your eyes with tears?  
 The fall of Troy is new to you  
 but vnto me not so,  
 I haue forſeene this careful caſe  
 ere this tyme long agoe

When fierce Achilles Hector ſlew and diew the Corpes aboute  
 Then then me thought I wiſt it well, that Troy ſhould come to naught  
 In ſorrowes ſonke I ſenceles am and wrapt (alas) in woe,  
 But ſone except this babe me held, to Hector would I goe  
 This ſeely ſoole my ſtomacke tames amid my miſery,  
 And in the howze of heauieſt happes permittes me not to die,

This

This onely cause constraines me yet the gods for him to pray  
With tract of tyme prolonges my payne, delays my dying day :

He takes from me the lacke of feare the onely fruit of ill.  
For while he liues yet haue I left wherof to feare me still.

No place is left for better chaunce with worst wee are opprest  
To feare (alas) and see no hope is worst of all the rest.

Sen. What todayne feare thus moues your mynd, & bereth you so soze ?

And. Stil stil (alas) of one mishap there ysleth more and more,

For yet the doleful destenies of Troy be come to end .

Sen. And what more grievous chaunces yet prepare the Gods to send ?

Andr. The caues and denues of hel be rent for Trojans greater feare

And from the battoms of their tombes the hidden sprightes appeare .

May none but Greekes alone from hel returne to life agayne ?

Would God the fates would finish soone the sorowes I sustayne.

Death thankful were, a common care the Trojans all oppresse,

But me (alas) amaseth most the feareful heauines.

That all astonied am for dreade, and horvour of the sight :

That in my sleepe appeared to mee by dreame this latter night. (feare

Sen. Declare what sightes your dream hath shewd, & tell what doth you

And. Two parts of al the silent night almost then passed were.

And then the cleare seuen clustered beames of starres: were fallen to rest

And first the sleepe so long vnknowne my wearyed eyes opprest,

If this be sleepe the astonied make of mynd in heauy moode,

When todaynly before myne eyes the spright of Hector stode .

Not like as he the Greekes was wont to battail to require :

Or when amid the Grecians hippes, he thzew the brandes of fyre.

For such as raging on the Grees, with slaughtring stroake had slayne

And bare indeede the spoiles of him that did Achilles slayne .

His countenaunce not now so bright, nor of so liuely cheere,

But sad and heauy like to owres and clad with vgly hayre

It did me good to see him though when shaking then his head :

Shake of thy sleepe in hast he sayd, and quickly leaue thy bed :

Conuay into some secrete place our sonne (O faythful wife)

This onely hope there is to helpe find meane to saue his life .

Leaue of thy piteous tears he sayd, dost thou yet wayle for Troy ?

Would God it lay on Ground ful flat so ye might saue the boy.

Up stirre he sayd thy selte in hast conuay him priuily.

Saue if ye may the tender bloud of Hectors progeny

Then strayght in trembling feare I wakt and told myne eyes aboute

Forgettyng long my child poze wretch, and after Hector sought.

But

## Troas

But strayght (alas) I wist not how the Spright away did passe,  
 And mee forlooke before I could my husband once embrace.  
 O childe, O noble fathers broode and Troians only ioy,  
 O worthy seede of thauncient bloud, and beaten house of Troy.  
 O ymage of thy father loe, thou liuely bearst his face,  
 This countnaunce to my Hector had, and euen such was his pace.  
 The pitch of all his body such, his handes thus would he beare.  
 His shoulders high his threathing browes euen such as thine they were  
 O sonne: begot to late for Troy, but borne to soone for mee,  
 Shal euer tyme yet come agayne, and happy daye may be,  
 That thou mayst once reuenge and build agayne the towres of Troy,  
 And to the towne and Troyans both restore their name with ioy?  
 But why do I (forgettyng state of present deskenye),  
 So great thinges wish? enough for captiues is to liue only:  
 Alas what priuy place is left my litle childe to hide?  
 What seate so secret may be found where thou maist safely hide?  
 The towre that with the walles of gods so balaunt was of might,  
 Through all the world so notable, so flourishing to sight,  
 Is turnde to dust: and fire hath al consumd'e that was in Troy,  
 Of all the towne not so much now is left to hide the boy.  
 What place were best to choose for guile, the holy tombe is heere,  
 That then mies sword will spare to spoile wher lythe my husband deere.  
 Which costly worke his father builde, king Pryame liberall:  
 And it by railde with charges great, so Hectors funerall.  
 Herein the bones and ashes both of Hector (loe) they lie,  
 Best is that I commit the sonne to his fathers custodie.  
 A colde and fearefull sweat doth runne, through out my members all,  
 Alas I carefull wretch do feare, what chaunce may thee befall,  
 Sen. Hide him away: this onely way hath saued many more,  
 To make the ennies to beleue, that they were dead before.  
 He wil be sought: scant any hope remaineth of safenes,  
 The paille of his nobility doth him so sore oppres.  
 Andr. What way wer best to worke: that none our doings might bewray  
 Sen. Let none heare witnes what ye do remoue them all away.  
 Andr. What if the ennies aske me: where Astianax doth remaine?  
 Sen. Then shall ye holdelie answere make that he in Troy was slaine.  
 Andr. What shal it helpe to haue him hid? at length they will him finde.  
 Sen. At first the ennies rage is fierce, delay doth slake his minde.  
 Andr. But what preuailes, since free from feare we may him neuer hide?  
 Sen. Let yet the wretch take his defence, me carelesse there to hide.

What

THE  
TENNE TRAGEDIES  
OF  
SENECA.

TRANSLATED INTO ENGLISH.

PART II.

PRINTED FOR THE SPENSER SOCIETY.

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PRINTED BY CHARLES E. SIMMS,  
MANCHESTER.

And, What land vnknowne out of the way what vnfrequented place  
 May keepe thee safe? who ayds our feare? who shall defend our case?  
 Hector, Hector that euermore thy friendes didst wel defend  
 Now chiefly ayde thy wyfe and child and vs some succour send.  
 Take charge to keepe and couer close the treasures of thy wyfe,  
 And in thy Ashes hyde thy sonne preserue in tombe his life.  
 Draw neare my Childe vnto the Tombe, why fliest thou backward so?  
 Thou takst great feare to lurke in dens thy noble hart I know.  
 I see thou art asham'd to feare shake of thy princely mynd,  
 And beare thy breast as thee behoues as chaunce hath thee allynd.  
 Behold our case: and se what stroke remayneth now of Troy  
 The tombe: I woful captiue wretch and thou a feely boy,  
 But yeeld we must to sorow fates thy chaunce must breake thy breast,  
 Go to, creepe vnderneath thy fathers holy seats to rest.  
 It ought the fates may wretches helpe thou hast thy sauegard there.  
 It not: already then pore foole thou hast thy sepulchere.  
 Sen. The tombe him closely hides: but least your feare should him betray  
 Let him here lie and farre from hence goe ye some other way.  
 Andr. The lesse he feares that feares at hand, and yet it neede be so,  
 If ye thinke meete a litle hence for safety let vs goe.  
 Sen. A litle whyle keepe silence now refrayne your plaint and crye,  
 His curst foote now hether moues the Lord of Cephalie.  
 And, Now open earth, and thou my spouse from stir rend by y<sup>e</sup> ground,  
 Deepe in thy bosome hyde thy sonne that he may not be found.  
 Vlysses comes with doubtful pace and chaunged countenance  
 He knittes in hart deceitful craft for some more grievous chaunce.  
 Vl. Though I be made the messenger of heauy newes to you,  
 This one thing first I shal desyre that ye take this for true.  
 That though the wordes come from my mouth, and I my message tell  
 Of truth yet are they none of myne ye may beleue me wel.  
 It is the word of al the Greekes, and they the autho<sup>r</sup>s be,  
 Whom Hectors bloud doth yet forbid their countries for to see.  
 Our careful trust of peace vnshure doth stil the Greekes detayne,  
 And euermore our doubtful feare yet drawth vs backe agayne.  
 And suffreth not our wearyed handes, our weapons to forsake,  
 In child yet of Andromacha, while Troians comfort take.  
 An. And sayth your Augure Calchas so? Vl. Though Calchas nothing  
 Yet Hector telles it vs himselfe, of whose seede are we frayde. (sayde  
 The worthy bloud of noble men oft tymes we se it playne,  
 Doth after in their heires succede and quickly springes agayne.

For

## Troas

For so the hornles youngling yet, of high and sturdy beste,  
 With lofty necke and braunched brow, doth shortly rule the rest.  
 The tender twig that of the lopped stocke doth yet remayne,  
 To match the tree that bare the bough, in time startes vp again.  
 With equall top to former wood the rounne it doth supply,  
 And spreads on soyle alow the shade, to heauen his braunches hye.  
 Thus of one sparke by chaunce yet left it hapneth so ful oft.  
 The fyre hath quickly caught his force and flamth agayn aloft.  
 So feare we yet least Hectors bloud might rise er it be long,  
 Feare castes in all thertremity and oft interprets wrong.  
 If ye respect our case ye may not blame these old soldiars  
 Though after years and monthes twice fīue, they feare again the wars.  
 And other trauails dreading Troy, not yet to be wel wonne,  
 A great thing doth the Grecyans moue, the feare of Hectors son.  
 Rid vs of feare, this stayeth our fleete, and pluckes vs backe agayne,  
 And in the hauen our nauy sticke, til Hectors bloud he slayne.  
 Count me not seerce for that by fates I Hectors sonne require,  
 For I as wel if chaunce it would Orestes should desyre.  
 But since that needes it must be so, beare it with patient hart:  
 And suffer that which Agamemnon suffred in good part.  
 And. Alas my child would God thou wert yet in thy mothers hand.  
 And that I knew what destenies thee held or in what land.  
 For neuer should the mothers sayth her tender child forsake:  
 Though through my breast the enimies al, their cruell weapons strake.  
 For though the Greekes with pinching bandes of yron my handes had  
 Or els in feruent flame of fyre beset my body rounde. (bound,  
 But now my litle Child (poore wretch alas) where might he bee?  
 Alas, what cruel desteny what chaunce hath hapt to thee?  
 Art thou yet ranging in the fieldes and wandrest ther abroad?  
 Or smothered else in dusty smoake of Troy: or ouertroad?  
 Or haue the Greekes thee slayne (alas) and laught to see thy bloud?  
 Or torne art thou with iawes of beastes? or cast to foules for foode?  
 VI. Dissemble not, hard is for thee Vlisses to deceaue,  
 I can ful wel the mothers craftes and subtilty perceaue.  
 The pollecy of Goddes Vlisss hath vndone,  
 Set al these fayned wordes asyde, tel mee where is thy sonne?  
 An. Where is Hector? where al the rest that had with Troy their fall?  
 Where Priamus? you aske for one but I require of all.  
 VI. Thou shalt constrayned be to tell the thing thou dost deny.  
 And. A happy chaunce were Death to her that doth desyre to dye.  
VI. Where

## The sixt tragedie.

110

Vli. Who most desires to die, would faynest liue when death drawth on,  
These noble wordes with present feare of death woulde soone be gone.

And. Vlisses if ye wil constrayne Andromacha with feare,  
Threaten my life for now to dye my cheefe desire it were.

Vi. With stripes with fyre tormenting death we wil the truth out wrest  
And dolour shal thee force to tel the secrets of thy best.

And what thy hart hath depest hid for payne thou shalt expresse,  
Oft tymes thertremity preuayles much more then gentlenesse,

And. Set me in midst of burning flame with woundes my body rent,  
Use al the meanes of cruelty that ye may al inuent.

Proue me with thirst and hunger both, and euery torment trye,  
Pearce through my sides with burning yrons in prison let me lie.

Spare not the worst ye can deuyle (if ought be worse then this)  
Yet neuer get ye more of me. I wot not where he is.

Vli. It is but bayne to hyde the thinge that strayght ye wil deteck  
So feares may moue the mothers hart, the doth them al neglect.

This tender loue ye beare your child, wherein ye stand so skoute,  
So much more circumspectly warnt, the Greekes to looke about.

Least after ten yeares tract of tyme and battell bozne so farre,  
Some one shoulde liue that on our children might renew the warre,

As for my selfe, what Calchas sayth, I would not feare at all  
But on Telemachus I dread, the smart of warres would fall

And. Now will I make Vlisses glad and all the Greekes also,  
Peedes must thou woeful wretch confesse declare thy hidden woe.

Reioyce ye sonnes of Atreus there is no cause of dread.

Be glad Vlisses tell the Greekes that Hectors sonne is dead.

Vi. By what assurance proues thou that? how shal we credite thee:

And. What euer thing the ennies hand may threaten hap to me

Let speedy fates me slay forthwith, and earth me hyde at ones

And after death from tombe agayne, remoue yet Hectors bones,

Except my sonne already now, do rest among the dead.

And that except Astianax into his tombe be led.

Vliss. Then fully are the fates fulfilled with Hectors chldes disceate,

Now shal I heare the Grecians word, of sure and certayne peace.

Vlisses why what dost thou now? the Greekes wil euery chone,

Beleue thy wordes, whom creditst thou? the mothers tale alone.

Thinkst thou for sauegard of her child the mother wil not lye?

And dread the more the worse mischaunce to geue her sonne to die?

Her sayth she byndes with bond of oth, the truth to verify,

What thing is more of weight to feare, then so to sweare and lye?

Now



## Troas

Now call thy craftes togeather al, bestirre thy wittes and mynd,  
 And shew thy selfe Vlisses now, the truth herein to find.  
 Search wel thy mothers mynd: behold shee weepes and wayleth out,  
 And here and ther with doubtful pace, she rauningeth al aboute,  
 Her careful eares she doth apply to harken what I say,  
 More frayd she seemes then sorrowful. Now worke some wily way.  
 For now most neede of wit there is and crafty pollecy,  
 Yet once agayne by other meanes I wil the mother trye.  
 Thou wretched woman maist reioyce, that dead he is: (alas)  
 More doleful death by destenie for him decreed ther was.  
 From Turrets top to haue bene cast and cruelly bene slayne.  
 Which onely towre of all the rest doth yet in Troy remayne. (founde  
 And. My spright faillth me, my limmes do quake, fear doth my wits co-  
 And as the Ice congeals with frost, my bloud with cold is bound.  
 VI. She trebleth loe: this way, this way I wil the truth out wealte,  
 The mothers feare detectereth all the secrets of her breast:  
 I wil renew her feare gae firs bestir ye spedely  
 To seeke this enmye of the Greekes where euer that he lie.  
 Well done he wil be found at length, goe to stil seke him out,  
 Now shal he dye, what dost thou feare why dost thou looke about?  
 And. Would God that any cause there were yet left that might me fray,  
 My hart at last now all is lost hath layd all feare away.  
 Vliss. Sing that your child now hath ye say already suffered death,  
 And with his bloud we may not purge the hostes as Calchas sayth.  
 Our fleete passe not (as wel inspired doth Calchas prophesy)  
 Till Hectors ashes cast abrood the waues may pacify,  
 And tombe be rent now sins the boy hath skapt his desteny.  
 Preedes must we breake this holy tombe wher Hectors ashes lie,  
 An. What shal I do? my mynd distracted is with double feare.  
 On thone my sonne, on thother syde my husbandes ashes deare,  
 Alas which part shoulde moue me most, the cruel Goddes I call  
 To witnes with me in the truth, and Ghostes that guide thee all  
 Hector that nothing in my sonne is else that pleaseeth me.  
 But thou alone God graunt him life he might resemble thee:  
 Shal Hectors ashes drowned bee? hide I such cruelty,  
 To see his bones cast in the Seas? yet let Astyanax die,  
 And canst thou wretched mother hide, thyne owne chylde's death to see?  
 And suffer from the hie towres top that headlong throwne he be?  
 I can and wil take in goad part, his death and cruel payne,  
 So that my Hector after death be not remou'd agayne.

The

## The sixt tragedie.

I I I

The boy that life and lences hath may feele his payne and dye,  
 But Hector lo his death hath plast at rest in tombe to lie  
 What dost thou say? determine which thou wilt preferue of twayne.  
 Art thou in doubt? saue this: loe here thy Hector doth remayne,  
 Both Hector's be, thone quicke of spright & drawing toward his strength  
 And one that may perhaps reuenge his fathers death at length.  
 Alas I cannot saue them both: I thinke that best it were,  
 That of the twayne I saued him that doth the Grecians feare.  
 Vl. It shalbe done that Calchas words to vs doth prophesye,  
 And now shal all the sumptuous worke be throwne downe vtterly  
 An. That once ye sold? Vl. I wil it all from toppe to bottome rend.  
 An. The fayth of Goddes I call vpon Achilles vs defend,  
 And Pyrrhus ayd thy fathers right. Vl. This tombe abroad shall lye:  
 An. O mischiese, neuer durst the Greekes show yet such cruelty.  
 Ye straine the temples and the Gods that most haue fauour'd you,  
 The dead ye spare not, on their tombes your fury rageth now.  
 I wil their weapons all resist my selfe with naked hand,  
 The yre of hart shal geue me strength their armour to withstand.  
 As fierce as did the Amazones beate downe the Greekes in fight,  
 And Menas once enspierd with God, in sacrifice doth smygght,  
 With speare in hand, and while with furiours pace she treads the ground  
 And wood as one in rage she strykes, and feeleth not the wound:  
 So wil I runne on midst of them and on theyr weapons dye,  
 And in defence of Hectors tombe among his ashes lie.  
 Vl. Cease ye: doth rage and fury bayne of women moue ye ought?  
 Dispatch with speede what I commaund, & plucke downe al to naught.  
 An. O slay me rather here with sword rid me out the way,  
 Breake vp the deepe Auern, and rid my destenies delay.  
 Rise Hector and hese thy foes, breake thou Vlisses yre,  
 A spright art good enough for him, behold he casteth fire.  
 And weapon shakes with mighty hand do ye not Greekes him see?  
 Or els doth Hectors spright appear but onely vnto me  
 Vl. Downe quight withal. An. What wilt thou suffer both thy sonnes be  
 And after death thy husbandes bones to be remou'd agayne? (Mayne,  
 Perhaps thou mayst with prayer yet appeale the Grecians all  
 Els downe to ground the holy tombe of Hector, streight shall fal.  
 Let rather die the childe poze wretch and let the Greekes him kil,  
 Then father and the sonne should cause the tone the others yll.  
 Vlisses, at thy knees I fal, and humbly aske mercie,  
 These handes that no mans feete els knew, first at thy feete they lye.  
 D. Take

## Troas

Take pittie on the mothers case and sorowes of my breast,  
Vouchsafe my prayers to receiue and graunt me my request.  
And by how much the more the Goddes haue thee aduanced hie,  
More easely stryke the poxe estate of wretched misery.  
God graunt the chaste bed of the godly wyfe Penelope,  
May thee receiue, and so agayne Laerta may thee see.  
And that thy sonne Telemachus may meete thee ioyfully,  
His graundfathers yeares, and fathers witte, to passe full happely.  
Take pity on the mothers teares her litle child to saue,  
He is my onely comfort left, and th'onely ioy I haue.  
VI. ¶ Byng forth thy sonne and alke.

## THE SECOND SCENE.

Andromacha,



Ome hither child out of the dennes to mee,  
Thy wretched mothers lamentable store,  
This Babe Vlisses (loe) this Babe is hee,  
That stayeth your ships and feareth you so fore.  
Submit thy selfe my sonne with humble hand,

And worship flat on ground thy maysters feete,  
Thinke it no shame as now the case doth stand :  
The thing that Fortune wilth a wretche is meete,  
Forget thy worthy stocke of Kingly kynd ,  
Thinke not on Priams great nobility ,  
And put thy father Hector from thy mynde ,  
Such as thy Fortune let thy stomacke bee ,  
Behaue thy selfe as captiue bend thy Knee ,  
And though thy grieve pearce not thy tender yeares,  
Yet learne to wayle thy wretched state by mee,  
And take ensample at thy mothers teares.

Once

## The sixt tragedie.

112

Once Troy hath seene the weeping of a child,  
When litle Priam turnde Alcides threats,  
And he to whom all beastes in strength did yelde,  
That made his way from hel, and brake their gates  
His litle enmies teares yet ouercame,  
Priam he sayd receiue thy liberty,  
In feat of honor kepe thy Kingly name.  
But yet thy Sceptors rule more faythfully.  
Lo such the conquest was of Hercules .  
Of him yet learne your hartes to mollify,  
Do onely Hercules cruel weapons please,  
And may no end be of your cruelty ?  
No lesse then Pryam, kneeles to thee this boy,  
That lieth and asketh onely life of thee.  
As for the rule and gouernaunce of Troy  
Where euer Fortune wil ther let it bee.  
Take mercy on the mothers ruthful teares  
That with their streames my cheekes do ouerflow,  
And spare this guiltles infantes tender yeares  
That humbly falleth at thy feete so lowe,

Q 2

The



# Troas

## THE THIRD SCENE.

Vlisses,                    Andromacha,  
Astianax,



If truth the mothers greate sorow,  
doth moue my hart full soze.  
But yet the mothers of the Greekes,  
of neede must moue me moze,  
To whom this boy may cause in time  
a great calamitie.

Andr. May euer he the burnt ruines

of Troy reedifie ?

And shall these handes in time to come, ereckt the towne againe ?  
If this be th onely helpe we haue, there doth no hope remain  
For Troy, we stand not now in case to cause your feare of mynde,  
Doth ought auayle his fathers force, or stocke of noble kinde ?  
His fathers heart abated was, he drawn the walles about.  
Thus euil haps, the haughtiest heart at length they bring to nought,  
If ye wil needes oppresse a wretch what thing more grievous were  
Then on his noble neck he should the yoke of bondage here ?  
To serue in life doth any man this to a King denye ?

Vl. Not Vlisses with his death, but Calchas prophecy.

An. O false inuentor of deceit and hainous cruelty,  
By manhode of whose hand in warre no man did euer dye.  
But by disceipt and crafty trayne of mynd that mischief seekes,  
Before this tyme ful many one dead is, yea of the Greekes,  
The Prophets wordes and guiltles Gods saist thou my sonne require,  
Pay : mischief of thy breast it is, thou dost his death desyre.  
Thou night souldier, and stout of hart a litle child to slay.  
This enterpryse thou takste alone and that by open day.

Vl. Vlisses manhood wel to Greekes to much to you is knowne,  
I may not spend the tyme in wordes, our stay wil be gone

Andr.

# The sixt tragedie.

113

And. A little stay, while I my last farewell geue to my child,  
 And haue with oft embracing him my greedy sorrowes filld.  
 Vli. Thy grievous sorrowes to redresse, would God it lay in mee,  
 But at thy wil to take delay of tyme I graunt it thee.  
 Now take thy last leaue of thy Sonne, and fill thy selfe with teares,  
 Oft tymes the weeping of the eyes, the inward grieve out weares.  
 An. O deere, O sweete, thy mothers pledge, farewell my onely ioy,  
 Farewel the flowre of honoz left of beaten howse of Troy.  
 O Trojans last calamity and feare to Grecians part  
 Farewel thy mothers onely hope, and bayne comfort of hart.  
 Oft wisht I thee thy fathers strength and halfe thy graundfathers yeares  
 But all for naught the Gods haue all dispoyned our desires.  
 Thou neuer shalt in regal court thy sceptors take in hand,  
 Nor to thy people geue decrees nor leade with law thy land.  
 Nor yet thine ennies ouercome by might of handy stroke,  
 Nor sende the conquerde nations all vnder thy seruile yoke.  
 Thou neuer shalt beat downe in fight, and Greekes with sword purslew,  
 Nor at thy Charyot Pyrrhus plucke, as Achill Hector diew  
 And neuer shal these tender handes thy weapons weild and wrest,  
 Thou neuer shalt in woods pursue the wyld and mighty beast.  
 Nor as accustomed is by guyle and sacrifice in Troy,  
 With measure swift: betweene the aulters shalt thou daunce with ioy.  
 O grievous kind of cruel death that doth remaine for thee,  
 More woeful thinges then Hectors death the walles of Troy shall see.  
 Vli. Now byake of al thy mothers tears I may no more tyme spende.  
 The grievous sorrowes of thy hart wil neuer make an end.  
 An. Vli. spare as yet my teares and graunt awhyle delay,  
 To close his eyes yet with my handes er he depart away.  
 Thou diest but young: yet feard thou art thy Troy doth wayte for thee,  
 Goe noble hart thou shalt agayne the noble Trojans see.  
 Asti. Helpe me mother? An. Alas my childe why tak'st thou holde by me?  
 In bayne thou calst where helpe none is I can not succour thee.  
 As when the litle tender beast that heares the Lyon crye,  
 Straight for defence he seekes his damme, & crouching downe doth lye,  
 The cruel beast when once remoued is the damme away,  
 In greedy saw with rauening bit doth snatch the tender pray  
 So strayght the ennies wil thee take, and from my side thee beare.  
 Receiue my kisse and teares poze childe, receiue my rented hayre.  
 Depart thou hence now ful of mee, and to thy father goe,  
 Salute my Hector in my name and tel him of my woe

Q 3

Com.

## Troas

Complayne thy mothers griefe to him if former cares may moue,  
 The sprighthes: and that in funerall flame they leese not all their loue.  
 O cruel Hector suffrest thou thy wyke to be opprest?  
 With bond of Grecians heauy yoke and liest thou still at rest?  
 Achilles rose: take here agayne my teares and rented heare,  
 And (al that I haue left to lend) this kisse thy father beare.  
 Thy coat yet for my comfort leaue, the tomb hath touched it  
 It of his ashes ought here lye Ile seeke it euery whit.  
 VI. There is no measure of thy teares I may no lenger stay,  
 Deferre no further our retorne breake of our shippes delay.

*Chorus altered by the  
 translatour.*



Ioue that leadst the lampes of fire,  
 and deckst vwith flaming starres the skye.  
 VVhy is it euer thy desyre  
 to care their course so orderly?  
 That novve the frost the leaues hath vvorne,  
 & novv the sprig doth close the tree.  
 Novv fiery Leo rypes the corne,  
 and stil the soyle should chaunged be?  
 But vvhy art thou that all dost guide,  
 betvvene vvwhose hands the poale doth svvay,  
 And at vvwhose vvill the Orbs do flyde, careles of mans estate alvvay?  
 Regarding not the goodmans case, nor caryng hovv to hurt the yll.  
 Chaunce beareth rule in euery place and turneth mans estate at vvill.  
 She geues the vvronge the vpper hand the better part she doth oppresse,  
 She makes the highest lovv to stand, her Kingdome all is orderlesse.  
 O parfite prose of her frailty, the princely tovvres of Troy beat dovvne,  
 The flovvre of Asia here ye see vvith turne of hand quight ouerthrowne.  
 The ruthful ende of Hectors son, vvho to his death the Greekes haue led,  
 His fatall hovvre is come and gone, and by this tyme the Child is ded:  
 Yet still (alas) more cares encrease, O Troyans doleful destenie,  
 Fast doth approach the maydes decease, and novv Polixena shall die.

The

THE FOVRTH  
ACTE.

*Helena, Andromacha,  
Hecuba*



What euer woeful wedding yet,  
were cause of funerall,  
Of wayling, teares, bloud, slaughter els  
or other mischiefs all,  
A worthy match for Helena,  
and meete for me it ware,  
My wedding torch hath bene the cause  
of al The Troyans care.  
I am constraynd to hurt them yet,  
after their ouerthrow,

The false and fayned mariages of Pyrrhus must I shewe.  
And geue the mayde the Greekes attyre and by my pollecy:  
Shal Paris sister be betrayd and by disceypt shal die.  
But let her be beguiled thus, the lesse should be her payne  
If that vnware without the feare of death: she might be slayne.  
What cealest thou the wil of Greekes, and messuage to fulfill?  
Of hurt constraynd the fault returnth to th'auer of the ill.  
O noble Virgin of the famous house and stocke of Troy,  
To thee the Grecians haue me sent I bring thee newes of ioy,  
The Gods rue on thy afflicted state more merciful they bee,  
A greate and happy maryage loe, they haue prepard for thee.  
Thou neuer should if Troy had stood, so nobly wedded be,  
For Priam neuer could prefer thee to so hie degree.  
Whom flowre of all the Grecians name the prince of honour hie,  
That beares the Scepters ouer all, the lande of Thessaly  
Dorth in the law of wedlocke chose, and for his wyfe require.

To sacred



## Troas

To sacred rightes of lawful bed, doth Pyrrhus thee desyre:  
 Loe Thetis great with al the rest, of Gods that guide by sea.  
 Each one shall thee accompt as theirs and ioy by wedding day.  
 And Peleus shall thee daughter call when thou art Pirrhus wyfe,  
 And Nereus shall accompt thee his the space of all thy life.  
 Put of thy mourning garment now, this regall vesture weare  
 Forget henceforth thy captiue state and seemly bryd thy hayre.  
 Thy fall hath lift thee higher vp, and doth thee more aduaunce  
 Met to be taken in the warre doth bring the better chaunce  
 An. This ill the Troyans neuer knew in all their griefs and payne  
 Before this tyme ye neuer made vs to reioyce in bayne.  
 Troy towres geue light, & seemely tyme for mariage to be made,  
 Who would refuse the wedding day that Helayne doth perswade?  
 The Plague and ruine of each parte behold dost thou not see,  
 These tombes of noble men, and how their bones here scattered bee?  
 Thy hyrdebed hath bene cause of this for thee all these be ded  
 For thee the bloud of Asia both and Europe hath bene shed.  
 When thou in ioy and pleasure both the fighting folke from farre,  
 Hast viewde: in doubt to whom to wish the glory of the warre.  
 Goe to, prepare the mariages, what neede the Torchlight?  
 Behold the Towres of Troy do shine with brands that blase ful bright.  
 O Troyans all set to your handes, this wedlocke celebrate:  
 Lament this day with woeful cry and teares in seemly rate.  
 Hel. Though care do cause the want of wit, and reasons rule denye,  
 And heauy hap doth oft tymes hate his mates in misery  
 Yet I before most hateful iudge dare wel defend my part,  
 That I of all your greuous cares sustayne the greatest smart.  
 Andromacha for Hector weepes, for Priam Hecuba,  
 For onely Paris priuily bewaylerh Helena.  
 A hard and greuous thing it is captiuitie to beare,  
 In Troy that yoke I suffred long a prisoner whole ten yeare.  
 Turned are the fates, Troy beaten downe, to Grece I must repeare,  
 The natiue countrey to haue lost is ill, but worse to feare.  
 For dread therof you neede not care your euilles all be past,  
 On me both partes wil vengeance take al lightes to me at last.  
 Whom each man prisoner takes God wot thee standes in slipper stay,  
 And me not captiue made by lot yet Paris led away,  
 I haue bene cause of all these wars, and then your woes were wrought,  
 When first your shippes the Spartayn Seas & land of Grecia sought.

But

But if the Goddesse wuld it so that I their pray should be,  
 And for reward to her beautyes iudge thee had appoynted me,  
 Then pardon Paris: thinke this thing in wꝛathful iudge doth lie,  
 The sentence Menelaus geues, and he this case shall trye.  
 Now turne thy playntes Andromacha, and weepe for Polyxeyne  
 Mine eyes for sorowes of my hart they teares may not refrayne.  
 An. Alas, what care makes Heleyn weepe? what griefe doth she lament?  
 Declare what craftes Vlisses calles, what mischiefe hath he sent?  
 Shall thee from height of Idey hil be hedlong tumbled downe?  
 Or else out of the turrets toppes in Troy shal she be throwne?  
 Or wil they cast her from the cliues into Sygeon seas?  
 In bottom of the surging waues to end her ruthful days?  
 Show what thy countnaunce hides and tell the secrets of thy brest:  
 Some woes in Pyrrhus wedding are farre worse then all the rest.  
 Go to, geue sentence on the mayd, pronounce her destiny:  
 Delude no longer our mishappes, we are prepart to die.  
 H. Would God the'pouider of the Gods would geue his dome so right  
 That I also on poynt of sword might leese the lorthsome light,  
 Or at Achilles tombe with stroke of Pyrrhus hand be slayne:  
 And beare a part of al thy fates O wretched Polixeyne.  
 Whom yet Achilles woerth to wed, and where his ashes lie,  
 Requireth that thy blood be shed, and at his tombe to die.  
 An. Behold loe how her noble mynd of Death doth gladly heare,  
 She deckes her selfe: her regal weede in seemely wyle to weare,  
 And to her head she setteth her hand the bꝛoyded hayre to lay,  
 To wed the thought it Death, to die she thinkes a wedding day  
 But helpe (alas) my mother sounds to heare her daughters death,  
 Aryle plucke vp your heart and take agayne the panting breath.  
 Alacke good mother how slender stay, that doth thy life sustayne?  
 A little thinge shall happy thee thou art almost past payne.  
 Her breath returnes: she doth reuyue, her lims their life do take.  
 So see when wretches fayne would die, how death doth them forsake.  
 Hec. Doth yet Achilles liue (alas) to work the Trojans spight?  
 Doth he rebell agaynst vs yet? O hand of Paris light.  
 The very tombe and ashes loe yet thirsteth for our blood,  
 A happy heape of children late on euery syde mee stooode.  
 It wearied me to deale the mothers kisse among them al,  
 The rest are lost, and this alone now doth me mother call.  
 Thou onely child of Hecuba, a comfort left to me.

A staye

## Troas.

A staye of my soyy state and shall I now leese thee?  
 Depart O wretched soule, and from this carefull carcass flie,  
 And ease me of such ruthfull fates, to see my daughter die.  
 My weeping wets (alas) my eyes, and stains them ouer al,  
 And downe my cheekes the lodeine streames and howyes of teares do fal.  
 But thou deare daughter maist be glad, Cassandra would reioyse,  
 O Hectors wife thus wed to be if they might haue their choyse.  
 And. We are the wretches Hecuba in curled case we stande.  
 Whom straight the shippe shal tolle by seas into a forraine land.  
 But as for Heleyns grieues be gone and turned to the best,  
 She shall againe her natyue countrey se and liue at rest.  
 Hele. We would the moze enuy my state if ye might know your owne,  
 Andr. And growth there yet moze grieve to me that erst I haue not known?  
 Hele. Such masters must ye serue as doth by chaunce of lots befall.  
 Andr. Whose seruaunt am I then become whom shall I maister call?  
 Hele. By lot ye fall to Pyrrhus hands you are his prisoner.  
 Andr. Cassandra is happy, fury saues perhaps and Phœbus her.  
 Hele. Chiefe kinge of Greekes Cassandra keepes and his captiue is shee.  
 Hec. Is any one amonge them all that prisoner would haue me?  
 Hele. You chaunced to Ulysses are his pray ye are become.  
 Hec. Alas what cruell, dyre and yrefull dealer of the dome.  
 What god bniust doth so deuide, the captiues to their lordes?  
 What grieuous arbiter is he? that to such choyse accordes,  
 What cruel hand to wretched folke, so euil fates hath caste?  
 Who hath amonge Achilles armour, Hectors mothers plasse?  
 Now am I captiue, and beset with all calamitie.  
 My hondage grieues me not, but him to serue it shameth mee.  
 He that Achilles spoyle hath won, shall Hectors also haue:  
 Shall barraine lande enclolde with seas receiue my boanes in graue?  
 Leade me Ulysses where thou wilt, leade me I make no stay,  
 My master I, and me my fates, shall follow euery way.  
 Let neuer calme come to the seas, but let them rage with winde,  
 Come fire and sword, mine owne mischaunce and Priams let me finde.  
 In meane time haps this deepe distres my cares can know no calme:  
 I ran the race with Priamus, but he hath won the Palme,  
 But Pyrrhus comes with swifted pace & thyrning browes doth wrest,  
 What stayste thou Pyrrhus? strike thy sword now throug this woful  
 And both at ones the parents of thy fathers wife now slay, (best.  
 Murderer of age, likes thee her bloud? he draw my daughter away  
 Defile the gods and staine the sprights, of hel with slaughtred bloud,

To

## The sixte tragedie.

116

To aske your mercy what auayles? our prayers do no good.  
The vengeance aske I on your ships, that it the gods may pleas,  
According to this sacrifice, to guide you on the seas.  
This wishe I to your thousand sayles, Gods wꝛath light on them all,  
Euen to the ship that beareth me, what euer may befall,

### Chorus.



Comfort is to no mans calamity  
A dolefull flocke of felowes in distres.  
And sweete to him that mournes in miserie  
To here them wayle whom forowes like oppres  
In deepest care his grieve him bites the les,  
That his estate bewayles not all alone,  
But seeth with him the teares of many one.

For still it is the chiefe delight in woe,  
And ioy of them that sonke in forrowes are,  
To see like fates by fall to many moe,  
That may take part of all their wofull fare,  
And not alone to be opprest with care.  
There is no wight of woe that doth complayne,  
When all the rest do like mischaunce sustayne.

In all this world if happy man were none,  
None (though he were) would thinke himselfe awretch,  
Let once the ritch with heapes of Gold be gone,  
Whose hundred head his pastours ouerretch,  
Then would the poore mans hart begin to stretch.  
There is no wretch whose life him doth displease,  
But in respect of those that liue at ease,

Sweete



## Troas .

Sweete is to him that standes in deepe distresse,  
To see no man in ioyful plight to bee,  
Whose onely vessell wind and waue oppresse,  
Ful fore his chaunce bewayles and weepeth hee,  
That with his owne none others wracke doth see  
When he alone makes shipwracke one the sand,  
And naked falles to long defyred land.

A thoufande fayle who seeth to drench in Seas,  
With better will the storme hath ouerpast  
His heauy hap doth him the lesse displease  
When broaken boardes abroad be many cast ,  
And shipwrackt shippes to shore they flit ful fast,  
With doubled waues when stopped is the floud,  
With heaps of them that there haue lost theyr good.

Ful fore did Pirrhus Helens losse complayne,  
What time the leader of his flocke of shepe,  
Vppon his backe alone he bare them twayne,  
And wet his Golden lockes amid the deepe,  
In piteons playnt(alas) he gan to weepe.  
The death of her it did him deepe displease.  
That shipwracke made amid the drenching seas .

And piteous was the playnt and heauy moode  
Of woful Pyrrha and eke Deucalion  
That nought beheld aboute them but the floud,  
When they of all mankynd were left alone  
Amid the seas ful fore they made their mone  
To see themfelues thus left aliue in woe  
When neyther land they saw,nor fellowes moe.

Anone these playnts and Troyans teares shal quail ,  
And here and there the ship them tosse by seas :  
When trompets found shal warne to hoyse vp fayle.  
And through the waues with wind to seeke their waies

Then

# The sixte tragedie.

117

Then shall these captiues goe to ende their dayes  
In land vnknowne: when once with hasty ore  
The drenching deepe they take and shunne the shore.

What state of mynd shal then in wretches bee?  
When shore shall sinke from sight and seas aryse?  
When Idey hill to lurke aloofe they see?  
Then poynt with hand from farre wher Troia lies,  
Shall child and mother: talking in this wyfe:  
Loe yonder Troy, where smoke it fumeth hie,  
By this the Troyans shal their countrey spie.

## THE FIFTH ACTE.

Nuncius, Andromacha.  
Hecuba.



Oyre, fierce, wretched, horrible,  
O cruell fates accurste,  
Of Mars his ten yeares bloudshed blows  
the wofullst and the worst.  
Alas which should I first bewayle?  
thy cares Andromacha?  
Or els lament the wretched age  
of woful Hecuba?  
Hec. What euer mans calamities  
ye wayle for myne it is.

I beare the smart of al their woes each other feeles but his  
Who euer he, I am the wretch all happes to me at last.  
Nun. Slayne is the mayd, and from the walles of Troy the child is cast.  
But both (as them became) they toke their death with stomacke stout.  
And Declare the double slaughters then, & tell the whole throughtout.  
Nun. One towre of all the rest ye know doth yet in Troy remayne,  
Where Pryam wonted was to sit, and view the armies twayne.  
His litle Nephew eke with him to lead, and from a farre,  
His fathers fightes with fire and sword to show on seats of war.  
This towre, sometyme wel knowne by fame, and Troyans honoꝝ most.  
Is

## Troas.

Is now with captaynes of the Greekes, beset on euery coast.  
 With swift recourse and from the shippes, in clustred heaps anone.  
 Both tagge and tagge they runne to gale what thing should ther be done.  
 Some clime the hilles to seeke a place where they might see it best,  
 Some one the rockes a tiptoe stande to ouerloke the rest.  
 Some on their temples weare the pine, some beech, some crownes of bay,  
 For garlandes toyne is euery tree, that standeth in theyr way,  
 Some from the highest mountaynes top aloofe beholderh all.  
 Some scale the buildinges halfe iburnt, and some the ruinous wall.  
 Yea some there were (O mischeefe loe) that for the more despyghte.  
 The tombe of Hector sits vppon beholders of the sight.  
 With princely pace Vlisses then past through the pteased band  
 Of Greekes, King Priams litle nephew leading by the hand.  
 The Child with vncrepyning gale past through his ennies handes,  
 Up toward the walles, and as anone in turrets top he standes,  
 From thence adowne his lofty lookes he cast on euery part,  
 The neerer death more free from care he seemd, and feare of hart,  
 Amid his foes his stomacke swelles. and fierce he was to sight,  
 Like Tygers whelpe, that thezats in bayne w<sup>t</sup> thortles chap to bight.  
 Alas, for pittie then each one, few on his tender yeares,  
 And al the route that present were, for him they shed their teares,  
 Yea not Vlisses them restraynd, but trickling downe they fal,  
 And onely he, wept not (poore foole) whom they bewayled al.  
 But whyle on Gods Vlisses cald, and Calchas wordes expound,  
 In midlt of Pryams land (alas) the child leapt downe to ground.  
 And. What cruel Calchas could or fetch such slaughter take in hand?  
 Or by the shore of Caspyan Sea, what barbarous lawles land.  
 Busyridis to th'aulters yet no infantes bloud hath shed  
 Nor neuer yet were childezen slayne for feast of Diomed.  
 Who shal alas in tombe thee lay, or hyde thy limmes agayne?  
 Nu. What limmes from such a headlong fall could in a child remayne,  
 His bodie payfe throwne downe to ground, hath batred al his bones.  
 His face, his noble fathers markes are spoyld agaynst the stones.  
 His necke vnioynted is: his head so dasyt with flint stoane stroake:  
 That scattered is the hayne about, the scul is al so broake.  
 Thus lieth he now dismembred corpes, deformd and all to rent.  
 An. Loe herein doth he yet likewyle, his father represent.  
 Nun. What time the Child hath headlong falne thus from the walls of  
 And al the Greekes theselues bewaild y<sup>r</sup> slaughter of the Boy, (Troy,  
 Yet strayght returne they backe, and at Achilles tombe agayne

The

## The fixte tragedie.

118

The second mischiefe goe to worke the death of Polixeine.  
 This tombe the waues of surging seas, beset the vtter side,  
 The other part the fields enclasse aboute, and pastozs wyde.  
 In vale enuyroned with hils, that round aboute do ryle,  
 A sloape on height erected are the bankes in Theatre wyle.  
 By al the shore then swarme the Greekes, & thicke on heaps they please  
 Some hope that by her death they shall theyr shippes delay release.  
 Some other for their ennies stocke thus beaten downe to bee:  
 A greate part of the people, both the slaughter hate, and see.  
 The Troyans eke no lesse frequent their owne calamityes  
 And all affrayd, beheld the last of all their miseryes.  
 When first proceeded torches bright as guile of wedlocke is.  
 And authoꝝ thereof led the way the Lady Tindaris.  
 Such wedlocke pray the Troyans then, God send Hermiona  
 And would God to her husband so, restoord were Helena.  
 Feare mald each part, but Polixeine her bashful looke downe cast:  
 And more then earst her glittering eyes and beauty shyn'd at last.  
 As sweetest seems then Phœbus light, when downe his beams do sway,  
 When starres agayne with night at hand opprest the doubtful day.  
 Astonnied much the people were, and all they her commende,  
 And now much more then euer earst, they pray'd her at her end.  
 Some with her beauty moued were, some with her tender yeares:  
 Some to behold the turnes of chaunce, and how each thing thus wears.  
 But most them moues her valiant minde, and lofty stomacke hie,  
 So strong, so stout, so ready of hart and wel prepar'd to dye.  
 Thus passe they forth and bold before King Pirrhus goeth the mayde,  
 They pittie her, they maruel her, their hartes were all affrayde.  
 As sone as then the hard hil top (where die she should) they trode,  
 And hie vppon his fathers tombe the youthful Pyrrhus stooode.  
 The manly mayd she neuer shonke one foote, nor backward drew,  
 But boldely turnes to meete the stroke, with skoute vnchanged hew,  
 Her corage moues eche one, and loe a strange thing monstrous like.  
 That Pyrrhus euen himselke stooode stil, for dread and durst not strike.  
 But as he had, his glittering sword in her to hils vp doon,  
 The purple bloud, at mortall wound, then gushing out it spoon.  
 He yet her corage her forsooke, when dieng in that skounde,  
 She fell as the'rth should her reuenge with ireful rage to grouid.  
 Each people wept the Troyans first with priuy fearful crye,  
 The Grecians eake, each one bewayld her death apparantly.

This



## Troas.

This order had the sacrifice, her blood the tombe vp dronke,  
No drop remainth about the ground, but downe forthwith it sonke.  
Hec. Now go, now goe ye Greekes, and now repayre ye safely home.  
With careles shippes and hoised sailes now cut the salt sea fume.  
The Child and Virgin both be slaine, your battels finish are.  
Alas where shal I end my age? or whether beare my care?  
Shal I my daughter, or my nephew, or my husband mone?  
My countrey els, or all at once? or else my selfe alone?  
My wish is death that children both and virgins fiercely takes  
Where euer cruel death doth hast to strike, it me forsakes,  
Amid the ennies weapons all, amid both sword and fyre,  
All night sought for, thou fleest from me, that do thee most desyre.  
Not flame of fyre, not fall of towre, not cruel ennies hand  
Hath rid my life, how neere (alas) could death to Priam stand?  
Nun. Now captiues all with swift recourse repayre ye to the saies,  
Now spread the ships their sayls abroad, & forth they seeke theyr waies.

F I N I S.

THE  
SEVENTH TRAGEDYE OF  
L. ANNAEVS SENECA,  
Entituled MEDEA : Translated  
out of Latin into Englische, by

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IOHN STVDLEY.

*The Argument.*  
*To the Tragedy, by the*  
*Tranflator.*



Are fore did grype *Medeas* heart to fee  
Her *Iason*, whom shee tendred as her lyfe,  
And rescued had from plunge of perills free,  
Renouncing her, to take another wyfe.

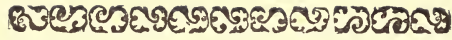
Loue spent in vayne breeds hate & malice rife  
Enkindling coales, whose heate and greedy flame  
(Saue streames of bloud,) nought els can quench the fame.

*Medea* mad in troubled mynde doth muse,  
On vengeance fell, to quit her grievous wrong.  
Rough plagues at length entendeth shee to vse:  
Yll venemous thinges shee charmes, with charming song  
Seekes out a Bane made of their poyson strong,  
In Trayterous gifts a Robe, and chayne of Golde,  
Nycely shee doth the hidden poyson folde.

Sent are the Gyfts to *Creuse* and her Syre,  
They taking them that brought their dole to passe,  
Vnware are burnt by meanes of charmed fyre,  
Due vengeance yet for *Iason* greater was,  
Lyfe first on chylde by Mothers hande (alas)  
Expired hath, which though it him aggrype,  
Yet his other chylde shee slayes before his eyes.

R.

The names



## The Speakers names.

<i>M E D E A.</i>	<i>C R E O N.</i>
<i>C H O R V S.</i>	<i>I A S O N.</i>
<i>N V T R I X.</i>	<i>N V N T I V S.</i>

# THE FIRST A C T E.

Medea,



Gods whose grace doth guide their ghostes  
that ioy in wedlocke pure,  
O Iuno thou Lucina hight,  
on whom the chary cure  
Alotted is of those, that grone  
in paynfull chyldbed handes,  
O Pallas by whose heauenly arte,  
Sir Typhis cunning handes

Haue learnde to hydle with his helme his newly framed boate,  
Wherewith the force of fighting studs hee breaking rides a floate.  
O God whose forked Haze doth stormes in rigour rough appeas,  
And cause the rustling lurges couch amid the rampinge Seas:  
O Titan who vpon the swift and werling Hemisphær  
Deuides the chearefull day and night by egall turnes r'appere,  
O threefolde shapen Hecate that sendest forth thy light,  
Unto thy silent Sacrifice that offered is by night,  
By whom my Iason sware to mee O heauenly powers all,  
And yee on whom Medea may with safer conscience call,  
O Dungeon darke, most dreadfull den of euerlasting night,  
O dampned Ghosts: O kingdome set against the Gods aright:  
O Lord of sad and lowring lakes, O Lady dyre of Hell,  
(Whom though that Pluto stale by force yet did his troth excell  
The sicke fayth of Iasons loue, that hee to mee doth heare,)  
With cursed thyoate I coniure you, O grisly Ghostes appeare.

Come out,

Come out, come out, yee hellish hagges, reuenge this deede so dyre,  
 Bying in your scratting pawes a burning bzand of deadly fyre.  
 Rise vp yee hiddeous diuelish ffeendes, as dreadfull as yee weare,  
 When vnto me in wedlocke state yee did sometime appeare.  
 Worke yee, worke yee, the dolefull deatch of this new wedded Wyfe.  
 And martir yee this Father in lawe: depzyue of breath and lyfe  
 King Creons ruthfull family: in plunge of passing payne  
 Torment yee mee, that on my spoule doe wishe this woe to raygne:  
 Preserue my Iasons life, but yet let him be bayted out  
 A myching, roging, rīnagate, in forren townes about.  
 To passe from doze to doze, with care to begge his needy bread,  
 Not knowing in what harbyng place to couch his curst head:  
 A banisht wretch, disdaynde of all, and still in feare of lyfe,  
 Then let him with ten thousand times for me agayne his Wyfe:  
 This famous gest whom euery man will entertayne and haue,  
 Let him be dzyuē at straungers gates the table crīmes to craue.  
 And that my bytter bannings may with mischiefe most abounde,  
 God graunt in gulph of like distresse his chyldren may be drounde,  
 To synke in forrowes stormes, that doe their mother ouerflowe:  
 Now, now, I haue, I haue the full reueng of all my woe,  
 I haue dispatcht: my pyteous playnt and wordes in bayne I lose:  
 What shall not I with vyolence get vp agaynst my foes?  
 And wyng out of theyr wretched hands the wedding torch so byght?  
 Shall I not force the firmament to lose his shynking lyght?  
 What doth my Graundfirs Phœbus face this heauy hap beholde?  
 And standyng galyng at this geare yet westwarde is he volde,  
 On glysting chariot hoysted hyghe, and keepe his beaten Race,  
 Amid the chrystall colourde skye, why turnes hee not his face,  
 Retyring fast into the East backe vp the day to twyne?  
 O Father Phœbe to me, to me, thy Chariot reynes resigne,  
 That I aduanced vp, about the marble skyes may ryde,  
 Bequeath thy bydle vnto mee, and giue me grace to guide  
 Thy yoked praucing teame, with yerking lashe of burning whip,  
 That with thy feruent fyre beames on purple poale doe skip.  
 Let Corynth countrey burnt to dust by force of flame and fyre  
 Gye place, that both the iumbled seas may ioyne: whom to retyre  
 It doth compell, and dalteth of from banke on eyther syde,  
 Least meete in one their chanelsmight, whose streames hee doth deuide.  
 No way to worke theyr deadly woe I haue but this at hande,  
 That to the wedding I should beare a ruthfull byddall bzande,

R 2.

Anoying



## Medea


Anoying Creons carelesse Court: when finished I haue  
Such solempne seruice, as that ryght of sacrifice dorth craue,  
Then at the Autlers of the Gods my chyldzen shalbe slayne,  
With crimsen colourde bloud of Babes their Autlers will I slayne.  
Througħ Tyuers, Lungs, the Lights & Heart, througħ euery gut, & gal,  
For vengeance breake away perforce, and spare no bloude at all:  
If any lusty lyfe as yet within thy soule doe rest,  
It ought of auncient corage still doe dwell within my brest,  
Exile all foolyshe female feare, and pity from thy mynde,  
And as th'untamed Tygers ble to rage and raue vnkynde,  
That haunt the croking combrous Caues, and clumpred frozen cluiues,  
And craggy Rockes of Caucasus, whose bitter colde depyues  
The soyle of all Inhabitours, permit to lodge and rest,  
Such saluage brutish tyranny within thy brasen brest.  
What euer hurly burly wrought dorth Phasis vnderstand,  
What mighty monstrous bloody feate I wrought by Sea or Land:  
The like in Corynth shalbe seene in most outrageous guise,  
Most hyddious, hatefull, horrible, to heare, or see wyth eyes,  
Most diuelish, desperate, dreadfull deede, yet neuer knowne before,  
Whose rage shall force heauen, earth, and hell to quake and tremble sore.  
My burning brest that rowles in wyath, and dorth in rancour boyle,  
Sore thysketh after bloud, and wounds with slaughter, death, & spoyle,  
By renting racked lynys from lynys to driue them downe to graue:  
Tush, these be but as fleabytings, that mentioned I haue:  
As weyghty things as these I did in greener girlishe age,  
Now sorowes smart dorth rub the gall and frets with sharper rage.  
But sith my wombe hath yelded fruct, it dorth mee well behoue,  
The strength and parlous puiſsaunce of weightier illes to proue.  
Be ready wyath, with all thy might that fury kinde may,  
Thy foes to their destruction bee ready to assay:  
Of thy deuorſement let the Pyce to match, and counterpayse  
The proude & precious princely pomp of these new wedding dayes.  
How wilt thou from thy spoule depart? as him thou followed hast  
In bloud to bath thy bloody handes and traytrous lyues to wast.  
Breake of in tyme these long delayes, abandon now agayne,  
This lewd alliaunce, got by guilt, with greater guilt refrayne.

Chorus.

# The feuenth tragedy.

121

✠ *Chorus altered by the  
Tranflatour.*

 Ho hath not wist that windy words be vayne,  
And that in talke of trust is not the grounde,  
Heere in a mirroure may hee see it playne,  
*Medea* so by prooffe the same hath founde.

Who being blind by blinded *Venus* Boy,  
Her bleared Eyes could not beholde her blisse :  
Nor spy the present poyson of her Ioy,  
While in the grasse the Serpent lurked is,  
The shaft that flew from *Cupids* golden bowe,  
With feathers so hath dimd her dafeld Eyes,  
That cannot see to shun the way of woe :  
The ranckling head in dented heart that lyes,  
So dulles the same, that can not vnderstand  
The cause that brought false *Iason* out of Greece,  
To come vnto her fathers fertile Land,  
Is not her loue, but loue of golden Fleece.  
Yet was his speache so pleasaunt and so milde,  
His tongue so filde, his promises so fayre,  
Sweete was the fowlers Song that hath beguilde  
The seely byrd, brought to the limed snare.  
Faith, in his Face, trust shined in his Eyes,  
The blushing brow playne meaning seemde to showe,  
In double hearte blacke treason hydden lies,  
Dissembling thoughts that weaue the webbe of woe.  
The honyed Lyppes, the tongue in fuger dept  
Doe sweete the poyson rancke within the breast,  
In subtle shew of paynted sheath is kept,  
The rusty knife of treason deemed least :  
Lyfe seemes the bayte to fight that lyeth brim,  
Death is the hooke that vnderlies the same,  
The Candell blase delights with burning trim,  
The Fly, till shee bee burned in the flame.

R 3.

Who

## Medea,

Who in such shewes leaft deemed any ill.  
The hungry fyſhe feares not the bayte to Brooke,  
Till vp the lyne doe pluck him by the gylls,  
And faſt in throate hee feeles the deadly hooke.  
Woe *Iafon*, woe to thee moſt wretched man,  
Or rather wretch *Medea* woe to thee,  
Woe to the one that thus diſſemble can,  
Woe to the other that trayned ſo might bee.  
Thoughtſt thou *Medea* his eyes to bee the glaſſe.  
Wherein thou might the Face of thoughts beholde?  
That in his breaſt with wordes ſo couered was,  
As cancred braſſe with gloſſe of yealow golde?  
Did thou ſuppoſe that nature (more then kinde)  
Had placde his heart his lying lyppes betweene,  
His lookes to be the mirrour of his minde?  
Fayth in fayre Face hath fildome yet ben ſeene.  
Who liſtneth to the flatering *Maremaides* note,  
Muſt needes commit his tyred eyes to ſleepe,  
Yeelding to her the taking of his boate,  
That meanes vnware to drowne him in the deepe.  
What booteth thee *Medea* to betray  
The golden Fleece, to fawning *Iafons* hande,  
From Dragons teeth him ſafely to conuay,  
And fry Bulles the warders of the lande?  
Why for his ſake from father haſt thou fled,  
And thruſt thy ſelfe out from thy natiue foyle?  
Thy brothers bloud what ayled thee to ſhed,  
With *Iafon* thus to trauell and to toyle?  
Beholde the meede of this thy good defarte,  
The recompence that hee to thee doth gyue.  
For pleaſure, payne, for ioy, moſt eger ſmarte,  
With clogging cares in baniſhment to liue.  
Thou, and thy Babes, are like to begge and ſtarue.  
In Nation ſtraunge, (O myſerable lyfe)  
Whyle *Iafon* from his promyſes doe ſwarue,

And takes

And takes delight in his new wedded Wyfe,  
O Ground vngrate, that when the husband man  
Hath tilled it, to recompence his toyle  
No Corne, but Weedes, and Thyftles render can,  
To ftinge his handes, that Fruict seekes of his Soyle.  
Such venome growes of pleasaunt coloured flower:  
Loe, Prynces loe, what deadly poyfon fup  
Of Bane, erft sweete, now turned into fower,  
*Medea* dranke out of a goulden Cup,

*THE SECOND*  
A C T E.

*Medea.* Nutrix,



Hee mee, (alas) I am vndone,  
For at the Wyddall cheare,  
The warble note of wedding songe  
resounded in mine eare.  
Yet for all this scant I my selfe,  
yet scant beleue I can,  
That Iason would play such a pranke,  
as most vnthackfull man,

Both of my Countrey, and my Syre, and kingdome me to spoyle,  
And yet forsake mee wretch forlorne, to stray in forrein soyle.  
O hath he such a stony heart, that doth no more esteeme,  
The great good turnes, and benefits that I imployde on him?  
Who knowes, that I haue lewdly vled enchauntments for his sake,  
The rigour rough, and stormy rage, of swelling Seas to stake.  
The grunting fry coming Bulles, whose smoking guts were stufte,  
With smoltring fumes, that fro theyr Iawes, & nostrils out they puff.  
I stopt their gnashing mouthing mouths, I quench their burning breath,  
And vapors hot of stewing paunch, that els had wrought his death,  
Or feedes hee thus his fanny fond, to thinke my skill of charme  
Abated is, and that I haue no power to doe him harme?

R4.

Beſtract



## Medea,

Bestract of wits, with wauering minde perplext on euery part,  
I tossed, and turnoyled am, wyth wayward crasy hart.  
Now this, now that, and neyther now, but now another way,  
By diuers meanes I toyle, that so my wrong reueng I may.  
I would the wyetch a brother had: but what? he hath a Wyfe.  
Goe cut her thyoate, with gaskly wounds bereue her of her lyfe.  
On her ile woike my deadly spight: her, her alone I craue,  
To quit such bitter towsling stozmes, as I sustayned haue.  
If any graund notozious guilt in all Pelasga Land  
Be put in practyse, yet vnkowne vnto thy harming hand,  
Thereof to get experience the time doth now begin:  
Thy former feates doe byd thee take good hope, to thyue herein:  
Let all thy guilts with thyronging thicke assemble thee to ayde,  
The golden fleece (the chiefe Nouell) of Colchis Ile betrayde.  
My tender Brother eke, that with my Syer did mee pursue,  
Whom with his secret partes cut of, I wicked Virgin slewe,  
Whose threaded and dismembred corps, with sword in gobbits betw,  
(A wofull Coarse toth' Fathers heart) on Pontus ground I strewd.  
Now hozy headdes Pelias his wythzed age to myft  
To greener yeares, for longer lyfe: his daughters by my dyft  
His members all and mangled flesh with licour scalding hot  
Flodden, and perboyled haue, in seerhing brasen pot.  
How oft in haynous bloud haue these my cruell handes bene dyed?  
And neuer any guilt as yet by wyath inflamde I tryed.  
But now the parlous poplning wound of Cupids percing dart,  
Doth boyle and rage within my breast, it ranckles at my hart.  
But how could Iason it redzesse, whom fortunes froward wyll  
Hath yeelde vnto anothers hande, at lust to saue or spill?  
O rage of rusty cancred minde, this sclaudzous talke amende,  
If fortunes grace will graunt it thus, let him vnto his ende  
Lyue still my Iason as he was: but if not Iason myne,  
Yet captife suffer Iason liue, though Iason none of thyne:  
Who being mindeful still of vs some fauour let him shoue,  
For these good turnes that our good will could earst on him bestowe:  
King Creon is in all the fault, and onely worthy blame,  
Who puffed vp with Scepter proude, vnable for to frame  
His tickle minde to modesty, made breach twixt vs agayne,  
Whom Hymens bands, and link of loue had made but one of twayne,  
By whom eke from her tender brats the mother (wyetch) is drawne,  
Hee breakes the bowe, that gaged is with such a precious pawne.

Seeke af:

Seeke after such a villaynes bloud, in daunting pangs of smart,  
 Let him alone bee surely dowt, such is his due dela t,  
 A dungell hept of Cinders burnt his Pallayce make I shall,  
 That Malea where in winding strights, the lingring hips doe crall,  
 Shall gale on smolthzing turrets tops turnmoyde in crackling flame.  
 NV. For godlake (Madame) I you pray your tongue to silence frame.  
 Eke hyde your priuy languishing and greefe in secret bayne:  
 Who with a modest minde abides the Spurs of pricking payne,  
 And suffereth sorowes patiently, may it repay agayne. }  
 Who beares a priuy grudge in breast, and keepes his malyce close,  
 When least suspicion is thereof, may most annoy his foes.  
 He leeseeth opportunity who vengeaunce doth requyre,  
 That shewes by open sparkes the flame the heate of kindled fyre.  
 ME. Small is the grype of griefe that can to reasons loze obay,  
 And sneking downe with stealing steps can slyly slip away.  
 But they that througghly sowled are with showers of greater payne,  
 Can not digest such collyres sharpe, but cast it by agayne: (allwage  
 Fayne would I giue them trouncing girds. NV. Good daughter deare  
 Th'unbydded sway, and boyling heate of this thy gyddy rage:  
 Scant maist thou purchase quietnesse, although thou hold thy tongue.  
 ME. The valiaunt heart dame Fortune yet durst neuer harime w' wōg,  
 But dreading dastards downe she dūies. NV. If any corage dure,  
 And harbyed be in noble breast, now put the same in vze.  
 ME. The show of sturdy valiant heart, at any time doth thyne.  
 NV. No hope doth in aduersity thy way to scape asygne.  
 ME. Hee that hath none affiaunce left, nor any hope at all,  
 Yet let him not mistrust the luck of ought that may befall.  
 NV. Thy Countrey cleane hath cast thee of, to let thee sinke oꝝ swim,  
 As for thy husband Iason hee, there is no trust in him:  
 Of all the wealth, and worldly mucke wherewith thou didst abounde:  
 No porcion remaines at all, whereby some helpe is founde.  
 ME. Medea yet is left, (to much) and here thou mayst espy  
 The Seas to succour vs in flyght, and landes aloofe thy ly:  
 Hea yron tooles, with burning hands we haue to worke them woe,  
 And Gods that with the thunder dint shall ouerquell our foe:  
 NV. Who weares y<sup>e</sup> goldcrested crowne him dzed with awe yee should.  
 ME. My Father was a King, yet I betrayed his fleece of gould.  
 NV. Can not the deadly vyolence of weapons make thee feare?  
 ME. No, though such grisly Lads they were, as whilom did appeare.  
 That

## Medea.

That byed of gargell Dragons teeth in holow gaping groundes,  
When mutually in bloudy fight eche other did confounde.

N. The wilt thou cast thy self to death. M. Would God y<sup>t</sup> I were dead.

NV. Fly, fly to saue thy life. ME. Woe worth the time that once I fled.

N. What O Medea. M. Why shall I fly? N. A mother deere art thou,  
Fly therefore for thy childzens sake. ME. See see by whom, and how,

A wretched Mother I am made. NV. Thy lyfe by flight to saue  
Dost thou mistrust? ME. Nay, fly I will, but vengeaunce first ile haue.

NV. Then come shall thee at heeles pursue, to wycke the same agayne.

ME. Perhaps ile make his coming short. NV. Be still, and now reſtrayne

O despiet dame thy thundring threates, and ſlake your raging ire.

Apply, and frame thy froward will as time and tides requyre.

ME. Full well may fortunes welting wheele to begging bring my ſtate,  
As for my worthy corage, that ſhee, neuer ſhall abate.

Who howncing at the Gates, doth cauſe the creaking dores to Jar?

It is the wretch (Creon his ſelfe,) whom princely power far

Hath liſt aloft, with lordly looke, puſt vp with pouncing pryde,

That hee may Corinth countrey, with the ſway of Scepter guide.

Creon. Medea.



Edea that vngracious Imp, king Aetas wicked chylde,  
Yet hath not frō our careful realme her lingring foote exilde.  
Som naughty dyſt ſhe goes about, her knacks of old we kno  
Her iugling arts, her harming hāds are known wel long ago.  
From who will ſhee withhold her harme? whom will this cruell beaſt  
Permit to liue, from perrill free, in quietneſſe and reſt?

Cleane to cut of this parlous plague it was our purpoſe bent,

But Iaſon by entreting hard, did cauſe vs to relent.

At his requeſt we graunted haue, her life ſhe ſhall enioy,

Let her acquit our countrey free from feare of all annoy:

Wea ſaufely let her pack her hence, in eger giddy ſit,

With lumpiſh lowzing looke ſhee comes in talke with me to knit:

Sirs keepe her of and let her hence, leaſt vs ſhe touch perhap,

And dyue her backe from cōming nigh commaunde her keepe her clap.

And let her learne at length, how that her ſelfe ſubmit ſhe may,

The puiſ-

The puissaunt payse and maiesty of Princes to obey.  
 Run,hie thee quickly, trudge apace, haue hence out of my sight  
 This horrible, most odious quean, this monstrous wicked wight.  
 ME.Hy soueraygne liege, what greater crime haue I or lesse offence  
 Commit against thy maiesty, to be exiled hence ?  
 CR.Alas, the guiltlesse woman doth demaunde a reason why :  
 ME.If thou be Iudge indifferent, ordaynde my cause to try,  
 Consider then my doubtfull case, and wey the ground of it :  
 If thou be king, commaund a Iudge for such a matter fit.  
 CR.The princes pwoze thou shalt obey,b't eyther right or wrong.  
 M.The prosperous pryde of wronging crownes cannot endeuer long.  
 CR.Auaunt, & yell out thy complaynts at Colchis, get thee hence.  
 ME.Full gladly will I get mee home,if he that brought me thence,  
 Touchsafe to beare me back agayne. CR. Alas, to late aryle  
 Entreating wordes,when as decree is taken otherwise.  
 ME. He that not hearing eyther part, pronounceth his decree,  
 Unrighteous man accounted is,though ryght his sentence bee.  
 CR.Whye Pelias trusted to thy talke, from lyfe to death hee fell.  
 Go to, begyn, we gyue you leaue your goodly tale to tell.  
 ME.That type of Regall maiesty, that erst by Fortunes hand,  
 Aduaunced to I dyd attayne, hath taught mee vnderstand,  
 How hard a thing it is of wyath the rygour to asswage,  
 When burning heate of boyling breast in flames begins to rage.  
 Eke for th'aduaücement of their power more to display in sight  
 They kingly corage bolstred out with maiesty of might.  
 They deeme it doth import alway, and hath a greater grace,  
 Whome stately scepter coulde to climbe aloft to prouder place.  
 To perseuer with tansye sonde,in that to reasons spyght,  
 Whose greedy choyce attaynted fyrst his minde with bayne delight.  
 For though in piteous plyght I lye,throwne downe to great decay,  
 With heauy hap, and ruthfull chaunce,to myserable stay.  
 Thus hunted out from place to place,forsoke and left alone,  
 A wyddow while my husband liue, with cause to wayle and mone,  
 Perplex in maze of misery,wyth cloying cares so ryfe,  
 Yet whylom I in golden trone haue led in happy lyfe.  
 By high and noble parentage my bygght renowne doth shyne.  
 From Phœbus eake my Graundfire great deuyed is my ligne.  
 Whear syluer streamed Phasis flood his washing waues doth shed,  
 Or with contrary croking wayes his bathing channell spred,  
 What e=



## Medea.

What euer wandring coast stretcht out is left aloofe behynde,  
From whence the roaming Scithyan Sea his channell forth doth fynde,  
Where as Mæotis fenney plashe with pure fresh water sprynges,  
Doth season sweete the byny Sea, that tyde in thyrther bynges.  
Eke all the coastes enuyroned and kept within the bankes  
Of Thermodon, where warlike troupes, & armed wyddowes ranckes,  
With paynted bucklers on their armes holde all the land in feare,  
With rigour rough of threathing sword, with force of denting speare.  
So farre to all these wandring coastes and countreyes round about,  
My fathers ample regiment at large is stretched out.  
I being thus of noble Race, and in an happy plight,  
With glorious glosse of princely pomp in honour shynyng bright,  
Then pearelesse Peares my Spousall bed did seeke and sue to haue,  
But those to be theyr louing Feeves, now other Ladyes craue:  
Kathe, sicke, penish, vndiscreete, and wauering Fortunes wheele,  
Hath cast me out, the crulshyng cares of banishment to feele.  
In Scepter proude and hauty Crowne fir thine affyaunce fast.  
Sith vplodowne with welkin wheele, whole mounts of wealth is cast.  
This Princyes doe possesse, that should theyr royaltie display,  
Whose fame shall neuer razed be, with storme of lowzyng day,  
To succour those whom milery in pit of paynes doth soule,  
To shield and harbor suppliaunts in roofe of loyall house.  
This onely brought I from my Realme, the precious golden Fleece,  
That Jewell chiefe, and eke the flower of Chynalry in Greece,  
The sturdy prop, the Rampier strong the bulwarke of your wealth,  
And Hercules the boystrous Imp of Ioue I kept in health.  
It was by meanes of my good will that Orpheus did escape,  
Whose harmony the linelesse Rocks with such delight did rape,  
That forced even the clottred lumpes with hobling pyckt to prauce,  
And eke the isocond noddynge woods with footing fine to daunce.  
And that those heauenly twins Castor, and Pollux did not dy,  
My dew desart is doubled twise, sith them preserued I.  
Of Boreas blustering out with puffed Cheekes, his blastyng Breathe,  
His wynged Sons I kept aliue both Calais, and Zeath.  
And Lidceus that with pearcing beames, and sharper sight of Eye,  
Could staues on the farther banke of Sicill thore elpy.  
And all the Mynians that did come the golden fleece to win.  
As for the Prince of Princies all, I will not bring him in.  
With silence Iason will I passe, for whom though him I saue,  
Yet is not Greece in debt to mee, no recompence I craue.

To no

To no man him I doe impute, the rest I brought agayne  
 For your auayle, that you thereby some profit might attayne.  
 But onely on my Iason deare, him for my owne loues sake  
 I kept in store that hee of mee his wedded Wyfe should make.  
 None other fault (God wot) yee haue to charge mee with but this,  
 That Argo Ship by meanes of mee returned saufely is.  
 If I a shamefast mayde had not with Cupids bayte bene caught,  
 If moze my fathers health to haue then Iasons I had fought,  
 Pelasga land had bene vndone, and falne to great decay,  
 The lusty valiaunt Capitaynes, had cleane bene cast away:  
 And soly Iason fyrst of all this now thy sonne in lawe,  
 The Buls had rent his swallowed lims in fiery chomping iawe.  
 Let Fortune fight agaynst my case as list her eluish will,  
 Yet neuer shall it grieue my heart, repent my deede I nill,  
 That I should for so many kings their reling honour saue,  
 The guerden due that I for this my crime commit must haue,  
 It lyeth Creon in thy hande, if thus it lyketh thee,  
 Condemne my guilty ghost to death, but render fyrst to mee,  
 My fault that forced me offend, then Creon graunt I this,  
 Receauing Iason (cause of cryme) I guilty did amisse.  
 Thou knowst that I was such an one when couring low I lay,  
 Before thy feete in humble wise and did entreating pray,  
 Thy gracious goodnes mee to graunt some succour at thy hande.  
 For me a wreatch and wreatched Babes I aske within this lande  
 Some cotage bale, in outcast hole, some couching corner vile,  
 If from the towne thou dyue vs out to wander in exile,  
 Then some by place aloofe within this realme let vs obtayne.  
 CR. How am I none that tyrant like with churlish Scepter raygne,  
 For proudly or disdaynfully, with hawty corage hie,  
 With hauiting foote doe stamp them downe that vnder troden lye,  
 And daunted are in carefull bale, thys playnly doth disclose,  
 In that to mee of late I such a sonne in lawe haue chose,  
 Who was a wandring pilgrim pooze, with soze afflictions freight,  
 Dismayde with terrour of his foe, that lay for him in wayght.  
 Becausè Acastus hauing got the crowne of Thessail lande,  
 Requyret in thy guilty bloude to bath his wreackfull hande.  
 He doth bewayle that good olde man his feeble father layne,  
 Whoni waight of yeres with bowing back to stoupe alow constrayne  
 The godly mynded syfters, all yblinde with misty bale  
 And cloking colour of thy craft durst ventrully allayle.

That

## Medea.

That mount of myschiefe marueylous, to mangle heaw, and cut  
 They? Fathers dere vnioynted limmes in boyling Caldron put.  
 But for thy open guiltinesse if thou can purge the same,  
 Strayght Iason can discharge him selfe from blot of guilty blame.  
 His gentle handes were neuer staynde with goare of any bloude.  
 Aloofe from your conspyracie refrayning farre hee stode.  
 His harmelesse handes put not in vze with goary tooles to mell.  
 But thou that settst on fyre fyrst these mighty mischiefes sell,  
 Whom harmelesse womans wily braine and manly stomack stout  
 Doe set a Gog, for to attempt to bring all ils about.  
 And no regarde at all thou hast, how sounding trumpe of fame  
 With ringing blast of good or ill doe blowe abroad thy name:  
 Get out and cleanse my fyled realme, away together beare  
 Thyne hearbes vnmiilde of sorcery, my Lyegees ryd fro feare.  
 Transporte thee to some other lande, whereas thou may at ease  
 With odious noyle of diuelish charme, the troubled Gods diseale.  
 ME. If needes thou wilt haue mee auoyde, my thyp to mee restore,  
 Or els my mate with whom I fyrst aryued on this shore:  
 Why dost thou bid that by my selfe I onely should be gone?  
 I came not heather at fyrst wythout my company alone.  
 If this do thee aggreue, that bront of warres thou shalt sustayne,  
 Commaund vs both the cause thereof to shun thy realme agayne:  
 Sith both are guilty of one art, why dost thou part vs twayne?  
 For Iasons sake, not for myne owne, poore Pelias was slayne.  
 Anner vnto my traytrous sight the conquerde booty haue,  
 My hoary headdes naturall her, whom I forsaken haue,  
 With brothers bloudy flesh that mangled was with caruing knife,  
 Or ought of Iasons forged lies he gabbes vnto his wyfe.  
 These dreary deedes are none of myne, so oft as I offend,  
 Not for myne owne comodity, to come thereby in thende.  
 CR. Time is expierd, by which thou ought to haue bene gone away,  
 Wyth keeping such a chat, why dost thou make so long delay?  
 ME. Yet of thy bounty ere I goe, this one boone will I craue.  
 Although the mother banished, so sore offended haue,  
 Let not the vengeaunce of my fault through wyathfull deadly hate,  
 Myne innocent and guiltlesse Babes torment in wreached state.  
 CR. Away: with louing friendly grype thy children I embrace,  
 And as a father naturall take pity on they? case.  
 ME. Euen for the prosperous good encrease of fertill spousall bed,  
 Of Glaunce bright thy Daughter deare, whom Iason late hath wed.  
 And by

And by the hope of fructfull seede, whose flowre in time shall bloome.  
 By th'onour of thy glystring crowne, ythaisde to fortunes doome,  
 Whych thee so full of chop and chaunge, with ticle turning wheele  
 Whirle vp and downe, in staggering state makes to and fro to reele.  
 I thee beseech, sith to exile I am departing now  
 O Creon but a litle pause for mercy mee allow,  
 Whyle of my mourning bzats with kysse, my last farewell I take.  
 Whyle gaspe of fayling breath perhap my myuering lynis forsake.  
 CR. With craft entending some deceit thou crauest this delay.  
 ME. What falthode for so litle time be cause of terrour may?  
 CR. No iot of time is thort ynough displeasure to preuent.  
 ME. Can not one iot to weeping Eyes, and trylling teares be lent?  
 CR. Although agaynst thy ernest suite unlucky dread do stryue,  
 One day to settle thee away, content I am to gyue.  
 ME. This is to much, and of the same somewhat abyldge yee may.  
 CR. Make speede apace if from our land thou get thee not away,  
 Ere Phoebus haysle with golden gleede theyr streaming beames doe ihed.  
 Of dawning lampe, thou art condemnde to leese thy wretched hed.  
 The holy day, and byddall both doe call me hence away:  
 And wils mee at the sacred aare of Hymeneus to pray.

## Chorus.



Luish of life and dreadlesse was the wyght,  
 Attempting fyrst in slender tottring Barge  
 Wyth sliuing Ore the slyced waue to smyte,  
 And durst commit the dainty tender charge  
 Of hazered life to inconstant course of wynde,  
 That turnes with chaunge of chaunces euermore,  
 To vew the land forfooke aloofe behynde,  
 And shoouing forthe the Ship fro safer shore,  
 And glauncing through the fomy Channell deepe  
 On funder cut with slender Stemme the waue,

Twyxt hope



## Medea.

Twixt hope of lyfe, and dread of death to sweepe,  
In narrow gut him felfe to spill or faue :  
Experience yet of Planets no man had,  
They needed not the wandring courfe to knowe  
Of Starres, (wherewith the paynted fky is clad,)  
Not *Pleiads*, (which returne of fayling fhow)  
Nor *Hyads* (that with fhowrs the Seas doe beate)  
No nor the fterne *Amaltheas* horned head  
(Who gaue the lyppes of fucking *Ioue* the Teate)  
Were wont to put the blundering fhips in dread.  
They feared not the northerne Ify wayne,  
Whych lazy olde bootes wields behinde,  
And twynes about, no name yet could they fayne  
For *Boreas* rough, nor fmother western wynde.  
Yet *Typhys* bould on open feas durst fhow  
His hoyfted fayles, and for the wyndes decree  
New lawes : as now full gale aloofe to blow,  
Nor tackle turnde to take fyde wynde alee,  
Now vp to farle the croffayle on the maft,  
There fafe to hang, the topfayle now to fped,  
Now miffel fayle, and drabler out to caft,  
VVhen dagling hanges his fhottring tackle red  
VVhyle ftearfman ftur, and bufye neuer blin,  
VVith pyth to pull all fayles eke to difplay,  
VVith tooth and nayle all force of winde to wyn,  
To fheare the feas, and quick to fcut awaye.  
The golden worlde our fathers haue poffeft,  
VVhere banyfht fraude durst neuer come in place,  
All were content to liue at home in reft,  
VVith horye head, gray beard, and furrowed face.  
VVhych tract of time within his countrey brought.  
Riche hauing lytle, for more they did not toyle,  
No vente for wares, nor Traficque far they fought,  
No wealth that fprange beyond theyr natie foyle,  
The Theffail fhypp together now hath fet,

The

The Theffail ſhip together now hath ſet,  
 The Worlde that well with Seas diſſeuered lay,  
 It biddes the flouds with Oares to be bet,  
 And ſtreames vnknownen with ſhipwrack vs to fray  
 That wicked Keele was loſt by ruthfull wrack  
 Ytossed through ſuch perylles paſſing great,  
 Where *Cyanes* Rocks gan rore as thunder crack,  
 Whoſe bouncing boult the ſhaken foyle doth beat.  
 The ſowſing Surges daſſhed euery ſtarre,  
 The peſterd ſeas the cloudes aloft berayde,  
 This ſcuſſling did bould *TYPHIS* minde detarre,  
 Hys helme did ſlip from trembling hande diſmayde.  
 Then *ORPHEVS* with his drowping Harp was mum  
 Dead in her dumpes the flaunting *ARGOS* glee,  
 All huſht in reſt with ſilence wexed dum,  
 What hardy heart aſtound heere would not bee?  
 To ſee at once eche yawning mouth to gape,  
 Of *Syllas* gulph compact in wallowing paunch,  
 Of dogges, who doth not loth her mongrell ſhape,  
 Her viſage, breſt, and hyddeous vgly haunch:  
 Whom erketh not the ſcoulde with barking ſtill?  
 To here the Mermaydes dyre who doth not quayle,  
 That lure the Eares with pleaſaunt ſinging ſhrill  
 Of ſuch as on *Auſonius* Sea doe ſayle:  
 When *ORPHEVS* on his twanckling Harpe did play,  
 That earſt the Muſe *Callion* gaue to him  
 Almoſt thoſe Nymphes that wonted was to ſtay  
 The ſhyps, he cauſd faſt following him to ſwim.  
 How deereſly was that wicked iourney bought?  
*MEDDEA* accuſt, and eke the golden Fleece,  
 That greater harme then ſtorme of ſeas hath wrought  
 Rewarded well that voyage fiſt of Greece.  
 Now ſeas controulde doe ſuffer paſſage free,  
 The *Argo* proude erected by the hand  
 Of *PALLAS* fiſt, doth not complayne that ſhee,  
 Conueyde hath back, the kynges vnto theyr land.

S.

Eche whir-

# Medea

Eche whirry boate now scuddes aboute the deepe,  
All stynts and warres are taken cleane away,  
The Cities frame new walles themselues to keepe,  
The open worlde lettes nought rest where it lay :  
The Hoyes of Ind Arexis lukewarme leake.  
The Perfeans stout in Rhene and Albis streame  
Doth bath their Barkes, time shall in fine out breake  
When Ocean waue shall open euery Realme.  
The wandring World at will shall open lye.  
And *TYPHIS* vwill some nevv founde Land suruay  
Some trauelers shall the Countreys farre escrye,  
Beyond small Thule, knovven furthest at this day.

## THE THIRD ACTE.

Nutrix. Medea.



Hy trotst thou flikking in and out  
so rash from place to place ?  
Stand still, and of thyne eger wꝛath  
suppresse the ruthfull rage,  
The rigour rough of ramping rage  
from burning bꝛeast out cast,  
As Bacchus hedlem priestes that of  
his spyte haue felt the blast,  
Run franticke, hoyting vp and downe  
with scitish wayward wits,  
Not knowing any place of rest, so prickt with frowarde fits,  
On cloudy top of Pindus Mounte all hyd with Snow so chyll :  
Or els vpon the lotty riddge of bꝛaunched Nisa hyll :  
Thus starting still with frownced mynde she walters to and froe,  
The signes pronouncing proofof pangues her frensly Face doth show  
With glowing cheekes, and bloud red face with short & gasping bꝛeath,  
Shee fetcheth deepe ascending sighes from sobbing heart beneath,  
Now blyth she smiles, ech tūbled thought in pondꝛing bꝛaine she beats,  
Now standes she in a mammering, now myschiefe soze she threats.  
With chaf.

With chasing fume she burnes in wrath, and now she doth cōplayne,  
 With blubbering teares a fresh bylinee thee weepes & wayles agayne.  
 Where will this lumpish load of cares with headlong sway allight?  
 On whom entendeth thee to worke the threates of her despight?  
 Where will this huge tempestious surge flake downe it selfe agayne?  
 Enkindled fury new in breast begins to boyle a mayne.  
 Shee secretly entendes no mischief small nor meane of life  
 To passe her selfe in wickednes her busy braynes deuise.  
 The taken olde of pinching ire full well ere this know I:  
 Some haynous, huge, outrageous great, and dreadfull storie is nye:  
 Her firy, scowling, steaming Eyes, her hanging Groyne I see,  
 Her pouting, puffed, frowning Face, that signes of creating bee.  
 O myghty Loue beguile my feare. ME. O wretch if thou desire,  
 What measure ought to payle thy wrath then learne by Cupids fire,  
 To hate as sore as thou didst loue, shall I not them annoy  
 That doe vnite in spousall bed, theyr wanton lust t'enioy?  
 Shall Phoebus fiery footed hōyle goe lodge in western waue  
 The drowping day, that late I did with humble crouching craue,  
 And with such earnest busie suite so hardly graunted was?  
 Shall it depart ere I can bring my deuylish dypt to passe?  
 Whyle houering heauen doth counterpayled hang with egall space,  
 Amid the marble Hemispheares, whyle rounde with stinted race,  
 The gorgeous Sky about the Earth doth spinning roll about,  
 Whyles that the number of the sandes, lyes hid vnserched out,  
 While dawning day doth keepe his course with Phoebus blase so bright,  
 While twinkling starres in golden traynes doe garde the slūby nyght,  
 While I lie vnder propping poale with whysling wyng so swift,  
 The thynning Beares vnbathe about the frozen Sky doe list,  
 While flushing floudes the frothy streames to rustling Seas doe send,  
 To gird them gript with plōging pangues my rage shall neuer end.  
 With greater heate it shall reboyle, lyke as the bytische beast,  
 Whose tyranny most horrible, exceedeth all the rest,  
 What greedy gaping whyle poole wide what parlous gulph vnmilde,  
 What Sylla coucht in rozing Rockes, or what Charybdes wyld,  
 (That Sicill, and Ionium Sea by frothy waues doth sup)  
 What Aetna bolking stifling flames, and dusky vapours vp,  
 (Whose heauy payle w<sup>th</sup> stēwing heate doth smoldring crūth beneath  
 Encelades, that fiery flakes from choked throte doth breathy)  
 Can with such dreadfull menaces in sweeting fury fry?  
 No ryuer swift no troubled surge of stormy Sea so hye,

S 2.

For stur-



## Medea

For sturdy seas (whom ruffling winds with raging force to roze)  
 Nor puillaunt flash of fyre, whose might by boystrous blast is moze,  
 May hyde my angers violence: my fury shall it soyle:  
 His court Ile ouer houre, and lay it leauell with the soyle.  
 My Iasons heart did quake for feare of Creon cruell king.  
 And least the king of Thessaly would warre vpon him bring.  
 But loyall loue that hardens hearts makes no man be afright.  
 But beete, that he conuict hath yeelde himselfe to Creons might.  
 Yet once hee might haue visited, and come to me his wyfe,  
 To talke, and take his last farewell, if daunger of his life  
 In doing this (hard harted wretch most cruell) he should feare,  
 He being Creons sonne in law, for him it lesfull were,  
 To haue prozogen somewhat yet my heauy banishment,  
 To take my leaue of chyldren twayne one onely day is lent:  
 Yet doe I not complayne, as though the time to short I thought,  
 As prooffe shall playne pronounce, to day, to day, it shall bee wrought,  
 The memozy whereof no tract of time shall wypp away.  
 With malice bent agaynst the Gods my wyath shall them assay:  
 And risling euery thing, both good, and bad, I will turnioyle.  
 NV. Madame thy minde that troubled is, and tost with such abyrole  
 Of swarming ills, thy bered breast now set at rest agayne,  
 The penith fond affections all of troubled mynde refrayne.  
 ME. Then onely can I be at rest, when euery thing I see  
 Throwne headlong topsie turuey downe to ruthfull ende with mee.  
 With mee let all things cleane decay: thy selfe if thou doe spill,  
 Thou maist dzyue to destruction what els with thee thou wilt:  
 NV. If in this folly stiffe thou stand, beholde what after clappes  
 Are to bee fearde, none dare contriue for Dynces trayning trappes.

Iason. Medea.



Lucklesse lot of frowarde Fates, O cruell Fortunes hap,  
 Both whe the list to lmitte, or spaze, in woe the doth vs wrap  
 A like, the salue y<sup>e</sup> God hath geuen so oft, to cure our grieve,  
 Moze noyeth then the soze it selfe, and sendeth lesse reliefe:  
 If for her good deserts to me, amendment I should make,  
 I hazard should my ventrous lyfe to leese it for her sake.  
 If I will shun my dismall day, and will not for her dy,  
 Then want the loue of loyaltie, O wretched man must I.

No dast-

No dastards dread my stomacke stout can cause to droupe & thynke,  
 But meere remorse appauleth me, when on my babes I thynke.  
 For why? when carefull parents are once rest of lyfe and breath,  
 Sone after them their wretched seede are drawne to dolefull death.  
 O Sacred righteousnesse (if thou enioye thy worthy place  
 In perfect blisse of happy heauen) I call vpon thy grace,  
 And thee for witnesse here alledge, how for my childrens part  
 With pity prickt I haue commit these things agaynst my hart.  
 And so I thinke Medea her selfe the Mother rather had,  
 (Though frantickly as now she fares with rage of heart so mad  
 And doth abhor with paynfull yoke of combrous cares to toyle)  
 Her spousall bed, then that her seede should take the plunging foyle.  
 I did determine in my minde, to goe her to entreate  
 With gentle wordes, & pray her cease, in feruent wrath to create.  
 And loe, on me when once she caste the beames of glauncing Eye,  
 Full blythe the leapes, she iumpes for ioy, in fits the ginnes to try.  
 Deepe deadly blackish hate she seemes in outward brow to beare,  
 And wholly in her frowning face doth glutting griefe appeare.  
 ME. I packing, packing, I ason am: this still to chop, and chaunge  
 The fleeting foyle of my abode, to mee it is not straunge.  
 The cause of my departure yet (to me is straung) and new.  
 I wonted was in followinge thee all places to eschew:  
 I will depart, and get me hence, to whom for helping hande  
 Entendest thou to sende vs forth, whom hence to fly the land  
 Thou dost compell with thine alies? shall I repayre agayne  
 To Phasis flood, to Colchis Ile, or to my fathers raygne?  
 Or goary sweeting fieldes, that with my brothers blood do reeke?  
 What harbyng lands aloofe dost thou commaund vs out to seeke?  
 What seas appoint yee me to passe? shall I my iourney dyue,  
 Vpon the parlous hatefull iawes of Pontus to arriue,  
 By which I did laufe conduct home kings valiaunt armies great,  
 Where roaring rocks with thundring noise the flapping waues do beate  
 Or on the narrow wrackfull shore, of Simplegades thwayne?  
 Or els to small Hiolcos towne can I retourne agayne?  
 Or toyle, the gladsome pleasaunt lands of Tempe to attayne?  
 All places that I opened haue vnto thy passage free,  
 I shut them vp agaynst my selfe, now whether sendst thou mee?  
 A banisht wretch to banishment thou wouldest haue encline,  
 Yet to the place of her exyle, thou canst not her allygne.

5 3.

Yet for

## Medea

Yet for all that without delay I must depart and go:  
And why? forsooth the king his sonne in law commaunderth so.  
Well: nothing will I stand against, with gyppes of passing payne  
Let me be scourge, of my desarts such is the gotten gayne.  
Let Creon in his princely ruffe lay to his heauy handes,  
To whyp an whore in torments sharp, with iron giues, and bandes  
Let her be chaynd, in hydeous hole of night for aye her locke:  
Let her be cloyed with pestring payle of relesse rowling rocke.  
Yet lesse than I deserued haue, in all this shall I finde:  
O thou vncircumspect Gentleman, consider in thy mynde  
The stamy puffes, and firy gaspes of gaskly gaping bull,  
And Aetas catell ryck with fleece of gorgeous golden wooll,  
That went to graze amid so great and mighty feares in fielde,  
Of vncontrouled Nation, whose soyle dorth armies peeelde.  
Reuoke to minde the deadly darter of sodayne starting foe,  
When gaskly warriour (Tellus broode) to ground agayne did goe,  
Through slaughter red of mutuall launce, to this yet further paille,  
The lurch'd fleece of Phrixes Ramme, that all thine errand was.  
And bgsome Argos slumberlesse, whom fast I coulde to keepe  
His wery watching winking eyes with vnaquaynted sleepe.  
My brother eke, whose fatall twist of feeble lyfe I thred,  
And guilt that wrought so many guiltes when as with thee I fled.  
The daughters whom I set on worke entrapt in wily trayne,  
To slay theyr fire, that shall not ryle to quickned lyfe agayne.  
And how to trauell other realmes, I set myne owne at nought.  
By that good hope which of thy seede conceaued is in thought,  
Take by thy stable Mansion place, and mighty monsters, that  
Downe beaten for thy health, I coulde before thy feete to squat,  
And by these dyding hands of myne vnspared for thy sake,  
For dread of daungers ouer past that caused thee to quake,  
By heauens aboue, and seas belowe, that witnesse bearers bee,  
To knitting of our maryage bp, thy mercy bayle to mee.  
Of all the heapes of treasure great so farre of being set,  
Which Aetas sauage Scythians dyd trauell for to get,  
From Ind, where Phœbus scorching blase dorth dye the people blacke.  
Of all this golde which in our bowres wee coulde not well compacte.  
But tricke and trym wee garnished our groues with golde so gay,  
I banisht wretch of all this stuffe gat nought with mee away,  
Except my brothers slaughtred flesh, yet I employed the same  
On thee: the cares of countreyes health, my honesty and shame.  
My Father

My father, and my brother both hath yeelded place to thee,  
This is the dowry that thou had my wedded spouse to bee.  
To her whom thou dost abrogate restore her goods agayne.

IA. When Creon in malicious mood had thought thee to haue slayne,  
Entreated with my teares, eyre and life he gaue to thee.

ME. I tooke it for a punishment, but surely as I see  
This banishment is now become a friendly good rewarde.

IA. While thou hast time to goe, be gone, for most leueare, and harde  
The kings displeasure euer is. M. Thus wouldst thou dodge mee out ?  
Thy hated trull cast of thou dost, that please Creuse thou mought.

IA. Dost thou Medea vphrayde mee with the breach vnkynde of loue ?

ME. And slaughter byle, with trechery, whereto thou didst mee moue.

IA. When all is done what canst thou say my guiltines to slayne ?

ME. Euen whatsoeuer I haue done. IA. Yet more this doth remayne :  
That thy vngacious wickednes of harme should mee accuse.

ME. Thine, thine, they are, they are all thine what euer I did ble.

Who that of lewdnesse reapes the fruite, is grafter of the same.

Let euery one with infamy thy wretched Spouse defame,

Yet doe thou onely take her part, her onely doe thou call

A iust and vndefiled wight, without offence at all.

If any man shall for thy sake pollute his hand with ill,

To thee let him an innocent yet be accounted still,

IA. The life is lothsome that doth worke his shame who hath it chose.

ME. The life whose choyse doth worke thy shame thou ought againe to

IA. Let reason rule thy eger mynde so vert with crabbed ire, (lose.

And for thy tender childrens case to bee at rest requyre.

ME. I doe defy it, wholly I detest it, I forswear,

That bretheren byed vnto my harness Creusas wombe shall beare.

IA. It will be trim, when as a Queene of maiesty and myght

Hath issue, kinne vnto the seede of thee a banisht wight.

ME. So cursed day shall neuer on my wretched children shine,

To mingle base bozne basterdes with the bloud of noble Lygne.

Shall Phœbus stocke (that beares the lamp of heauen in starry throne)

Be macht with drudging Sisyphus that roules in hell the stone ?

IA. What meanest thou wretch, both thee & mee in banishment to poke ?

I pray then hence. ME. When humbly I my mynde to Creon broke,

Hee gaue an eare vnto my suite. IA. What lperth in my myght

To doe for thee ? ME. If no good turne, then doe thy worst dispyght.

IA. On this side with his sword in hand king Creon doth mee scarre :

On other part with armed hoast Acast doth mee detarre.

§ 4.

ME. Medea



## Medea

ME. Medea eke to coape with these, that more apaul vs may :

Go to, to skymishe let vs fall, let Iason be the pray :

IA. I peeelde whom soe aduerſities haue tyerd with heauy sway.

Learn thou to dyed thy luellesse lot that ofte doth thee assay.

ME. I euermore haue rulde the swinge of fortunes wauering will.

IA. Achastus is at hand, and nygh is Creon thee to spyll :

ME. Take thou thy heeles to scape them both, I doe not thee aduise,

That thou agaynst thy father in lawe in traytrous armes should ryse.

For in Achast thy colens bloud thy wounding handes to gore,

The bowes vnto Medea made, doe trouble thee so sore.

Whyle yet thou halt not spilt there bloud, yet fly with mee away.

IA. When armies twayne their banners of defiance shall display,

And marching forth in felde to fyght seeke battayle at my hande,

Who then for vs encounter shall their puissaunce to withstand ?

ME. If Creon and Achastus king encampe together shall

Admit that these in one with them should ioyne their powers all

My Countreyemen of Colchis Ile, and Aetas lusty kyng,

Suppose the Scythians ioyne with Greekes, to ground I wil the bying,

Cleane put to foile. IA. The puissaunt power of hawty mace I feare.

ME. Take heede, least more thou do affect the same, then for to cleare,

Thy selfe of Creons seruile yoke. IA. Least some suspicion grow,

Of this our tatling long here let vs make an ende and goe.

ME. Now Ioue hurle out thy flames & force thy thundring bolts to fly,

With fiery drakes bright brandishing disparst in burning sky :

Strayne forth thy dreadfull threatning arme, dispose in due aray

The tossing dint of lightning flathe, that wrecke our quarrell may.

With rumbling cracke of renting cloud cause all the world to quake,

And leuell not thy houering hand to stryke with fryr flake

Vppon my past and crushed corpes, or Iasons Carcasse slayne :

For whether of vs thou smight to death his due rewarde shall gayne,

Thy thumps of thwacking boltes on vs amisse they cannot light.

IA. Fy, let thy mynde on matters runne that seeme a modest wight.

And vse to haue more cheerefull talke, if any thing thou craue,

Within my fathers house to ease thy flyght, thou shalt it haue.

ME. Thou knowst my minde both can, & eke is wont, to doe no lesse,

Then to contemne the byttell wealth that Pynces doe possesse.

This, this shalbe the onely boone that at thy hande I craue,

As mates with me in banishment, my children let mee haue,

That resting on theyr sighing brestes my carefull mourning hed,

I may my chystall teary streames into theyr bosomes shed.

But as

But as for thee, new gotten sonnes of wise new wed doe stay.

IA. I graunt that vnto thy request I wishe I might obey :

But nature mee with pity pyckes, that needes I must deny.

For though both Creon and Achast, in torments force mee lye,  
I could not yeelde vnto theyr willes : on this my lyfe doth rest :

In times of teares, this is the ioy of dull afflicted brest

For better farre I can abyde the wante of vitall breath,

And succour of my limmes, or loose, the light of worlde by death.

ME. What loue vnto his seely Babes is deeply graft in him ?

This worketh well I haue him tript, loe now there lyeth byni.

An open place whereby receaue a benny soone hee may.

Let mee or I departe, vnto my seely children say.

These lessons of my last adewe, and graunt to mee the space,

With tender grype of colling last theyr louing limmes t'embrace :

This wilbe comforte to my heart : yet at the latter woorde

I aske no more but onely that you shoulde mee this asoorde.

If eger anguish cause my tongue to cast out woordes vnkinde,

Let all thing fly, let nothing be engraue in your minde

But let remembraunce otherwhyle of mee to touch your thought,

Let other thinges be wypte away that hyle of wrath hath wrought.

IA. I haue forgotten euery whit God graunt thou may of shake,

These surging qualmes of frounced minde & milder mayste it make :

For quietnesse doth worke theyr ease that dented are with woe :

ME. What is he lily slypt and gon ? falles out the matter so ?

O Iason dost thou sneake away, not hauing minde of mee,

Not of those former great good turnes that I haue done for thee ?

With thee now am I cleane forgot : but I will bying about

That from thy carefull sighing minde shall not bee banisht out :

Apply to bying this to effect, call home thy wits agayne,

And all thy wply fetches farre, each artificiall trapne.

This is the perfect fruite that may to thee of mischiese spryng,

To presuppose that mischiese is not graft in any thing.

Stant haue I oportunitie for my pretended guile,

Because wee are mistrusted sore : but try I will the whyle

To set vpon them in such sort, as none can deeme my sleight :

March forth, now venture on, fall to, both what lyeth in thy myght,

And also what doth passe thy power. O saythfull nurse and mate

Of all my heauy heart breaking, and dyuers curled fate.

Come help our simple meane deuice. Remayning yet I haue

A robe of Pall the present that our heauenly Graundfate gaue,

Thiese mo-

## Medea.

Chiefe monument of Cholchis Ile, which Phœbus did bestow  
 On Ætas for a pledge, that him his father he might know.  
 A precious fulgent gorget eake, that brauely glytters bryght,  
 And with a seemely thynning leame of golden thyds is dight,  
 Through wrought betwene the row of pierles doe stand in borders round,  
 Wherewith my golden crispen Locks is wanted to be crownd.  
 My lytle chyldren they shall beare these presents to the Wyde,  
 That first with sibber slabbar losse of chauntments shalbe tryde.  
 Request the ayde of Hecate in redinesse prepare  
 The lamentable sacrifice vpon the bloody Are.  
 Enforce the fiers catching holde vpon the rafters hye  
 With crackling noyse of flamy sparkes rebound in azur sky.

## Chorus.

**N** fiers force, nor tūbling rage of boistrous blustyring winde,  
 No dart that whirling in the skies, such terrour to y<sup>e</sup> minde  
 Can driue, as when y<sup>e</sup> ireful wife doth boile in burning hate  
 Depryued of her spousall bed, and comfort of her mate,  
 Nor where the stormy southerne winde with dankish dabby face,  
 Of hoary winter lendeth out the gushyng howyes apace.  
 Where beightment lsters waumblyng streame comes waltring downe a-  
 Forbidding both the banks to meete, & cannot oft contayne (mayne,  
 Him selfe within his channels scoupe, but further breakes his way,  
 Nor Rodanus whole rushyng streame doth launch into the sea,  
 Or when amid the floured spring with hotter burning sunne,  
 The winters snowes disolude with heate downe to the ryuers runne:  
 The clotted top of Haemus hill to water thin doth turne,  
 Such desperate gogin flame is wraith that inwardly doth burne,  
 And modest rule regardeth not, nor hyddels can abyde,  
 Nor dreading death, doth with on dinte of naked blade to flyde.  
 O Gods be gracious vnto vs, for pardon we do craue,  
 That him who tamde the scuffling waues, vouchsafe yee would to saue.  
 But Neptune yet the Lord of Seas with crowning face will lower,  
 That ouer his second Scepter men to triumph haue the power.  
 The boy that rashly durst attempt that great vnweldy charge  
 Of Phœbus euerlasting Carte, and rouing out at large,  
 Not bearing in his recklesse breast his fathers warnings wyse,  
 Was burned with the flames which hee did scatter in the Skyes.

None



None knew the costly glimāing glades, where straggling Phaëton rode,  
 Passe not the path, where people safe in former tyme haue trode.  
 O fondling, wilfull, wanton boy, doe not dissolue the frame  
 Of heauen, sith Ioue with sacred hand hath halowed the same.  
 Who rowde with valiaunt Dares tough, that were for Argo made,  
 Hath powled naked Pelion mounte of thycke compacted shade.  
 Who entred hath the fleeting rockes and serched out the toyle  
 And tryng trauels of the seas, and hath on saluage soyle  
 Knit fast his stretched Cable rope, and going forth to land.  
 To cloyne away the foiren golde with greedy snatching hand.  
 Unto the seas (because that hee transgresseth theyr lawes deuine)  
 By this vnlucky ende of his, he payes his forfeite fine.  
 The troubled seas of theyr vnrrest for vengeaunce howle and weepe.  
 Syr Typhis who did conquer fyrst the daunger of the deepe,  
 Hath yeelded vp the cunning rule of his vnwelody sterne,  
 To such a guide, as for that vse hath neede as yet to learne.  
 Who giuing vp his Ghost aloofe from of his natīue lande,  
 In foireyn moze lyes buryed vile with dirty soddes in sande.  
 He sits among the sittering soules that straungers to him weare.  
 And Aulis File that in her minde her masters losse doth beare,  
 Held in the Ships, to stand and wayle in croking narrow nooke:  
 That Orpheus Calliops sonne who stayde the running Brooke,  
 Whyle he recordes on heauenly Harpe with twanckling finger fine,  
 The wynde layde downe his pipling blasses: his harmony diuine  
 Procurde the woods to sty: them selues, and trees in traynes along  
 Came forth with byrds that held their layes and listned to his song.  
 With lims on sunder rent in fielde of Thrace he lyeth dead.  
 Up to the top of Heber floude, eke haled was his head.  
 Gone downe he is to Stygian dampes, which scene hee had before,  
 And Tartar boyling pits, from whence retorne hee shall no more.  
 Alcydes hanging hat did brynge the Northern laddes to grounde.  
 To Achelo of sundry shapen he gaue his mortall wounde.  
 Yet after he could purchase peace both vnto sea and land,  
 And after Ditis dungeon blacke rent open by his hand,  
 He luyng spred himselke along on burning Oetas hill:  
 His members in his proper flame the wretch did thrust to spill:  
 His bloud he brewd with Nestors bloud, and lost his lothsome lyfe  
 By traytrous gyft that poysoned thyt receaued of his wyfe.  
 With tulke of bristled groynning Boze Anceus lymys were tozne.  
 O Meleagar (wicked wight) to graue by thee were bozne

Thy Mo:



## Medea.

Thy mothers brethren twayne, and mee, for it with ruthfull hand,  
Hath wrought thy dolefull destiny, to burne thy fatall brand.  
The rash attempting Argonantes deserued all the death  
That Hylas whom Alcides lost herest of fading breath.  
That springall which in sowling waues of waters drowned was:  
Goe now yee lusty bloudes, the Seas: with doubtfull lot to passe.  
Though Idmon had the calking skyll of destinies before,  
The serpent made him leaue his lyfe in tombe of Liby thore.  
And Mopsus that to other men could well theyr fates escry,  
Yet onely did deceyue him selfe vncertayne where to dy,  
And he that could the secret hap of things to come vnsoulde,  
Yet dyde not in his counrey Thebes. Dame Thetis husband oulde  
Did wander like an outlawde man. Our Palimedes lyre  
Did headlong whelm him selfe in seas. Who at the Greekes retyre  
From Troy, to rushe on rockes did them allure with wily light,  
Stout Ajax Oleus did sustayne the dint of thunder bright,  
And cruell stoyne of surging seas, to quite the haynous guilt,  
That by his counrey was commit, in seas he lyeth spilt.  
Alceste to redeme her husbonds Phereus lyfe from death,  
The godly Wyfe vpon her spouse bestowed her panting breath.  
Proude Pelias that wretch him selfe who had them first assay  
The golden fleece that booty braue by ship to fetch away,  
Perboyld in glowing cauldron hoate with feruent heate hee fryes,  
And fleeting peccemeale vp and downe in water thin he lyes.  
Inough, inough, reuenged are O Gods the wronges of seas,  
Be good to Iason, doing that hee did, his Came to please.

## THE FOVRTH

### A C T E.

Nutrix.



Mhuering minde amazed is, agast, and sore dismayde:  
My chillish lims with quaking colde do tremble all a frayde.  
Such plagues & vengeance is at hand, in what exceeding wise  
Do sharp assaults of greedy grieke still more & more arise,  
And of it selfe in smothering breast enkindlelle greater heate?  
Oft haue I seene how ramping rage hath forced her to create.

With fran-

With franticke fits, mad, bedlem wiffe, against the Gods to rayle,  
 And eke bewitched ghosts of heauen in plunging plagues to trayle:  
 But now Medea beates her busie brayne to bying to passe  
 A myschiefe greater, greater farre, then euer any was.  
 Erewhile when hence she tript away astonished in soze,  
 And of her payson closet close she entred had the doze:  
 Shee powreth out her Jewels all, abroad to light shee brings  
 That which she dreading lothed long, most irksome vgly things:  
 Shee mumbling confuses vp by names of ill the rable rout,  
 In hugger mugger cawched long, kept close, vnterched out:  
 All pestilent plagues she calles vpon, what euer Libie lande,  
 In frothy boyling stream doth worke, or muddy belching lande:  
 What tearing torments Taurus breeds, with snowes vnthawed still  
 Where winter stauwes, and hozy frost knit hard the craggy hill,  
 She laves her crossing hands vpon each monstrous conuorde thing,  
 And ouer it her magicke verbe with charming doth she sing:  
 A mawse, vawse, rusty route with cancreed Scales Iclad  
 From musty, fusty, dusty dens where lurked long they had,  
 Doe craull: a wallowing serpent huge, his cobrous Corps out drags,  
 In fiery foming blaring mouth his forked tongue hee wags.  
 He stares about with sparkling eyes, if some he might espy,  
 Whom snapping at with stinging spit he might constrayne to dy:  
 But hearing once the magycke verbe he hutht as all a gass,  
 His body boalne big, wrapt in lumps on twining knots hee cast.  
 And wambling to and fro his tayle in linkes he rowles it round.  
 Not sharp enough (quoth she) the plagues & tooles that hollow graūd  
 Engenders for my purpose are, to heauen vp will I call,  
 To reach me stronger payson down, to frame my teate with all.  
 Now is it at the very paynt, Medea thou allay,  
 To bring about some farther fetch, then common Witches may.  
 Let downe, let downe, that sprawling Snake that doth his body spyed,  
 As doth a running byooke abroad his myghty channell shed.  
 Whose swelling knobs of wondrous file & boystrous hobbing bumpes  
 Doth thumpe the great & lesser beare that feele his heavy lumps.  
 The hygger beare with golden gleede the greekish fleete doth guyde:  
 But by the lesse the Sidon ships their passage haue espyde.  
 He that with pinch of griping fist doth bruse the adders twayne,  
 His strening hard & clasping hande, let him vnknit agayne.  
 And crashe their squeased venome out, come further thou our charme  
 O flymy serpent Python, whom Dame Iuno sent to harme  
 Diana, and

## Medea.

Diana, and Apollo both, (those heauenly spryites twayne)  
 With whom Latona traueling did grone with pynching payne.  
 O Hydra whom in Lerna poole Alcides gaue the foyle,  
 And all the noysome vermen byle that Hercules did spoyle.  
 Which when on sunder they were cut with styng deadly knyfe,  
 Can knit agayne their sodred partes, and so recouer lyfe.  
 Help wakefull Dragon Argos, whom first magicke wordes of myne  
 Made Morpheus locke thy sleepe liddes, and shut thy slugring eyne.  
 Then hauing brought about the ground of Serpents all the rout,  
 Of filthy weedes the rankest bane thee pyckes, and gathers out,  
 That spyng on knotty Eryx hill where passage none is founde,  
 Among the ragged Rockes, or what on Caucasus his grounde  
 Doth grow that still is clad in Coate of hoary moary frost.  
 That euermore bnmelt abydes, whose spattered fylde is coste  
 With gubbs of bloud, y<sup>t</sup> spowteth from Prometheus gaping maw,  
 Whose guts with twitching talent out the gaskly gripe doth draw.  
 Or any other venemous herbe amonge the Medes that growes,  
 That with their sheafe of arrowes sharp in field do scare their foes.  
 Or what the light held Parthian to serue her turne can sende,  
 Or els the rych Arabians, that dyp theyr arrowes ende  
 In poyson strong: the iuyce of all Medea out doth wyngge,  
 That vnderneath the frozen poale in Svveuia land doth spyngge.  
 Whose noble state Hircinus woode doth high enhaunce and reare,  
 Or what the pleasaunte soyle doth yeelde in pyrne of smiling beare,  
 When nature byddes the byrd begin her throwding nest to builde,  
 Or when the churlythe Boreas blast sharpe winter hath erilde,  
 The trym aray of bzaunche and bough to cloth the naked tree,  
 And euery thynge with bitter coulde of Snowe congealed bee.  
 In any pestilent flower on stalke of any hearbe doth growe,  
 Or noysome iuyce doth lye in rotten wythen rootes alowe,  
 Hath any force in breading bane, those takes shee in her hande.  
 Some plaugy hearbes did Athos yeelde that mount of Thessayle lande.  
 And other Pindus roches hye and some vppon the top  
 Of Pingeus, but tender twigges the cruell Sythe did lop:  
 These Tigris ryuer nozist vp, that choakes his whyrlpoale deepe  
 With stronger streame. Danubius those in fostring waue did keepe.  
 Those did Hidaspus mynistre, who by the parching zone  
 With lukewarme siluer channell runnes, so rych with precious stone.  
 And Bethis sonne, who gaue the name vnto his countrey great,  
 And with his shallowe foarde agaynst the Spanythe seas doth beat  
 This hearbe

This hearbe aboade the edge of knyfe in dawning of the day  
 Ere Phoebus Face gan peepe, bedect with glittering goulden spray  
 His slender stalke was ineped of in deepe of silent nyght,  
 His cozne was crompt, whyle the w<sup>t</sup> charme her poplind nayles did dight.  
 Shee chops the deadly hearbes, & wings the squeed clattered bloud  
 Of Serpentes out: and filthy byrdes of irkesome miry mud:  
 She tempers with the same and eake: she brayes the heart of Owle  
 Forshewing death with glaring Eyes, and moaping Wylage soule,  
 Of thyke Owle hoarte alyue she takes the dirty stinking guts,  
 All thele the framer of this feate in dyuers percelis puts.  
 This hath in it deuouring force of greedy spoyling flame,  
 The frozen yste dulling coulde engenders by the same.  
 Shee chauntes on those the magicke verse, that workes no lesser harme,  
 With bustling frantickely shee stampes, and ceaseth not to charme.

M E D E A.



flittring flockes of grisly gholtes  
 that sit in silent seat  
 O ughsome Bugges, O Gobblins grym  
 of Hell I you intreat:  
 O lowryng Chaos dungeon blynde,  
 and dreadfull darkned pit,  
 Where Ditis muffled vp in Clowdes  
 of blackest shades doth sit,

O wretched wofull wawling soules your ayde I doe implore,  
 That linked lye with gینگling Chaynes on wayling Limbo shore,  
 O mossy Den where deatch doth couche his gaskly carrayne face:  
 Releste your pangues, O spyghts, and to this wedding hye apace.  
 Cause yee the snaggy wheele to pawle that rentes the Carckas bound,  
 Permit Ixions racked Lymmes to rest vpon the ground:  
 Let hungry bytten Tantalus wyth gawnt and pyned panche  
 Soupe vp Pirenes gulped streame his swelling thyrst to staunche.  
 Let burning Creon hyde the hunt and gydes of greater payne,  
 Let payse of syppery syding stone type ouer backe agayne  
 His mooplyng ffather Sisyphus, amonges the craggy Rockes.  
 See daughters dyre of Danaus whom perced Pychers moyses.

So oft



## Medea.

So oft with labour lost in bayne this day doth long for you  
 That in your lyfe with bloody blade at once your husband slewe.  
 And thou whole aares I honozed haue, O torch and lampe of night,  
 Approche O Lady myne with most deformed bylage sight:  
 O three folde shapē Dame that kniest more threathing browes then one,  
 According to the countrey guise with dagling locks vndone  
 And naked foote, the secrete groue about I halowed haue,  
 From dusky dry vnmoysty claudes the showers of rayne I craue.  
 Through me the chinked gaping ground the soked seas hath drunk.  
 And mayner streame of th'scian floud beneath the earth is sunk,  
 That swelterth out through hollow gulph with stronger guthing rage.  
 Then were his suddi wambling waues whole power it doth allwaie  
 The heauens with wrong disturbed course and out of order quight,  
 The darkned sonne, & glimmering stars at once hath shewed theyr light,  
 And dyched Charles his stragling wayne hath ducte in dasthing waue,  
 The framed course of roaming time vacte out of frame I haue.  
 So my enchantments haue it wrought, that when the flaming sunne  
 In sommer bakes the parched soyle then hath the twigges begunne,  
 With sprowting blossom fresh to blome, and hasty winter corne  
 Hath out of haruest scene the fruite to barnes on suddain bozne.  
 Into a shallow foorde his sture distreame hath Phasis wast,  
 And Isterns channell being in so many bzaunches cast,  
 Abated hath his wrackfull waues, on euery silent shore  
 He lyeth calme: The tumbled flouds with thundring noyse did rore,  
 When couched close the windes were not mouing pippling soft,  
 With working waue the pzauncing seas haue swolne & leapt aloft,  
 Whereas the wood in alder time with thicke and bzaunched bowe  
 Did spread his shade on gladsome soyle no shade remayneth now.  
 I rolling bp the magicke berse at noone time Phœbus stay,  
 Amyd the darkned Sky, when fled was light of drowy day.  
 Eke at my charme the watry flockes of Heyæds went to glade.  
 Time is it Phœba to respect the seruice to thee made:  
 To thee with cruell bloudy hands these garlands greene were twynde  
 Which with his folding circles nyne the serpent rough did bynde.  
 Haue here Tiphœas slethe, that doth in Ætnas ffoznace grone,  
 That shoke with battery violent king Ioues assaulted trone.  
 This is the Centaures poyfoned bloud which Nessus villayne byle  
 Alho made a rape of Dianire entending her to fyle,  
 Bequethed her when newly wounde he gasping lay for breath,  
 While Her-

While Hercules shaft stuck in his Ribs, whose launce did worke his death:  
 Beholde the Funerall cinders heere which by the popson dyed  
 Of Hercules who in his fyre on Octa mountayne dyed:  
 Loe heere the fatall brand, which late the fatall sisters thre  
 Conspyred at Meleagers byrth, such should his destiny be,  
 To saue alpye his bierhyng corpes, while that might whole remayne,  
 Which launce his mother Althe kept, till he his vncles twayne,  
 (That from Atlanta would haue had the head of conquered Boze,)  
 Had rest of lyfe whose spightfull death Althea tooke so soze,  
 That both she shewed her seruientnesse in sisters godly loue,  
 When to reuenge her brothers death meere nature did her moue,  
 But yet as mother most vnkynde, of nature most vnmylde,  
 To hasten the vntymely graue of her beloued chylde,  
 While Meleagers fatall brande she wasted in the flame,  
 Whose swelting guts and bowels moult consumed as the same,  
 These plumes the Harpyes rauening fowles for fast did leaue behinde,  
 In hidden hole whose cloase accesse no mortall wight can fynd.  
 When fast from Zethes chasing them with speedy night they fled.  
 Put vnto these the fethers which the Stymphal byrde did shed,  
 Whom dylkyng Phœbus dymned lyght by Hercules did stynge,  
 And galled with the shafte, that he in Hydraes hyde did stynge,  
 Thou Aares haue yelde a clattring noyse I knowe, I knowe of olde,  
 How vnto mee my Oracles are wanted to bee toulde,  
 That when y<sup>e</sup> trembling flowre doth shake then hath my Goddess great,  
 Vouchsafe to graunt mee my request as I did her intreate,  
 I see Dianas waggon swife, not that whereon shee glydes,  
 When all the night in darkned Sky with face full ope shee rydes:  
 With countnaunce bright and blandishing but when with heauy cheare,  
 With dylky glimmering wanny globe, her lampe doth pale appeare.  
 Or when shee trots about the heauens wyth horseheade rayned strayte,  
 When Thessayle Witches with the threates of charming her doe bayte.  
 So with thy dumpish dulled blase, thy cloudy faynting lyght,  
 Sende out, amid the lowing sky, the heart of people lmyght  
 Wyth agonies of suddayne dread, in straung and tearefull wyse,  
 Compell the pretious brasen pannes with iarring noyse to ryle  
 Through Corinth countrey euery where, to shielde thee fro this harme,  
 Least headlong drabne thou be from heauen to earth by force of charme.  
 An holy solempne sacrifice to worship thee wee make,  
 Imbrowed with a bloudy turphe the kindled Torch doth take

C.

Thy sa-

## Medea

Thy sacred burning night fyre at the dampishe mozy graue.  
 Soze charged with thy troubled ghost my head I shaken haue,  
 And ducking downe my necke alowe w<sup>th</sup> thyking lowde haue thyght,  
 And groueling flat on flooze in traunce haue lye in deadmans plight.  
 My ruffled Lockes about myne eares downe dagling haue ben bownd,  
 Tuckt vp about my temples twayne with gladsome garland crownde  
 A dery bzaunche is offred thee from filthy Stigis flood.  
 As is the guise of Bacchus priestes the Coribantes wood,  
 With naked breast and dugges layde out Ile picke with sacred blade  
 Myne arme, that for the bubling bloude an issue may bee made,  
 With trilling streames my purple bloude let drop on Th'aulter stones  
 My tender Childzens crushed flethe, and broken broosed bones  
 Lerne how to brooke with hardned heart: in practise put the trade  
 To florish fearce, and keepe a coyle, with naked glittring blade:  
 I sprinkled holy water haue, the launce once being made,  
 If tyred thou complaynest that my cryes thee overlade,  
 Giue pardon to my ernest suite, O Perseus sister deare,  
 Still Iason is the onely cause that bygeth mee to reare  
 With squeking voyce thy noysome beames, that sting like shot of bo  
 So fealon thou thole sawced robes to worke Creufas woe,  
 Wherewith when thee shall pranke her selfe the popson by and by  
 To rot her inward mary out, within her bones may fry,  
 The secret eyer bleares their eyes with glosse of yeallow golde,  
 The which Prometheus gaue to mee that eyer fylcher holde,  
 On whom for robbery that he did in heauens aboue commit,  
 With mally payse great Caucasus th'unweldy hill doth sit,  
 Whert vnder with unwasted wombe he lyes, and payes his payne,  
 To feede the craming foule with gubs of guts that growes agayne.  
 He taught mee with a prety sleight of conning, how to hyde  
 The strength of eyer close kept in, that may not be espyde,  
 This lyuely tinder Mulciber hath forged for my sake,  
 That tempred is with hymistone quick at fyrst touch and take.  
 Eke of my Cosen Phaëton a wyldepyer flake I haue  
 His flames the monstros staghard rough Chimera to mee gaue,  
 In head and breast a Lyon grim, and from the Rump behynde  
 He sweepes the flower with lagging Tayle of Serpent fearce by kynde  
 In Rybbes, and Loynes along his paunche yshaped lyke a Goate.  
 These fumes that out the Bull perbakte from fyre spewinge thyoate  
 I gotten haue and hayde it with Medusas bitter gall

Commau-

Commaunding it in secret sozte to dulke and couer all :  
 Breathe on these venoms Hecate with deadly myght inspyre,  
 Preserue the touching poulder of my secret couert fyre,  
 O graunt that these my cloked craftes so may bewitch theyr Eyes,  
 That lykelyhoode of treason none they may heerein surmyse :  
 So worke that they in handling it may feele no kynde of heate :  
 Her stewing breste, her seathing baynes, let seruent eyer create  
 And force her rosted pynning lymmes, to drop and melt away,  
 Let smoke her rotten brypling bones : enflame this byde to day  
 To cast a lyght with greater gleede on fryeled blasing heare  
 Then is the shyning flame that doth the wedding torches beare.  
 My suite is harde, thysle Hecate a dreadfull barking gaue  
 From dolefull cloude a sacred flash of flamy sparkes thee draue.  
 Eche poplous pryde fulfilled is : call forth my chyldren deare,  
 By whom vnto the cursed Wyde these presentes you may heare :  
 Goe forth, goe forth my lytle Babes, your mothers cursed fruite,  
 Goe, goe, employ your paynes with bybe and earnest humble suite  
 To purchase grace, and eke to earne you fauour in her sight.  
 That both a mother is to you, and rules with Ladies might.  
 Goe on, apply your charge apace, and hys you home agayne,  
 That with embracing you I may my last farewell attayne.

## Chorus.



Hat sharpe assaultes of cruell *CVPIDS* flame  
 Wyth gyddie heade thus tosseth to and froe,  
 This bedlem Wyght, and diuelysh despret dame  
 What rousing rage her pricks to worke this woe ?  
 Rough rancours vile congeales her frozen face,

Her hawty breast bumbasted is vvyth pryde,  
 Shee shakes her heade, shee stalkes vvyth stately pace.  
 Shee threatens our king more then doth her betyde.

T 2.

Who



## Medea

Who would her deeme to bee a banisht wyght,  
Whose skarlet Cheekes doe glowe with rosy red ?  
In faynting Face, with pale and wanny whyght  
The fanguyne hewe exyled thence is fled.  
Her chaunging lookes no colour longe can holde,  
Her shifting feete still trauasse to and froe.  
Euen as the fearce and rauening *Tyger* olde  
That doth vnware his sucking whelpes forgoe,  
Doth rampe, and rage, most eger ferce and wood,  
Among the shrubs and buffhes that doe growe  
On *Ganges* stonde that golden fanded flood,  
Whose siluer streame through *India* doth flowe.  
Euen so *M E D E A* sometime vvantes her wits  
To rule the rage of her vnbrydeled ire,  
Nowe *U E N V S* Sonne, wyth busie froward fits,  
Nowe Wrath, and Loue enkyndle both the fire.  
What shall shee doe ? when will this heynous wyght  
With forwarde foote bee packing hence away,  
From Greece ? to ease our Realme of terrour quight,  
And prynces twayne whom she so sore doth fray :  
Nowe *Phæbus* lodge thy Charyot in the West,  
Let neyther Raynes, nor Brydle stay thy Race,  
Let groueling light with *Dulceat* nyght opprest  
In cloking Cloudes wrapt vp his muffled Face,  
Let *Hesperus* the loadesman of the nyght,  
In Western floode drench deepe the day so bryght.

*THE*

# THE FIFTH

## ACTE.

Nuntius. Chorus. Nutrix.  
Medea. Iason.



All things are topsy turvy turnde,  
and wasted cleane to nought.  
To passing great calamity  
our Kingdome State is brought.  
The Syre, and Daughter burnt to dust  
in blendyed Cynders lye.

C. What trayne hath them entrapt? Nū. Such as  
are made for Kinges to dye,

False traitrous gifts. C. What priuy guile could wrapped be in those?

Nū. And I doe meruayle at this thing and skant I can suppose?

That such a mischief might be wrought by any such device

Ch. Report how this destruction and ruine should arys

Nū. The fyzzing flame most egerly doth scoure with sweeping sway

Each corner of the Dynces court, as though it should obay,

Commaunded therevnto so flat on flowre the Pallace falles:

Wee are in dread lest further it will take the townishe walles.

Ch. Cast quenching water on it then to stake the greedy flame.

Nū. And this that seemeth very straunge doe happen in the same,

The water feedes the fier fast, the more that wee doe toyle

It to suppressle, with hotter rage the heate begins to boyle:

Those thinges that wee haue gotten for our help it doth enioy.

Nut. Medea thou that doest so sore king Pelops lande annoy,

Twine hence in hast thy forwarde foote, at all assayes depart

To any other kinde of coaste. Me. Can I finde in my hart

To thin this lande? if hence I had first salne away by flight,

I would haue traueled backe agayne, to gale at such a sight.

To stande and see this wedding new, why stayst thou doting mynde?

Apply, apply, thy sore attempt, that good successe doth finde.

What great exployt is this, that thou of vengeaunce dost enioy?

Still art thou blynded witlelle wench with bale of Venus boy?

C 3.

Is this

## Medea

Is this suffisaunce for the grieke? is roote of rancour ded,  
If Iason leade a single lyfe in solitary bed?  
Some netling, thorny, stinging plagues vnpractised deuise:  
Prepare thy selfe in redines and fall to on this wyse:  
Let all bee sithe that commes to Bet, haue no respect of ryghte,  
From mynde on mischiefe fixed fast let shame be banisht guyte:  
The vengeaunce they receaued at my lytle chylidrens hand,  
Is nothing worth: in earnest ire ententiuie must thou stand.  
When heate of wrauth begins to coole, cheere vp thy selfe agayne:  
Rayse vp those touches olde that wonted were in thee to raygne,  
That buried deepe in brest doe lye: and as for all the same  
That yet is wrought: Of godlinesse let it vsurpe the name:  
Doe this, and I shall teach them learne, what trylling cast it was,  
And common practisde simliam trick that erst I brought to paille.  
By this my raging malady a preamble hath made,  
To shew what howgier heapes of harmes shall shortly them inuade  
What durst my rude vnkiltull hand assay that was of wayght?  
What could the mallice of a Gytle inuent her foes to bayte?  
Still conuerlaunt with wicked teates Medea am I made.  
My blunt and dulled braynes hath so ben beate about this trade.  
O so I ioy, I ioy, that I smote of my brothers head,  
And slasht his members of: eake that from parents had I fled:  
And filched haue the priuy fleece, loe Mars that sacred was.  
It glads my heart that I to bring olde Pelias death to passe:  
Haue set his daughters all on worke: O grieke picke out a way  
Not any guilt thou shalt with vnaacquainted hand assay  
Against whom wrauth entendest thou to bend thyne Irefull might?  
Or with what weapon dost thou meane thy trayterous foes to smight?  
I know not what my wrauthfull minde consulted hath within,  
And to bewray it to himselfe, I dare not yet begin.  
O rash and vnaduised foole, I make to hasty speede:  
O that my foe had gotten of his Harlots body Seede:  
But what so euer thou by him enioyest, suppose the same  
To bee Creusas Babes, or them let her enioy the name.  
This vengeaunce, this doth like mee well good reason is there, why,  
The last attempt of tis, thou must with stomacke stout apply.  
Alas yee litle seely foales that erst my childezen were,  
The plaguing price of Fathers fault submit your selues to beare.  
O, horreur huge with todayne stroke my heart doth ouercom:  
With ycie dulling colde congealde my Members all benum.

My Miue:

My shivering lims appauled soze for gaskly feare doe quake,  
 And banisht rage of malice hoate begins it selfe to slake:  
 The haresfull heart of wife agaynst her Spouse hath yeelded place,  
 And pitious mothers mercy milde restoreth natures face.  
 Shall I shed their guiltlesse bloude? Shall I the frame vnscoulde  
 Of that, which louing natures hande hath wrought in mee her moulde?  
 O doting fury chaunge thy minde, conceiue a better thought,  
 Let not this haynous sauage deede by meanes of mee be wrought.  
 What cryme haue they (poore foolles) comit, for which they should aby?  
 Upon they? Father Iason right all blot of blanie should lye.  
 Medea yet they? Mother I am worse farre then hee.  
 Tush let them frankly goe to wracke no kith nor kin to mee  
 They are: dispatch them out of hand: holde, holde, my babes they be  
 God wot, most harmlesse lambes they are, no crime nor fault haue they  
 Alas they be mere innocents, I doe not this deny:  
 So was my brother whom I slew: O false reuolting mynde,  
 Why dost thou staggering to and fro such chaunge of fancies fynde?  
 Why is my face be spent with teares, what makes mee falter so,  
 That wrath & loue with struing thoughts doe leade mee to and fro?  
 Such fighting fancies bickeringe stozmes my swaruing minde detarre,  
 As when betwene the wrestling windes is rayled wrangling warre,  
 Echewhere the tumbling wallowing waues, are hoyst and reared hye  
 Amid the iustling swolues of seas, that hot in fury crye:  
 Eue so my hart with strugling thoughts now sinks, now swells amaine,  
 Wrath sometyme chalethe vertue out, and vertue wrath agayne.  
 O yeelde thee, yeelde, a grising grieve, to vertue yeelde thy place:  
 Thou onely comfote of our stocke in this afflicted case,  
 Come heather, come deere loued Impe, with coiling mee imbrace,  
 Whyle that by me your mother deere sweete Boyes yee are enioyed,  
 So long God graunt your Father may you kepe from harme vncloued.  
 Exile and slight approach on mee, and they shall by and by  
 Be pulde perforce out of myne armes, with vapourde weeping Eye,  
 Soze languishing with mourning heart, yet let them goe to graue  
 Before their fathers face, as they before their mothers haue:  
 Now rancorous grieve, with firy fits begins to boyle agayne,  
 The quenched coales of deadly hate do fresher soze attayne.  
 The rusty rancour harbyed long within my cancred brest  
 Starts vp, and stirres my hand anew in mischiefe to bee prest.  
 O that the rablement of brats which swarnide aboute the syde  
 Of Niobe that scoznesfull Dame, who perisht by her pryde



## Medea

Had taken lyfe out of his lymmes, & that the fates of heauen  
A fructfull mother had me made of chyldren seuen and seuen.  
My barreyne wombe for my reuenge hath yelded litle store:  
Yet for my sire and brother, twayne I haue, there needes no more:  
Whom seeke this rufflyng rowt of ffeendes with gargell Misage dight  
Where will they deale theyr stripes, or who with whips of fier knyght.  
O whom with cruell scorching brande and Stygian faggot sell,  
With mischief great to cloy, entendes this army black of hell?  
A chopping Adder gan to hille with wretchednes wrapped rounde,  
As soone as did the lashing whyp sterre out with yerking sounde.  
Whom humping with thy rapping post Megæra wilt thou crush?  
Whose ghost doth heere mishapt from hell with scatered members rush?  
My slaughtred brothers ghost it is that vengeaunce coms to craue:  
According to his dyre request due vengeaunce shall hee haue.  
But slap thou feare the fierbrandes full dalted in myne Eyes,  
Dig, rent, scrape, burne, and squeas them out, loe ope my brest it lyes,  
To fighting furies hobbing strokes, O brother, brother bid  
These royles, that please to worye mee, them selues away to rid.  
Downe to the silent soules alowe not taking any care:  
Let mee be left heere by my selfe alone, and doe not spare,  
To hast, and capperclaw these armes that dyetoe the bloudy blade:  
To quench the furies of thy spryte, that thus doe mee inuade, }  
With this right hand the sacrifice on thaulter shalbe made.  
What meanes this sudden trampling noyse? a band of men in Armes  
Come bustling towarde vs, that mee will cloy with deadly harmes.  
To ende this slaughter set vpon I will my selfe conuay  
Up to the garrets of our house, come Purce with me away,  
Bestow thy body hence with mee from daunger of our foes.  
Now thus my mynde on mischiefe set thou must thy selfe dispose,  
Let not the flickering fame and prayse in darkenesse bee exilde  
Of stomack stout, that you did vse in murthering of thy childe.  
Proclaime in peoples eares the prayse of cruell bloudy hand.  
IA. If any faythfull man here be, whom ruine of his land,  
And slaughter of his Prynce doe cause in pensue heart to bleede,  
Step forth that yee may take the wretch that wrought this deadly deede.  
Heere, heere, yee ioly champions lay loade with weapons heere,  
Haue now, hoyft vp this house, from low ffoundacion vp it reare.  
ME. Now, now my Scepter guilt I haue recovered once agayne:  
My fathers wronges reuenged are, and eke my brother slayne:  
The goul-

The gouldens cattels fleete returnde is to my natie land,  
 Possession of my realme I haue reclaýmed to my hand :  
 Come home is my virginity, that whilom went astray.  
 O Gods as good as I coulde wishe, O ioyfull wedding day,  
 Goe shrowde thy selfe in darknesse dim,dispacht I haue this feate :  
 Yet vengeaunce is not done inough, to coole our thyrsty heate.  
 O soule why dost thou make delay ? Why dost thou doubting stande ?  
 Goe forwarde with it yet thou mayst,whyle doing is thy hande :  
 The wozath that might shoulde mynister doth qualesy his flame :  
 The pyckes of sorow twitch my heart attaynt with blushing shame :  
 Through rygour of thy heynous goze, O wretch,what hast thou done ?  
 Though I repent a caitye vile I am,to flea my sonne :  
 Alas I haue committed it, importunate delight,  
 Still egged on my frowarde mynde that did against it fight :  
 And loe the hayne consiect of this delight increaseth still,  
 This onely is the thing, that wants vnto my wicked will,  
 That Iasons eyes shoulde see this sight as yet I doe suppose,  
 Nothíng it is that I haue done,my trauell all I lose,  
 That I employde in dyyr deedes, vnlesse hee see the same.  
 IA. Loe heere thee looketh out, and leanes vpon the houses frame,  
 That pitchlong hanges with falling sway : heere heape your fiers fast,  
 Wherby the flames that thee her selfe enkindled, may her wast.  
 ME. Goe Iason, goe the obit rights the windinge theete and graue  
 Make ready for thy sonne,as last behoueth him to haue,  
 Thy spouse and eke thy father in lawe that are entomde by mee  
 Receiued haue the duties that to deade mens ghostes agree.  
 This childe hath felt the deadly stroke and launce of fatall knife,  
 And this with wailelome murther like shall lose her tender life.  
 IA. By all the sacred ghostes of heauen, and by thy oft exile,  
 And spouall bed, which breach of loue in mee did not defile,  
 Now spare, and saue the life of him my childe and also thyne :  
 What euer cryme committed is, I graunt it to be myne :  
 Make mee a bloody sacrifice to dew deserued death,  
 Take from my sinfull guilty head the ble of vitall breath.  
 ME. Nay sith thou wilt not haue it so as greues thy pyched minde,  
 Heere way to wreck my vengeaunce sell,my burning blade shall finde.  
 Auaunt, now hence thou pesaunt proude employ thy busy payne,  
 To reape the frutes of virgins bed,and cast them of agayne  
 When mothers they are made. IA. Let one for dew reuenge suffice.  
 ME. If greedy thy?st of hungry handes that stil for vengeaunce cries.

Myght

## Medea.

Myght quenched bee with bloude of one, then aske I none at all,  
And yet to staunche my hungry grieke the number is so small,  
If onely rwayne I slea, if pleadge of loue lye secrete made,  
My bowels Ile vnbreast, and search my wombe with poking Blade.  
IA. Now finish out thy deadly deede, that enterprised is,  
No more entreatance will I vse, yet onely graunt mee this,  
Delay awhile his dolefull death, that I may take my flyght.  
Least that myne eyes w<sup>t</sup> bleeding hearte should bew that heauy sight.  
ME. Yet linger eger anguise yet to slea this chyld of thyne.  
None not to rathe with hasty speede, this dolefull day is myne:  
The time that wee obtrayned haue of Creon, wee enjoy.  
IA. O vile malicious mynded wretch my lothsome life destroy.  
ME. In crauing this thou speakst, that I should shew thee some releefe,  
Well goodinough, all this is done: O ruthfull giddy grecke,  
This is the onely sacrifice that I can thee prouide,  
Unthankfull Iason herther cast thy coyest lookes alyde.  
Loe heare dost thou beholde thy wyfe? thus euer wonted I,  
When murther I had made, to scape, my way doth open lye  
That I may spring into the skyes: the flying serpents rwayne  
Submitted haue they? scaly peckes to yoke of ratling wayne,  
Thou father haue thy sonnes agayne, I in the wandring Skye  
In nybble wheeled Waggon twyfte, will ryde aduanced hye.  
IA. Goe through the ample spaces wyde, infect the poysoned Ayre,  
Beare witnesse, grace of God is none in place of thy repayre.

F I N I S.

THE  
*EYGHTH TRAGEDYE OF* 140  
*L. ANNAEVS SENECA,*  
 Entituled AGAMEMNON: Transla-  
 ted out of Latin into Englishe,  
 by  
*IOHN STVDLEY.*

*The Argument.*



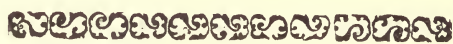
*AGAMEMNON*, Generall of that Noble Army of the Greekes, which after tenne yeares siege wāne *Troy*, cōmitted the entyer Gouvernment of his Countrey & Kingdome (duriinge his absence) to his Wyfe *CLYTEMNESTRA*. Who forgetting all Wyuely loyalty, and Womanly chastity, fell in laweleffe loue & vsed adulterus cōpany with *ÆGYSTHVS*, sonne to *THYESTES*, whom aforetime *ATREVS* being his owne naturall Brother, and Father to this *AGAMEMNON*, in reueng of a former adultry had, caused to eate hys owne two Children.

At length, vnderstandinge by *EVRYBATES*, that *Troy* was wonne, & that her husbād *AGAMEMNON* was comming homewarde with a yonge Lady named *CASSANDRA*, daughter to king *PRIAMVS*: partly enraged with iealousy, & disdaine thereof, & partly loath to loose the company of *ÆGYSTHVS* her Coadulterer, practyzed with him how to murther her husbāde. Which accordingly



### *The Argument.*

dingly they brought to passe: & not resting so cōtented, they also put *CASSANDRA* to deth, imprifoned *ELECTRA* Daughter to *AGAMEMNON*, and foughte to haue slayne his Sonne *ORESTES*. Which *ORESTES* fleeing for fauegard of his lyfe to on *STROPHILVS*, hys dead Fathers deare friend: was by him secretly kept a longetime, till at lenght, comming priuely into *Mycene*, and by his Syfters meanes cōducted where his Mother *CLYTEMNESTRA* and *ÆGYSTHVS* were, in reuenge of his Fathers death, killed them both.



### The Speakers names.

<i>THYESTES.</i>	<i>EVRYBATES.</i>
<i>CHORVS,</i>	<i>A company of Greekes.</i>
<i>CLYTEMNESTRA.</i>	<i>CASSANDRA.</i>
<i>NVTRIX.</i>	<i>AGAMEMNON.</i>
<i>AEGISTHVS.</i>	<i>ELECTRA.</i>
<i>STROPHILVS.</i>	

*THE*

The eyght tragedy.

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THE FIRST

A C T E.

THYESTES.



Departinge from the darkned dens  
which Ditis low doth keepe,  
Loe heere I am sent out agayne  
from Tartar Dungeon deepe,  
Thyestes I, that wheather coast  
to shun doe stande in doubt,  
Th'infernall fiendes I fly, the foalke  
of earth I chale about.

My conscience lo abhors, that I should heather passage make,  
Appauled sore with feare and dread my trembling sinewes shake:  
My fathers house, or rather yet my brothers I elpy,  
This is the olde and antique porche of Pelops progeny.  
Here first the Greekes on pynces heads doe place the royall crowne,  
And heere in throne aloft they lye, that setteth vp and downe,  
With stately Scepter in theyr hand, eake heere theyr courts doe ly,  
This is theyr place of banquetting, returne therefore will I.  
Nay: better were it not to haunt the lothsome Limbo lakes,  
Where as the Stygion porter doth aduance with lusty crakes  
His tryple gorge he hong with Dane shag hairy, rusty blacke:  
Where Ixions Carkasse linked fast, the whirling wheele doth racke,  
And rowleth still vpon him selfe: where as full oft in bayne  
Much toyle is lost, (the tottring stone down tumbling backe agayne)  
Where growing guts the greedy gripe do gnaw with rauening bits.  
Where parched vp with burning thirst amid the waues he sits,  
And gapes to catch the fleeting flood with hungry chaps beguilde,  
That payes his paynefull punishment, whole fealt the Gods defilde:  
Yet that olde man so slept in yeares at length by tract of time,  
How great a part belonges to mee and portion of his crime?  
Account wee all the grisly ghostes, whom guilty founde of ill,  
The Gnosian Iudge in Plutoes pyts doth tolle in torments still:  
Thyestes I in diery deedes will farre surmount the rest,  
Yet to my Brother yelde I, (though I gorge my bloudy brest)  
And stuf:

## Agamemnon

And stuffed haue my pampred paunch euen with my chyldren thre,  
That crammed lye within my Rybs and haue theyr Tounge in mee,  
The bowels of my swallowed Babes, deuoured vp I haue,  
Nor sickle Fortune mee alone the Father doth depaue,  
But enterpyling greater guilte then that is put in vye,  
To file my Daughters bawdy Bed, my lust thee doth allure.  
To speake these words I doe not spare, I wrought the haynous deede,  
That therefore I through all my stocke, might parent still proceede.  
My Daughter diuyn by force of Fates and destenyes deuyne,  
Woth breede younge bones, & lades her wombe, w<sup>th</sup> sinfull seede of myne.  
Loe, nature chaunged vpside downe, and out of order tornde  
This myngle mangle hath thee made, (O fact to be forlornde)  
A Father and a Grandpye be, confusely I am,  
My daughters husband both become, and Father to the same.  
Those babes y<sup>e</sup> should my Nephewes bee, when nature rightly runnes,  
She being iumbled doth confounde, and mingle with my sonnes.  
The chyfkill clearenesse of the day, and Phœbus beames so bryght,  
Are myxed with the foggy cloudes, and darkenesse dim of nyght.  
When wickednes had wearied vs, to late truce taken was,  
Euen when our detestable deedes were done and brought to passe.  
But valiaunt Agamemnon hee graund captayne of the Hoste,  
Who bare the sway among the Kinges, and ruled all the roste,  
Whose flaunting Flag, and Banner braue, displayde in royall sorte,  
A thousand sayle of sowing ships did garde to Phrygian porte,  
And with their swelling thatling sayles the surging seas did hide,  
That heateth on the bankes of Troy, and floweth by her side:  
When Phœbus Carte the Zodiack ten times had ouer runne,  
And waste the battred Walles doe lye of Troy destroyde and woonne,  
Returnde he is to peeke his throate vnto his traytreife Wyfe.  
That shall with force of bloudy blade hereue him of his lyfe.  
The glytering Sward, the hewing Axe, and wounding weapons moe,  
With bloud for bloud new set abroche shall make the floore to flow.  
With sturdy stroke, and boystrous blow, of pithy Pollaxe geuen  
His beaten baynes are past abroade, his cracked Skull is reuen.  
Now mischiese marcheth on a pace, now falthood doth appeare,  
Now Butchers slaughter doth approche, and murder draweth neare.  
In honour of thy natyue day Egisthus they prepare  
The sollemne feast with iuncketing, and dainty tothsome fare.  
Fy, what doth shame abashe thee so, and cause thy courage quayle?  
Why doubts thy righthand what to doe? to smite why doth it faile?  
What

What he forecalking might suspect, why shouldst thou take aduylle?  
 Why frettest thou, demaunding if thou may it enterpylle?  
 Nay: if a mother it beleeue, thou rather mayst surmyle.  
 What now? how hapneth it that thus the sniling Commers night,  
 When Phœbus from Th'antipodes shoulde render soone the lyght,  
 On sudden chaung their turnes with nights that last and lynger longe,  
 When wynters Boreas bitter blastes, doth pufte the trees amonge?  
 Or what doth cause the glyding starres to stay still in the sky?  
 Alce wayght for Phœbus: to the Worlde byng day now by and by.

Chorus.



O Fortune, that dost fayle the great estate of kinges,  
 On slippery sliding feat thou placest lofty thinges  
 And setst on tottring fort, where perils do abound  
 Yet neuer kīgdome calme, nor quiet could be foud:  
 No day to Scepters sure doth shine, that they might say,  
 To morrow shall wee rule, as wee haue done to day.  
 One clod of croked care another bryngeth in,  
 One hurly burly done, another doth begin:  
 Not so the raging Sea doth boyle vpon the Sande,  
 Where as the southern winde that blowes in *Afryck* Lande,  
 One Waue vpon another doth heape wyth sturdy blast:  
 Not so doth *Euxine* Sca, his swelling waues vp cast:  
 Nor so his belching streame from shallow bottom roll,  
 That borders hard vpon the yfy frofen poall:  
 Where as *Bootes* bryght doth twyne his Wayne about,  
 And of the marble seas doth nothing stande in doubt.  
 O how doth Fortune tosse and tomble in her wheele  
 The staggering states of Kynges, that readdy bee to reele?  
 Fayne woulde they dreaded bee, and yet not settled so,  
 When as they feared are, they feare, and lyue in woe.

The silent



## Agamemnon

The filent Lady nyght so sweete to man and beaft,  
Can not bestow on them her safe and quiet rest :  
Sleeppe that doth ouercome and breake the bonds of grieve,  
It cannot ease theyr heartes,nor mynister reliefe :  
What castell strongly buylt,what bulwarke,tower,or towne,  
Is not by mischyefes meanes, brought topfy turuye downe ?  
What ramperd walles are not made weake by wicked warre ?  
From stately courtes of Kings doth iustice fly asfarre :  
In pryncely Pallaces, of honesty the lore,  
And wedlocke vowe deuout, is set by lytle store.  
The bloody Bellon thofe doth haunt with gory hand,  
Whose light and vaine conceipt in paynted pomp doth stand.  
And thofe *Ereunnys* wood turmoyles with frenfyes fits,  
That euer more in proud and hauty houfes sits,  
Which ficle Fortunes hand in twinkling of an eye,  
From high and proude degre driues downe in dust to lye.  
Although that skyrmishe cease, no banners be displayed  
And though no wyles be wroughe, and pollecy be stayd,  
Downe paysed with theyr waight the massy things do sinke,  
And from her burden doth vnliable Fortune shrynke.  
The swelling Sayles puft vp with gale of westren wynde,  
Doe yet mystrust thereof a tempest in theyr mynde :  
The threatning tops ( that touch the cloudes)of lofty towres  
Bee soneft payde, and bet with south wynde rainy showres :  
The darkefome woode doth see his tough and sturdy Oke,  
Well waynde in yeares to be cleane ouerthrown and broke :  
The lyhhtnings flashing flame out breakiug in the Sky,  
First lyghteth on the mounts, and hilles that are most hy.  
The bodies corpulent and of the largest syfe  
Are ryfest styll to catch diseases when they ryfe.  
When as the flocke to grase, in pasture fat is put,  
Whose Necke is larded best, his throate shall first be cut :  
What Fortune doth aduaunce and hoysteth vp on hye,  
Shee sets it vp to fall agayne more greeuously.

The things

# The eyght tragedie.

143

The thinges of midle sort, and of a meane degree,  
Endure aboue the rest and longest dayes do see :  
The man of meane estate most happy is of all,  
Who pleased with the lot that doth to him befall,  
Doth sayle on silent shore with calme and quiet tide,  
And dreads with bruised barge on swelling Seas to ryde :  
Nor launcing to the depe where bottom none is found ,  
May with his rudder searh, and reach the shallow ground.

## THE SECOND ACTE.

*Clytemnestra, Nutrix*



Drowlie dreaming dotting soule,  
what commeth in thy brayne  
To seeke about for thy defence  
what way thou mayst attayne ?  
What ayels thy skittish waiward wits,  
to wauer vp and downe ?  
The fittest shift preuented is,  
the best path ouergrowne  
Thou mightest once mayntayned haue  
thy wedlocke chamber chast,

And eake haue ruld with maiesty, by fayth conioyned fast :  
Now natures loze neglected is, all ryght doth clean decay  
Religion and dignity with faith are worne away.  
And ruddy shame with blushing cheekes so farre god wot is past,  
That when it would it cannot now come home againe at last.  
O let me now at randon runne with bydle at my will :  
The safest path to mischiefe is by mischiefe open still  
Now put in practise, seeke aboute, search out and learne to find  
U.

The

## Agamemnon

The wylie traynes, and crafty gayles of wicked womankind :  
 What any diuelish trayterous dame durst do in working woe ,  
 Or any wounded in her wits by shot of Cupids bowe .  
 What euer rigorous stepdame could commit with desperat hand ,  
 Or as the wench who flaming fast by Venus paysoning brand ,  
 Was driuen by leud incestuous loue in ship of Theffail land ,  
 To flit away from Colchos yle, where Phasis channel deepe. }  
 With siluer streame downe from the hylles of Armenie doth sweepe.  
 Get weapons good, get bylbowblades or temper payson strong,  
 Or with some yonker trudge from Grece by theft the seas along :  
 Why dost thou faynt to talke of theft, exile or priuie flight ?  
 These came by hap, thou therfore must on greater mischiefe light .  
 Not worthy Queene amonge the Greekes that beares the swinging  
 And bozne of Ledas royall bloud, what muttering dost thou say ? (sway,  
 What fury fel inforceeth thee, bereaued of thy wits.  
 To rage and raue with bedlam Braynes, to fret with franticke fittes ?  
 Though madam thou do counsaile keepe, and not complayne thy case,  
 Thyne anguish playn appeareth in thy pale and wanny face.  
 Reueale therfore what is thy griefe, take leasure good and stay,  
 What reason could not remedy, oft cured hath delay .  
 Clit. So grieuous is my careful case which plungeth me so soze,  
 That deale I cannot with delay, nor linger any more.  
 The flashing flames and furious force of fiery feruent heate,  
 Outraging in my boyling brest, my burning bones doth beate :  
 It suckes the sappy marow out the iuice it doth conuay ,  
 It frets, it teares, it rents, it gnaws, my guttes and gall away .  
 Now feeble feare stil eggess mee on (with dolor beyng prest)  
 And cankred hate with thwacking thumpes doth bounce vpon my brest  
 The blynded boy that louers hartes doth reauie with deadly stroake,  
 Entangled hath my linked mynd with leawd and wanton poke :  
 Refusing stil to take a foyle , or cleane to be confound :  
 Among these boyles, and agonies my mynd beseging round ,  
 Loe feeble, weary, bated downe, and vnder troden shame,  
 That wrestleth, strueth, strugleth hard, and fighteth with the same.  
 Thus am I driuen to diuers shores and beat frow banke to banke,  
 And tossed in the fomy floods that struiues with corage cranke.  
 As when here wynd, and their the streame when both their force wil try,  
 From sandes alow doth hoyst and reare the seas with surges hye.  
 The waltring waue doth stagger yng stand not wetring what to do,  
 But (houeryng) doubtles, whole furious force he best may yeld him to  
My

My kingdome therfore I cast of, my sceptor I forsake  
 As anger, sorrow, hope, me leade, that way I meane to take.  
 At all aduenture to the seas I yeld my beaten Barge,  
 At randon careles wil I runne, now wil I roue at large  
 Whereas my mynde to fancy fond dath gad and runne astray,  
 It is the best to chuse that chaunce, and follow on that way.  
 Nu. This desprat dotage doth declare, and rashnes rude and blynde,  
 To chuse out chaunce to be the gypde and ruler of thy mynd.  
 Cli. He that is dyiuen to vtter pinch and furthest shift of all,  
 What neede he doubt his doubtful lot or how his lucke befall?  
 Nu. In silent shere thou saylest yet thy trespass we may hyde,  
 If thou thy selfe detect it not, nor cause it be descryde.  
 Cl. Alas it is more bladd abysade, and further it is blowen,  
 Then any cryme that euer in this princely court was sownen.  
 Nu. Thy former salt with penitue hart and sorrow thou dost rew.  
 And fondly yet thou goest about, to set abroch a netwe,  
 Cl. It is a very folishnes to kepe a meane therein.  
 Nu. The thing he feares he doth augment who heapeth sinne to sinne.  
 Cli. But fire and swoard to cure the same the place of salue supply.  
 Nu. There is no man whos at the first extremity wil trye.  
 Cl. In working mischiefe men do take the rediest way they fynde.  
 Nu. The sacred name of wedlocke once reuoke and haue in mynd.  
 Cli. Ten yeares haue I bene desolate, and led a widowes life.  
 Yet shall I entertayne a new my husband as his wyfe?  
 Nu. Consider yet thy sonne and heire whom he of thee begot.  
 Cly. And eake my daughters wedding blase as yet forget I not.  
 Achilles eke my sonne in law to mynd I do not spare,  
 How wel he kept his vow that he to me his mother sware.  
 Nu. When as our nauy might not passe by wynd nor yet by streame,  
 Thy daughters bloud in sacrifice their passage did redeme:  
 Shee sturd and brake the sluggish seas, whose water stil did stand,  
 Whose feble force might not hoyle vp, the vessels from the land.  
 Cl. I am ashamed herewithal, it maketh me repyne,  
 That Tyndaris (who from the Gods doth secch her noble ligne  
 Should geue the ghost r'asswage the wzath of Gods and them appease,  
 Wherby the Grekish nauy might haue passage free by seas.  
 My grudging mynd stil harpes vppon my daughters wedding day,  
 Whom he hath made for Pelops stock the bloudy raunsome pay.  
 When as with cruel countenance embrewd with gorey bloud,  
 As at a wedding alter syde th'unpittifull parent stoodt,

U 2.

It



## Agamemnon

It erked Calchas woful hart, who did abhoyre the same,  
His Oracle he rewd, and eke the backe reflecting flame  
O wicked and vngacious stocke that winnest il with yll,  
Tryumphing in thy filthy feats encreasynge leaudnes still.  
By bloud we win the waueryng windes, by death wee purchase warre  
Nu. But by this meanes a thousand ships at once released are:  
Cly. With lucky fate attempt the seas did not the losed rout?  
For Aulis Ile, th'ungacious fleete from port did tumble out:  
As with a lewde unlucky hand the warre he did beginne,  
So fortune fauored his successe to thyne no more therein.  
Her loue as captiue holdeth him whom captiue he did take  
Not moued with the earnest suite that could Achilles make,  
Of Phœbus prelat Sminthicall he did retayne the spoyle:  
When for the sacred virgins loue his furious breast dorth boyle:  
Achilles rough and thundring threats could not him qualify.  
Nor he that dorth direct the fates aboute the starry skye.  
To vs he is an Augur iuste, and keepe his promise due,  
But while he threats his captiue truls of word he is not true.  
The sauage people fierce in wrath once might not moue his spright,  
Who did purloine the kindled tentes with fyre blasing byght:  
When slaughter great on Greekes was made in most extreamest fyght  
Without a foe he conquered, with leanes pines awaye,  
In lewd and wanton chamber trickes he spends the idle day,  
And freshly still he fedes his lust, least that some other while  
His chamber chaste should want a stewes, that might the same defile.  
On Lady Brises loue ag aine his fancy sonde dorth stand,  
Whom he hath got, that wrested was out of Achilles hand.  
And carnal copulation to haue he dorth not shame,  
Though from her husbands holome he hath snacht the wicked dame,  
Tulhe, he that dorth at Paris grudge, with wound but newly stroke  
Eland with Phrygian Prophets loue, his boyling breast dorth smoke.  
Now after Troyan boties haue, and Troy orewhelm'd he saw,  
Retourned he is a prisoners spouse, and Pryams sonne in law.  
Now heart be bold, take corage good, of stomacke now be stowt,  
A field that easely is not fought, to pitch thou goest about.  
In practise mischiefe thou must put, why hopst thou for a day,  
While Priams daughter come from Troy in Grece do beare the swaye?  
But as for the pooze sely wretch, a wayteth at thy place  
Thy wyddow, virgyns, and Orest his fatherlyke in face,  
Consyder they? calamities, to come, and eake their cares,

Whome

Whom all the peril of the boyle dorch threat in thy assayes.  
 O cursed captiue, woful wretch why dost thou lpyer so?  
 Thy little byars a stepdame haue whose wyath wil worke their woe.  
 With gathing sword (and if thou can none other way prouide)  
 For thrust it through anothers ribbes then launch thy goy syde,  
 So murther twayne with brewed bloud, let bloud inunired be,  
 And by destroyng of thy selfe destroy thy spouse with thee.  
 Death is not lawst with toppes of sorrow if some man els I haue,  
 Whose breathlesse corse I wish to passe with me to deadly graue.  
 Nu. Queene, hydle thyne affections, and wysely rule thy rage,  
 Thy swelling moode now mittigate, thy choller eake allwage.  
 May wel the wayghy enterpylle that thou dost take in hand,  
 Tryumphant victor he returnes of mighty Asia land  
 Auenging Europes iniury with him he bynges away.  
 The spoyles of sacked Pargamy a huge and mighty pray.  
 In bondage eake he leades the foalke of long assaulted Troy,  
 Yet darest thou by pollecie attempt him to annoy?  
 Whom with the dynt of glittering sword Achilles durst not harne,  
 Although his rash and desperat dickes the froward Knight did arme:  
 For Ajax yet more hardy man by yelding bitall breathe,  
 Whom frantike fury fell enforst to wound himselke to death:  
 For Hector he whose onely life procurde the Greekes delay,  
 And long in warre for victory enforced them to stay:  
 For Paris shaft, whose conning hand with shot so sure did ayme:  
 For mighty Memnon swart and blacke, had power to hurt the same:  
 For Xanthus flood, where to and fro deade carkasses did swimme,  
 With armour hewd and therewithall some maynied broken limme:  
 For Symois, that purple wawmes with slaughter died dorch feare.  
 For Cygnus lilly whyre, the Sonne of fenny God so deare:  
 For yet the multerynge Thrasian host: nor warlike Rhesus kinge:  
 For Amazons, who to the warres did paynted Diuers byng,  
 And bare they hatches in their handes with Target and with shield,  
 Yet had no powre with ghastly wound to foyle him in the field.  
 Syth he such scouringes hath escapt and plungde of perilles past  
 Entendest thou to murther him retuerning home at last?  
 And sacred alters to prophane with slaughters so vnpure?  
 Shal Grece thaduenger let this wozonge long vnreueged endure  
 The grym and scarce coragious hoyle, the battayles, shoutes, & cryes,  
 The swelling seas which byuised barkes do dread when stormes aryle,  
 Behold

U 3.

# Agamemnon

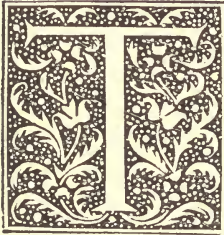
Beholde the fieldes with streames of bloud oreflowne & depely dround,  
And al the cheualry of Troy in seruile bondage bounde,  
Which Greekes haue wryt in registers. Thy stubborne stomacke bynd,  
Subdue thy fond affections, and pacify thy mynde.

## THE SECOND

### A C T E

#### THE SECOND SCENE.

Ægyfthus, Clytemnestra.



He cursed tyme that euermore  
my mynd did most detest,  
The dayes that I abhorred haue  
and hated in my breast,  
Are come, are come, that myne estate  
wil bring to vtter wracke:  
Alas my hart why dost thou fayle,  
and faynting flyest backe?  
What dost thou meane at first assalte  
from armour thus to flye,  
Trust this, the cruel Gods entend my doleful destenie,  
To wrap thee in with perils round and catch thee in a band?  
Endeuer dyudge with all thy power their plagues for to withstand:  
With stomacke stoute rebellious to fyre and sword appeale  
Cli. It is no plague, if such a death thy natie destnies deale.  
Ae. (O partners of my perils all begot of Leda thou)  
Direct thy doynges after myne, and unto thee I vow,  
This dyofel sluggish ringleader, this stout strong harted fire,  
Sal pay thee so much bloud agayne as shed he hath in fyre  
How haps it that his trembling cheekes to be so pale and whight,  
Lying

Lying agast as in a traunce with faynting face vpriht.  
 Cl. His conscience wedlocke bow doth picke & bringes him home again  
 Let vs returne the selfe same trade a new for to retayne,  
 To which at first we should haue stucke and ought not to forsake,  
 To couenaunt continent a new let vs our selues betake:  
 To take the trade of honesty at no tyme is to late:  
 He purged is from punishment whose hart the crime doth hate.  
 Aeg. Why whither wilt thou gad(o rash and vnadvised dame?)  
 What dost thou earnestly beleue, and firmly trust the same,  
 That Agamemnons spouall bed wil loyall be to thee?  
 That nought doth vnderprop thy mynd which might thy terrour bee?  
 His proud successe putt vp to high with lucky blast of wynde,  
 Might make so cranke, and set aloft his hawty swelling mynd:  
 Among his peares he stately was ere Trojan turrets torne,  
 How thinke ye then his stomacke stoute by nature geuen to scoyne,  
 In haughtines augmented is more in himselfe to ioy,  
 Thoughe this triumphant victorie and conquest got of Troy?  
 Before his voyage Nieceane King most mildly did he raygne,  
 But now a Tyrant truculent returnd he is agayne.  
 Good lucke and proude prosperity do make his hart so ryse.  
 With what great preparation prepared sollemne wyse,  
 A rabblement of strumpets comie that clong about him al?  
 But yet the Prophetesse of Thebe(whom God of truth we call)  
 Appeares aboue the rest: she keepes the King, shee doth him guyde:  
 Wilt thou in wedlocke haue a mate and not for it proude?  
 So would not shee, the greattest greeke this is vnto a wyse,  
 Her husbandes minion in her house to leade an open life.  
 A Queenes estate cannot abyde her peere with her to raygne,  
 And ielous wedlocke wil not her companion sustayne.  
 Cl. Aegist in desprat moode agayn why settst thou mee a fote?  
 Why kindest thou the sparkes of yre in imbers couered hot  
 If that the victors owne free will releafe his captiues rare,  
 Why may not I his Lady spouse haue hope as wel to fare?  
 One law doth rule in royal throne, and pompous princelye Towres,  
 Among the bulgar sorte, another in priuate simple bowers.  
 What though my grudging fancy force that at my husbandes hand,  
 Sharpe execution of the law I stubbornly withstand?  
 Recording this that haynously offended him I haue:  
 He gently wil me pardon graunt who neede the same to craue?

A 4.

Euen



## Agamemnon

Aeg. Euen so on this condition thou mayst with him compound,  
To pardon him if he agayne to pardon the be bounde.

The subtil science of the law, the statutes of our land,  
(That long agse decreed were)thou dost not vnderstand.

The Iudges be malicious men, they spyght and enuye vs,  
But he shal haue them partiall his causes to discuss.

This is the chiefest priuiledge that doth to Kinges belong.

What lawes forbiddeth other men,they doe,and doe no wronge.

Cly. He pardned Helen, she is wed to Menela agayne

Which Europe all with Asia did plunge alike in payne.

Aeg. No Ladies Lust hath rauisht yet Atrides in his life,

No priuily purloyned his hart betrothed to his wyfe.

To picke a quarrel he beginnes and matter thee to blame,

Suppose thou nothing hast commit that woorthy is of shame?

What boteth him whom Princes hate an honest life to frame?

He neuer doth complayne his wrong, but euer beares the blame.

Wilt thou repayre to Sparte and to thy countrey trudge aryght?

Wilt thou become a conuagate from such a woorthy wight?

Deuorcement made from Kinges wil not so let the matter scape,

Thou ealest feare by sickle hope, that falsly thou dost shape:

Cl. My trespass is disclosd to none, but to a trusty wight:

Aeg. At princes gates fidelity yet neuer enter might.

Cl. I wil corrupt and feede him so with siluer and with gold.

That I by bribing bynd him shall no secrets to vnfold:

Ae. The trust that hyed is and bought by bybes and moneys fee,

Thy counsell to bewray agayne with bybes entypte wil be

Cl. The remnaunt left of shamefastnes of those vngacious trickes,

Wherin of late I did delyght, my conscience freshly prickes.

Why kep'st thou such a busie scurre and with thy flatteryng speech,

Entructing me with lewd aduise dost wicked counsell preach

Shall I forsooth of royal bloud with al the speede I can

Refuse the King of Kinges, and wed an outcast banisht man?

Aeg. Why should you thinke in that Thieft was father vnto mee,

And Agamemnon Atreus sonne he should my better be?

Cly. If that be but a tryple small, and nephew to the same.

Aeg. I am of Phœbus linage borne, wherof I do not shame.

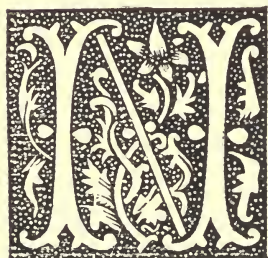
Cl. Why makste thou Phœbus author of thy wicked pedagrew,

Whom out of heauen ye forst to flye when hydle backe he drew,

When Lady Right with mantel blacke did spread her soden shade,  
Why

Why makest thou the Gods in such reproachfulnes to wade?  
 Whose father hath thee conning made by sleight and subtil guyle  
 To make thy kinsman Cockold whyle his wyfe thou do defyle.  
 What man is he whom we do know to be thy fathers mate,  
 Abusing lust of Lchery in such vnlawful rate?  
 Auaunt, go packe thee hence in hast, dispatch out of my sight  
 This infamy, whose blemish staynes this bloud of worthy wyght.  
 Aeg. This is no new exile to me that wickednes do haunt,  
 But if that thou (O worthy Queene) commaund me to auaunt,  
 I wil not only strayght auoyde the house the towne and field  
 My life on sword at thy request I ready am to yeld  
 Cli. This heynous dede permit shall I (most churlish cruell drab)  
 Agaynst my wil though I offend, the fault I should not blabbe:  
 Pay, rather come apart with mee, and let vs ioyne our wittes:  
 To wrap our selues out of this woe and parlous thyeatning fits.

Chorus.



Ow chaunt it lusty laddes,  
 Apollos prayse subborne,  
 To thee the frolicke flocke  
 their crowned heads adorne.  
 To thee King Inachs stocke  
 of wedlocke chamber voyde,  
 Brayd out their virgins lockes  
 and theron haue employd

Theyr sauory garlandes greene Itwist of laurell bow.  
 Draw neare with vs O Thebes our dauncing follow thou.  
 Come also ye that drinck of Ismen bubling flood,  
 VVheras the Laurell tree ful thicke on bankes doth bood.  
 Eake ye whom Mando mild, the Prophetesse diuine,  
 (Foreseyng fate) and borne of high Tiresias lygne,  
 Hath stird to celebrate with sacred vse and right.  
 Apollo and Dian borne of Latona bright.

OVict-

## Agamemnon.

O Viſtor Phæbe vnbend thy noked bow agayne.  
Syth quietnes and peace anew we do retayne.  
And let thy twanckling harpe make melody ſo ſhril,  
Whyle that thy nimble hand ſtryke quauers with thy quill.  
No curious deſcant I nor luſty muſick craue,  
No iolly rumbling note, nor trouling tune to haue.  
But on thy treble Lute (according to thy uſe)  
Stryke vp a playnſong note as when thy learned muſe  
Thy leſſons do record, though yet on baſer ſtring  
It lyketh thee to play the ſong that thou did ſinge :  
As when from fyery heauen the dint of lightning flue,  
Sent downe by wrath of Gods the Titans ouerthrew  
Or elſe when mountaynes were on mountaynes heaped hie  
That rayſe for Giauntes fell theyr ſteppes into the ſkye,  
The mountayne Oſſa ſtoode on top of Pelion layd,  
Olymp(wheron the Pynes theyr budding braunches braide)  
Downe paſſed both:drawe nere O Iuno noble dame,  
Both ſpouſe of mighty Ioue and ſiſter to the ſame.  
Thou that doſt rule with him made ioynter of his mace,  
Thy people we of Grece geue honor to thy grace :  
Thou onely doſt proteſt from perilles Argos land,  
That euer careful was to haue thyne honour ſtand,  
Moſt ſuppliant thereunto thou alſo with thy might  
Doſt order ioyful peace and battails ſearce of fyght  
Accept O conquering Queene theſe braunches of the bayes  
That Agamemnon here doth yeld vnto thy prayſe :  
The hollow boxen pype (that doth with holes abound)  
In ſynging vnto the doth geue a ſolemne ſound :  
To thee the Damfels eake that play vppon the ſtringes,  
With conning harmony melodious muſicke ſinges .  
The matrons eke of Greece by ryper years more graue,  
To thee the Taper pay that vowed oft they haue,  
The Heyferd young and whyte companion of the Bull.  
Vnſkilful yet by prooffe the paynful plow to pull.

Whoſe

VVhose neck was neuer worne nor gald with print of yoke,  
 Is in thy temple flaine receiuing deadly stroke.  
 O Lady *Pallas* thou of most renoumed hap  
 Bred of the brayne of *Ioue* that smites with thunder clap.  
 Thou lofty Troian towres of craggy knotty flint  
 Hast bet with battring blade, and stroke with iaueling dint :  
 The elder matrones with the dames that yonger be  
 Together in myngled heapes do honour due to thee,  
 VVhen thou approching nighe thy comming is espyde,  
 The priest vnbarres the gate, and opes the Temple wide :  
 By clustring thronges the flocks thine altars haunt apace,  
 Bedeckte with twisted crownes so trim with comely grace.  
 The olde and auncient men well stept and grown in yeares,  
 VVhose feeble trembling age procureth hory hayres  
 Obtayning their request crau'de of thy grace deuine,  
 Do offer vp to thee their sacrifyfed wyne,  
 O bright Dian whose blase sheds light three sondry waies  
 VVe myndful are of thee, and render thankefull prayse,  
*Delon* thy natiue soyle thou diddest fyrmely bynde,  
 That to and fro was wont to wander with the wynde :  
 VVhich with foudation sure mayn ground forbyds to passe  
 For Nauies (after which to swim it wonted was)  
 It is become a road defying force of wynd,  
 The mothers funeralles of Tantalus his kinde.  
 The daughters seuen by death thou victresse dost accompt  
 VVhose mother Niobe abydes on Sipil mount  
 A lamentable rocke and yet vnto this howre  
 Her teares new gushing, out the marble old doth powre.  
 The Godhead of the Twins in sumptuous solemne wyfe,  
 Both man and wyfe adore with sauory sacrifyce.  
 But thee aboue the rest O father great and guide,  
 VVhose mighty force is by the burning lightning tryde :  
 Who when thou gauest a becke and didst thy head but shake,  
 At once thextremest poales of heauen and earth did quake,  
O Iu-



## Agamemnon.

O Iupiter the roote that of our lynage arte,  
Accept these offered gifts and take them in good parte :  
And thou O graundfire great to thy posteritie.  
Haue some remorse, that do not swarue in chyualrie.  
But yonder lo with stiuing steps the souldier comes amayne  
In all post hast, with token that good newes declareth plaine  
A Lawrell braunch, that hangeth on his speare head he doth  
*Eurybates* is come, who hath ben trusty to the kynge. (bringe

## THE THIRD

### ACTE.

*Euribates.*      *Clytemnestra*



Ore tyred after many yeares  
With trauayle and wryth toyle  
Scant credytyng my selfe, the Gods  
Of thys my natyue soyle,  
The temple, and the alters of  
The sainctes that rule the skye,  
In humble sort wryth reuerence  
Deuoutly worship I.  
Now pay your vowes vnto the Gods :  
Returned is agayne  
Vnto his countrey court, where wont he was to rule, and reigne,  
Prynce Agamemnon, victor he, of Grece the great renoume.  
*Cly.* The tydings of a message good vnto mine eares is blowne.  
Where stayes my spouse who longing for ten yeres I haue out scand ?  
What doth he yet sayle on the seas, or he is come a land ?  
Yet hath he fyrst and set his foot back stepping home agayne.  
Vpon the sandy shore, that longe he wished to attayne ?  
And doth he styll enioy his health enhauncte in glory great,  
And painted out in pompe of prayes whose fame the sky doth beate ?  
Blesse

Eu. Blesse we with burning sacrifice at length this lucky day  
 Cli. And eke the Gods though gracious, yet dealing long delay:  
 Declare if that my brothers wyfe enioy the bytall ayre  
 And tel me to what kind of Coast my sister doth repayre.  
 Euri. God graunt, & geue vs better newes then this that thou dost craue  
 The heauy hap of fyghting foulds forbiddes the truth to haue,  
 Our scattred flete the swelling seas attemptes in such a plight,  
 That ship from ship was taken cleane out of each others sight.  
 Atrides in the waters wyde tormoyld and straying farre  
 More vyolence by seas sustaynd then by the bloody warre  
 And as it were a conquerd man escaping home al weete  
 Now bringeth in his company of such a mighty flete,  
 A sort of byused broken barkes, beshaken, torne, and rent.  
 Cli. Shew what unlucky chaunce it is that hath our nauy spent.  
 What storme of seas disperfed hath our Captaynes hear and there  
 Eury. Thou wiltest me to make report of heauy woful geare.  
 Thou biddest me most greuous newes with rydings good to part:  
 For vttrng of this woeful hap my feeble mynd doth start.  
 And horribly appauled is with this so monstrous ill.  
 Cly. Speake out and vtter it: himselfe with terrour he doth fill,  
 Whose hart his owne calamity and carke doth loath to know:  
 The hart whom doubted damage dulles with greater grieve doth glow  
 Eu. When Troyan buildings blasing bright did burne away and boyle,  
 Enkindled first by Grekish brand, they fall to part the spoyle:  
 Repayring fast vnto the seas agayne we come aboard,  
 And now the souldiers weary loynes were eased of his sword,  
 Their bucklers cast aside, vpon the hatches lie aboue.  
 Their warlike handes in practise put, and Ders learne to moue:  
 Ech litle hindzaunce seemes to much to them in hasty plight,  
 When of recourse the Admirall gaue watchword by his light,  
 And trumpet blast beganne to cal our army from delay,  
 The paynted Pup with gilded snowt did first guyde on the way:  
 And cut the course, which following on a thousand shippes did ryue,  
 Then first a wynd with pipling puffes our launcing ships did dryue,  
 Which glyded downe vpon our sayles the water beyng calme  
 With breath of westerne wynd so myld scant moued any walme.  
 The thyning seas helpred about with shippes doth glister bright,  
 And also couerd with the same lay hid from Phœbus lyght:  
 It doth vs good to gale vpon the naked thore of Troy:  
 The desert Phrygian plots so bare to vew wee hop for ioye:

The

## Agamemnon.

The yeuth each one besturres themselues, and striking altogether,  
They tough their oers & with their rople they helpe the wynd & weather  
They tug and chearely row by course, the spirting seas bp dath,  
Agaynst the ratling ribs of ships the flapping floods do lash  
The hozy froth of wjestling waues which oers aloft doth rayse,  
Do draw and trace a furrow thzough the marbledaced seas.  
When stronger blast with belly swolne our hoysted sayles did fil,  
They row no moze, but let the Pup to goe with wynd at wil,  
Their theryng oers layd assyde our Pilot doth espye,  
How farre from any land aloofe our sayles reculing flye.  
Oz bloody battels doth display the thzeats of Hector stout,  
Oz of his ratling waggings tels,wherein he rode about.  
Oz how his gashed carkas slayne and traynd about the field  
To funeral flames and obit rightes for coyne agayne was yeld.  
How Iupiter embathed was al in his royall bloud.  
The frolicke fith disposed was to mirth in Tyren floud,  
And fetchyng friskes both in and out playes on the waters hym,  
And on his byoade and fynny backe about the seas doth swim,  
With gambals quicke in ringes around and side to side enclynd,  
Erwhyle he sportes afront the pup, and whips agayne behynd,  
Now sidling on the snout befoze the dalyng wanton route  
With iocundary ioly tryckes doth skip the fleete about.  
Sometyme he standerth galing on and eyes the vessels bright,  
Now euery shoze is couered cleane, and land is out of sight,  
The parlous poynt of Ida rocke in sight doth open lye,  
And that alone espie we could with fyrnly fixed eye,  
A duskye clowde of stifling smoake from Troy did smolter blacke,  
When Titan from the weary neckes the heauy yokes did slacke.  
The fading light did groueling bend, and downe the day did shrowd,  
Agaynst the Starres amounting bp a litle misty clowde  
Came belchyng out in yrksome lombe, and Thcebus galland beams  
He spewd hypon, bestayning them duct downe in Westerne streams.  
The Sunne set swaruing in such sozt with diuers chaunge of face,  
Did geue vs cause to haue mistrust of Neptunes doubted grace,  
The euening first did burnish bright, and paynt with starres the sky.

The

## The eyght tragedie.

150

The wyndes were layed, and cleane forsooke our sayles that quiet lie.  
 When crackling, ratling, rumbling noyse, rurst down w<sup>t</sup> thundring sway  
 From top of hills, which greater sturre doth threaten and bewraye.  
 With bellowinges, and yellinges lowde, the shozes do grunt & grone,  
 The craggy clyues and roaring rocks do howle in hollow stone.  
 The bubling waters swelles vpreard before the wassling wynd,  
 When sodaynly the lowring light of Mone is hid and blynd.  
 The glymning starres do goe to glade, the surging seas are tost  
 Euen to the skyes among the clowdes the light of heauen is lost.  
 More nightes in one compacted are with shadow dim and blacke,  
 One shadow vpon another doth more darknes heape and packe,  
 And euery sparke of light consum'd the waues and skyes do meete,  
 The rustling windes range on the seas, through euery coast they flitt.  
 They heaue it vp with violence, oreturnde from bottom low,  
 The westerne wynd flat in the face of Easterne wynd doth blow.  
 With hurley burley Bozeas set ope his blasting mouth,  
 And girdeth out his boysteous bryeth agaynst the stormy south,  
 Each wynd with al his might doth blow, and worketh daungers deepe,  
 They shake the floods, a sturdy blast along the seas do sweepe.  
 That rolles and tumbles waue on waue, a noythzen tempest stronge,  
 Aboundance great of slacky snow doth hurle our shippes amonge.  
 The southwynd out of Libia, doth rage vppon a shold,  
 And with the puissant force therof the quicklandes vp he cold,  
 For vydeth in the south which doth with tempest lumps and lower,  
 And force the flowing floods to rise by powring out a shower.  
 The stubberne Eurus, Earthquakes made, and shoke the countreies East,  
 And Eos cost where Phœbus first aryseth from his rest.  
 How violent Corus stretcht and tare his pawning breaust ful wyde?  
 A man would sure haue thought the world did from his center flyde,  
 And that the frames of Heauen broke vp the Gods adowne would fall  
 And Chaos darke confused heape would shade and couer all.  
 The streame straue with the wynd, the wynd dyd beate it downe againe.  
 The springing sea within his bankes can not it selfe contayne,  
 The raging showre his trilling droppes doth mingle with the seas,  
 And yet in all this misery the fynd not so much ease,

To see



## Agamemnon.

To see and know what ill it is, that worketh they decay.  
 The darknes dim oppresseth still and keepes the light away:  
 The blackfast night with hellicke hue was clad of Stygian lake  
 And yet ful oft with glimſing beames the ſparkling fyre out brake,  
 The clowde doth cracke, and beynge rent the lightning leapeth out,  
 The wretches like the ſame ſo well it ſhyning them about,  
 That ſtil they wiſh ſuch light to haue (although God wot but yll)  
 The nauy ſwaying downe it ſelfe doth caſt away, and ſpill.  
 One ſide with other ſide is crackt, and helme is rent with helme,  
 The ſhip it ſelfe the gulping ſeas do headlong ouertwhelme.  
 Erwhyle a greedy gaping gulph doth ſup it vp amayne,  
 Then by and by toſt vp aloft it ſpewes it out againe,  
 She with her ſwagging full of ſea to bottoime lowe doth ſinke  
 And drencheth deepe abyde in floods her tottering broken bynke.  
 That vnderneath a doſen waues lay drowned out of ſight,  
 Her broken planks ſwim vp and downe, ſpoyld is her tackle quight,  
 Both ſayle and Ders cleane are loſt, the mayne maſt eke is gone.  
 That wonted was to beare vpright the ſayle yard thereupon,  
 The timber and the broken bozdes lye on the waters bym,  
 When cold and ſhivering feare in vs doth ſtrike through euery lim,  
 The wyſeſt wits entackūcate dare nothing enterpriſe,  
 And cunning practiſe naught awayles when feareful ſtoymes ariſe,  
 The mariners letting duty ſlip ſtand ſtaring all agaſt,  
 Their ſcoping oyes ſodaynly out of their handes are waſt.  
 To prayer then apace we fall, when other hope is none,  
 The Greekes and Trojans to the Gods alyke do make their mone.  
 Alacke what ſuccour of the fates may wee pooze wretches fynd?  
 Agaynſt his father Pyrrhus beares a ſpyteful cankered mynd,  
 At Ayax grudge Vliffeſes doth, king Menela doth hate  
 Great Hector: Agamemnon is with Priam at debate.  
 O happy man is he that doth lye ſlayne in Trojan ground,  
 And hath deſerude by handy ſtroake to take his fatall wound,  
 Whom ſame preſerueth, taking vp his tombe in conquerd land  
 Thoſe momes whoſe melting cowardes hart durſt neuer take in hand  
 Or enterpriſe no noble acte, thoſe force of floods ſhall downe  
 But fate forbearing long, wiſh take ſtoute Brutes of high renoume,  
 Ful wel we may aſhamed be, in ſuch a ſort to dye,  
 If any man his ſpyteful mynd yet can not ſatiffye,  
 With theſe outrageous plunging plagues that downe frō Gods are ſet,  
 Appeaſe at length thy wrathful God agayne and eake relent.

Euen

Euen Troy for pity would haue wept, to see our woefull case,  
 But if that in thy boyling breast black rancour still haue place,  
 And that the Greekes to ruin run, it bee thy purpose bent,  
 Why doe these Troyans goe to wrack? for whom thus are wee spent?  
 Allwage the rygour of the sea that threathning hills vp reares:  
 This drenched Fleete the Troyan folke and Greekes together beares.  
 Then from theyr prayers are they put, theyr foultring tonges doe stay,  
 The roying seas doth drowne their voyce and carpes their cries away.  
 Then mighty Pallas armed with the lepping lightning fyre,  
 That teasty Ioue doth ble to hurle prouokt to swelling pyre,  
 With threathning Iaueling in her hand, her prowesse meanes to try,  
 And eke her force whose boyling breast with Gorgon fits doth fry,  
 Or what with Target she can doe, and with her fathers fyre.  
 Then from the Skyes another storme begins abroade to spyre,  
 But Ajax nothing yet dismaide all force withstandeth stout,  
 Whom when hee spied his swelling sayles with Cable stretched out,  
 She lighting downe did wyng him hard, and wrapt him in her flame,  
 And sang another flashyng dint of lightning on the same,  
 With all her force and violence her hand brought back agayne,  
 She tost him out, as late that feate her father taught her playne.  
 Both ouer Ajax and his Pup she slyeth ouerthwart,  
 And renting man and myp, of both shee beares away a part,  
 His courage nought abated yet hee all to singde doth seeme,  
 Euen like a stubberne ragged Rocke amid the struiuing streame,  
 Hee traynes along the roaring seas and eke the waltring waue  
 By shouing on his hourly breast in sunder quite he draue,  
 The Barke with hand he caught, and on it selfe did type it ouer,  
 Yet Ajax myneth in the foud which darknesse blinde doth couer.  
 At length attayning to a rocke his thundring crakes were these,  
 I conquered haue the force of fyre and rage of fighting seas,  
 It doth mee good, to mayster thus the anger of the skye,  
 With Pallas wrath, the lightning flames and floods tumultyng hye.  
 The terrour of the warlyck god once could not make me flye,  
 The force of Mars and Hector both at once sustaynd haue I.  
 Nor Phoebus darteres could me constryne, from him one foote to shoon,  
 All these beside the Phrygians subdued we haue, and woon.  
 When other Meccocks flinges his darts shall I not them withstand?  
 Pea, what if Phoebus came himselfe, to pytch them with his hand?  
 When in hys melancholy moode he boasted without meane.  
 Then father Neptune lyst his heat aboue the waters cleane.

Æ.

The

## Agamemnon

The beaten rocke with forked mace he vndermyning pluckte  
 From bottom loose, and suncke it downe, when downe himself he duct.  
 There Ajax lay, by land, by fyre, and storme of seas deströid  
 But we by suffering mypwack, are with greater plagues anoyd.  
 A subryle shallow floud there is flowne on a stony shold,  
 Where crafty Caphar out of syght the lurking rocks doth hold,  
 Uppon whose sharpe and ragged tops the swelling tide doth flow,  
 The boyling waues do beat thereon still sweaing to and fro.  
 A turret noddling ouer it doth hange with fallyng sway,  
 From whence on either side from height prospect espy wee may  
 Two seas: and on this hand the coast where Pelops once did raygne,  
 And Isthmus floud in narrow creeke, reculing back agayne,  
 Doth stop Ionian sea, least into Hellespont it run,  
 On th'other part is Lemnon floud that fame by bloodshed woon.  
 On th'other side Calcedon towne doth stand agaynst this fozte,  
 And Aulis Ile that stayde our ships that thither did resozte.  
 This Castell heere inhabyte doth our Palimedes sier,  
 Whose cursed hand helde in the top a byand of flaming sier.  
 That did alure our fleete, to turne on lurking rockes a ryght,  
 Entysing them with wily blaze to come vnto the lyght.  
 All into fitters shaken are the vessels on the sholde,  
 But other some doe swym, and some vpon the rockes are roulde.  
 And other slipping backe agayne so to eschew the Rocks,  
 His brused Rybs, and ratling sides agaynst eche other knocks,  
 Whereby the other hee doth breake, and broken is himselfe,  
 Then woulde they launce into the deepe, for now they dread the selfe,  
 This peck of troubles chaunct to hap in dawning of the day.  
 But when the Gods (besought of vs) began the rage to stay,  
 And Phœbus golden beames began a frethe to render lyght,  
 The dolefull day discried all the damage done by nyght.  
 CLY. O whether may I now lament, and weepe with wayling sad?  
 Or shall I els in that my Spouse returned is bee glad?  
 I doe reioyce, and yet I am compelled to bewayle  
 My countreyes great calamity that doth the same assayle.  
 O Father great whose maiesty doth thundring Scepters shake,  
 The lowing Gods vnto the Greekes now fauourable make,  
 With garlands greene let euery head reioyng now be crounde.  
 To thee the pye in sacrifice melodiously doth sounde,  
 And on thyne aulter lyeth slayne an Heyferd lilly whight,  
 Before the same doe present stand with hanging lockes vndight,  
A carefull



# The eyght tragedie.

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A carefull Troyan company in heauy wofull plight,  
On whom frō high the Lawzell tree with spredding bzaunch doth hyne,  
Whose vertue hath inspyred them with Phœbus grace diuine,

CHORVS. CASSANDRA.



Las the cruell king of loue  
how sweetely doth it taste,  
A misery to mortall man  
annext whyle lyfe doth last?  
The pathe of mischiefe for to flye,  
now lity there is a gap,  
And wretched soules be franckly calde  
From euery wofull hap,

By death, a pleasaunt port, for aye in rest them selues to shroude,  
Where dreadfull tumultes neuer dwell nor stormes of fortune proude,  
For yet the burning fry flakes of Ioue the same doth doubt,  
When wrongfully with thwacking thumpes he raps his thunder out:  
Heere Lady Peace th'inhabitours doth neuer put in flight,  
For yet the victors threathing wrath appoaching nygh to fight,  
No whyzling western wynde doth byge the ramping leas to pzaunce,  
No dusty cloude that rayled is by sauage Dimilaunce,  
On horseback riding rancke, by rancke no fearce and cruell host,  
No people slaughtred, with their townes cleane topsie turuey tost:  
Whyle that the foe with flaming fyre doth spoyle and waste the wall,  
Untamed and unbiddled Mars destroyes and batters all:  
That man alone who forceth not the sickle fates a strawe,  
The bysage grim of Acheront whose eyes yet neuer sawe,  
Who neuer bewd with heauy cheate the vglome Limbo lake,  
And putting lyfe in hasarde, dare to death him selfe betake.  
That person is a Prynces peare, and lyke the Gods in myght,  
Who knoweth not what death doth meane is in a pitious plight  
The ruthfull ruin of our natyue countrey wee behelde:  
That wofull nyght, in which the roofes of houses ouerquelde,  
In Dardans City blasing bygyht with flathing fiery flames.  
When as the Greekes with burning brandes enkindle did the frames,  
That Troy whom war & deedes of armes might not subdue and take.  
As once did mighty Hercules, whose Myouer caulde it quake,

Æ 2.

Which



## Agamemnon

Which neither he that Peleus sonne, and sonne to Thetis was,  
 Nor whom Achilles loued to wel, could euer hyng to passe,  
 When glytering bright in field he ware false armour on his back,  
 And counterfayting fearse Achill the Trojans dyaue to wrack.  
 Nor when Achilles he hym selfe his minde from sorrow wrast,  
 And Trojan women to the walles did scudding leape in hast.  
 In myserie she lost her proud estate, and last renoume,  
 By being stoutly ouercome, and hardly pulled downe.  
 Peares eyue & eyue did Troy resist, that yet hereafter must,  
 In one nyghts space by deskenie be layed in the dust.  
 Theyr fained gistes well haue we tried that huge and fatall gin,  
 We lyght of credit, with our owne ryght hand haue haled in,  
 That fatall gyft of Greekes: what tyme at entry of the gap  
 The hugge hoys did thuerpnyng stand, where in them selues did wrap  
 The captaynes close in holow hautes with bloudy war yfreight.  
 When lawfully we might haue tryde, and serched their deceit:  
 So by theyr owne contriued snares the grekes had bin confound:  
 The hzaen bucklers being shooke did gyue a clattring sound.  
 A pnyng whysperng often tymes came tyckling in our ear.  
 And Pyrrhus (in a murreynes name so ready for to heare.  
 The crafty counsell picked out of false Vliesses Brayne,  
 Did iangle in the holow Lautes, that range thereof agayne.  
 But hearing and suspecting nought the headdy youth of Troy  
 Layde handes vpon the sacred ropes, to hale and pull with ioy.  
 On this syde younge Astyanax came garded with his trayne,  
 On th'other part Pollixena disponed to bee slayne  
 Upon Achilles tombe, she coms with maydes, and hee with men,  
 A ioly flocke with equall yeares as younge as they were then.  
 Theyr bowd oblations to the gods in holy day attyre,  
 The matrons hyng and so to church repayreth euery fyre.  
 And all the city did alyke, yea Hecuba our queene  
 (That synce the woful Hectors death or now was neuer sene)  
 She mery is: O grieke accurst, of all thy sorowes depe  
 For whych that first, or last befell entendest thou to wepe?  
 Our battred walles which heauenly hands erected haue and frande?  
 Or els the burning temples which vpon their Idols stande?  
 Lamenting these calamyties wee haue not time and space,  
 O mighty parent Pryam we poore Trojans wayle thy case.  
 The olde mans thratling thyoate I sawe, (alas) I saw yboide  
 With cruell Pyrrhus blade, that scante with any bloud was gorde:

CAS. Re=

CAS. Refraine your teares y<sup>e</sup> down your cheekes should tricle euermore  
With woefull waylings piteously your pyuate friendes deploze  
My myseries reſeule a mate, ſo much accuſt as I :

To rewe my carefull caſe, reſtrayne your lamentable cry.

As for myne owne diſtreſſe to moorne, I ſhall ſuffice alone.

CHO. To mingle teares with other teares it doth vs good to mone :

In thoſe the burning teary ſtreames more ardently doe boyle,

Whom ſecret thoughts of lurking cares in priuy breaſt turmayle :

Though that thou were a Collop ſtout, that brooke much ſorrow may

I warraunt thee, thou myghteſt well, lament this ſore decay.

Not ſad and ſolemn Aedon that in the woodes doth ſinge

Her ſugred Ditties finely tunde on ſweete and pleaſaunt ſtringe :

Recoyding Itys woefull hap in diuers kynde of note,

Whom Progne though he were her chylde and of her wombe begot,

For to reueng his fathers fault, he did not ſpare to kill :

And gaue his fleſh and bloude for foode the fathers Haw to fill.

Not Progne who in Swallowes ſhape : vpon the rydges hye,

Of houſes ſits in Biſton towne bewayling piteouſly,

With chattering thyoate, of Tereus her ſpouſe the cruell act,

(Who did by ſtrength and force of armes a ſhamefull byutiſhe fact.

Defile the ſyſter of his wyfe, laye Philomel by name,

And eke cut out her tonge, leaſt ſhee ſhould blaſt it to his ſhame)

Though Progne this her huſbandes rape lamenting very ſore

Doe wayle, and weepe with piteous plaint, yet can ſhee not deploze

Sufficiently, though that ſhee woulde, our countreyes piteous plight :

Though he himſelfe among the Swans ſy<sup>e</sup> Cygnus lilly whight.

Who dwelles in ſtreame of Iſter ſtoud, and Tanais channell coulde,

His weeping voyce moſt ernestly though vtter out hee woulde :

Although the morninge Halcyons with dolefull ſighes doe wayle,

At ſuch time as the fighting ſtoudes their Cyex did aſſaile,

O<sup>r</sup> raſhly wexing bould attempt the Seas now layde at reſt,

O<sup>r</sup> being very fearefull feede their broode in tottring neſt,

Although as ſquemiſhe hearted men thoſe priekes in bedlem rage,

Whom mother Cyble being borne on high in lofty ſtage,

Dorh mooue, to play on ſhaines, Atys the Phrygian to lament,

Yet can not they this lot bewayle, though drawn fro<sup>m</sup> armes they rent.

Cassandra, in our teares there is no meaſure to reſtrayne,

Thoſe miſeryes all meaſure paſſe, that plunged vs in payne.

The ſacred fillets from thy heades, why doſt thou hale and pull ?

They chiefly ought to worſhip God, whole hearts with grieve be dull.

Æ 3.

CAS. My

## Agamemnon

CAS. My feare by this affliction is cleane abated all,  
 For praying to the heauenly Ghostes for mercy will I call.  
 Although they were disposde to chafe and fret in fustten fumes:  
 They nothing haue me to displease, Fortune her force consumes.  
 Her tyte is woꝛne vnto the stumpes, what countrey haue I left?  
 Where is my Syꝛe? am I of all my systers quite bereft.  
 The sacred tombes and alter stones our bloud haue drunke & swylde,  
 Where are my bꝛethꝛen blessed knot? destroyed in the fylde.  
 All widdow Wyues of Priams sonnes may easly now beholde,  
 The Pallace voyde and cast of court of silly Priam olde.  
 And by so many marriages so many Wyddowes are,  
 But onely Hellen comming from the coast of Lacon farre.  
 That Hecuba the mother of so many a pꝛyncely wyght,  
 Whose fruitfull Wombe did breede the brand, of syꝛe blasing byght:  
 Who also bare the swinge in Troy, by practise now doth learne,  
 New lawes and guile of desteny in bondage to discerne.  
 On her thee taketh heart of grace with lookes so sterne and wylde,  
 And barkerh as a bedlem birch about her strangled chylde  
 Deare Polidor, the remnaunt left, and onely hope of Troy,  
 Hector, and Priam to reuenge, and to restore her ioy.  
 CHO. The sacred Phœbus Prophet is with todayne silence hushd:  
 A quaking trembling shivering feare thꝛoughout her lims hath rushd:  
 Her face as pale as Ashes is, her fillits stande bypyght,  
 The soft and gentle goldilockes starte vp of her altright.  
 Her panting breathing breast stufd vp within doth grunt and grone.  
 Her glaring byght and steaming Eyes are hether and thꝛether throwne.  
 Now glauncing vp and downe they roll: now standing stiffe they stare.  
 She stretcheth vp her head moꝛe stꝛeyght then commonly she bare,  
 Boultd vp she goes, her wꝛastling Jawes that fast together clinge,  
 She doth attempt by diuers meanes, on sunder how to wꝛinge.  
 Her mumbling words in gabling mouth shut vp she doth allwage,  
 As Menas mad that Bacchus aares doth serue in furious rage.  
 CAS. How doth it hap (O sacred tops of high Parnassus hill)  
 That me herapt of sence, with pickes of fury fresh yee fill?  
 Why doe you me with ghost inspyꝛe, that am belyde my wits?  
 O Phœbus none of thyne I am, releasse me from the fits:  
 Infired in my burning breastes the flames extinguisht out,  
 Who forceth me with fury fell to gad and trot about?  
 Or for whose sake inspyꝛde with spyꝛte mad mumbling make must I?  
 Why play I now the Prophet colde, sitth Troy in dust doth ly?  
The day



The day doth thynke for dread of warre, the night doth dim mine eyes.  
 With mantell blacke of darknesse deepe cleane couerd is the skyes:  
 But loe two shining Sunnes at once in heauen appeareth byght,  
 Two Grecian houles muster doe their armies twayne to fight.  
 Amonge the mighty Goddes in Ida woodes I see,  
 The fatall shepherd in his throne as vmpier platt to bee:  
 I doe aduise you to beware, beware (I say) of kynges,  
 (A kindred in whose cancred heartes olde priuy grudges springes)  
 That countrey clowne Agisthus he this stocke shall ouerthrowe,  
 What doth this foolish deipzet dame her naked weapons shoue?  
 Whose crowne entendeth thee to cracke in weede of Lacon lande,  
 With Hatchet (by the Amazons inuented first) in hand?  
 What face of mighty maiesty bewitched hath mine eyes?  
 The conquerour of saluage beastes Harmarick Lyon lyes,  
 Whose noble necke is wurried with currish fange and tooth  
 The churlish snaps of eger Lyonelle abyde hee dooth.  
 Alacke yee ghostes of all my friendes why should yee say that I,  
 Among the rest am onely safe, from perils farre to ly?  
 Fayne father follow thee I would, Troy being layde in dust.  
 O brother terrour of the Greekes, O Troyans ayde and trust.  
 Our auncient pomp I doe not see, nor yet thy warmed handes,  
 (That fearece on Greekish flaming fleete did sling the fyry brandes)  
 But mangled members, schorched corpes, and eake thy baliuant armes,  
 Hard piniond and bounde in bands sustayning greenous harmes:  
 O Troyolus, a match unfit encountering with Achill  
 (That myghty man of armes) to soone come vnto thee I will.  
 I doe delight, to sayle with them on stinking Stygian flood.  
 To bew the churlishe mastife cur of hell, it doth mee good.  
 And gaping mouthed Kingdome darke of greedy Ditis raygne.  
 The Barge of filthy Phlegethon this day shall entertayne,  
 Hee conquering, and conquered, and Prynces soules with all.  
 You sitering shades I you beseeche, and eake on thee I call,  
 O Stygian poole (whereon the Gods they? solenne othes doe take  
 Unbolt a whyle the Brasen bars of darklome Lyngo lake.  
 Whereby the Phrygian folke in hell may Micean state beholde.  
 Looke vp yee filly wretched soules, the fates are backward roulde.  
 The scally sisters doe appoach, and deale their bloudy strokes,  
 Their smultring taggots in their handes haife hunte to athes smokes.  
 Their bysages so pale doe burne, with fyry flaming eyes:  
 A garment blacke they? gnawed guts doth gyde in mourning gyse.

Æ 4.

Wyre dread



## Agamemnon

Dire dread of night begins to howle, the bones of body vast  
With lying long doe rot corrupt in miry puddle cast.  
Beholde, the wery aged man his burning thirst forgot,  
The waters dallyng at his lippes to catch endeuors not :  
But mourneth for the funerall, that shall ensue anon.  
The Troyan Prynce his royall robes tryumphant putteth on.  
CHO. The furious rage cleane ouerpast begins it selfe to flake,  
And flyps away, euen as a Bull that deadly wounde doth take  
On galled neck afront the aares : come let vs ease at last  
Her lymbes, that of the spyte of God hath felt the mighty blast.  
Returning home agayne at length and crounde with Lawrell bow  
(A signe of worthy victory) is Agamemnon now.  
The Wyfe to meete her Husband, doth her speedy passage ply,  
Returning hand in hand, and foote by foote most louingly.

## THE FOVRTH ACTE.

AGAMEMNON. CASSANDRA.



Length I doe arryue agayne  
vppon my natie soyle :  
God saue thee O deare loued Lande,  
to thee so huge a spoyle  
So many barbarous people yeelde :  
the flowre of Asia, Troy :  
To beare thy yoke submits her selfe,  
that longe did liue in ioy.

Why doth this Prophet (on the grounde her sprawling body layde)  
Thus reele and stagger on her necke, all trembling and dismayde ?  
Sir, take her vp, with Lycour warme let her bee chearished.

Now peepes she vp agayne, with drouping eyes sonke in her head :  
Plucke vp thy spyte, heere is the porte wisht for in misery :

This day is festiuall. CAS. At Troy so was it wont to bee.

AG. Let vs to Th'alters worship gyue. C. At Th'alters died my fire :

A. Pray wee to Ioue. C. To Ioue whose grace diuine doth me inspire ?

AG. Dost

# The eyght tragedy.

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AG. Dost thou suppose that Troy thou seest? C. And Priam eke I see.  
 AG. Troy is not heere. C. where Helen is there take I Troy to bee,  
 AG. Feare not as maide to serue thy dame. C. Pay freedom draweth ny.  
 AG. Take thou no thought how thou shalt liue. C. All cares for to defy,  
 Death giues a courage vnto mee. AG. Yet say I once agayne  
 There is no daunger left, whereby thou mightest hurt sustayne.  
 CA. But yet much troublous dainger doth hang ouer thy head I wot.  
 AG. What mischief may a victor dread? CA. Euen y<sup>t</sup> hee dzeadeth not.  
 AG. See trusty meny of my men come cary her away,  
 Till of the spyte thee ryd her selfe, least fury force her say  
 That may be preiudiciall, her tongue she cannot frame.  
 To thee O father sninging forth the lightnings flashing flame,  
 That dost disperse the cloudes, and rule the course of euery starre,  
 And guyde the Globe of Earth, to whom the booties wooen by warre  
 With triumphe victors dedicate: to thee O Iuno hight  
 The syster deare of doughty Ioue, (thy husband full of might)  
 Both I and Greece with flesh and bloude, and eke our bowed beast.  
 And gorgious gyftes of Arabie, giue worship to thy best.

## Chorus.



GREECE by noble Gentlemen  
 in honour thyning cleare,  
 O GREECE to wrythfull I VNO thou  
 that art the darling deare,  
 Some iolly worthy lusty bloude  
 thou fosters euermore,  
 Thou hast made euen the Gods, that were  
 a number odde before.

That puissaunt mighty Hercules a noble Impe of thyne  
 Deserued by his trauels twelue, rapt vp in heauen to thyne.  
 For whom the heauens did alter course, and Iupiter with all  
 Did iterate the howres of nyght, when dampishe dewe doth fall.  
 And charged Phoebus chariot swyfte to trot with slower pace,  
 And leasurely bright lady Moone thy homwarde Mayne to trace,  
 Bygght Lucifer that yeare by yeare his name a netwe doth chaunge,  
 Came backe agayne, to whom the name of Hesper seemed straunge.

Aurora to

## Agamemnon

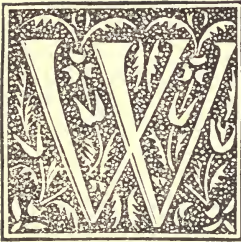
Aurora to her common course her reared head addrest,  
And couching backward downe agayne the same thee did arest,  
Upon the shoulder of her spouse, whose yeares with age are woine  
The east did feele, so felt the west, that Hercules was boine.  
Dame nature coulde not cleane dispatch, to vtter in one night,  
That boytous lad : the whyling worlde did wayght for such a wight.  
O hahe whose shoulders vnderprop, the ample spacious sky,  
In clasped armes thy prowesse did the crushed Lyon try.  
Who from his fyry pawning thyoate spewes out his boyling brande,  
The nimble hynde in Menall mount hath knowne thy heauy hande,  
The Boze hath felt thy fyft, which did Arcadia destroy.  
The monstrous conquerde Bull hath rode that Creta did anoy.  
The Dragon dyre that breeding beast in Lerna poole he slewe,  
And chopping of one head forbad thereof to ryle anewe.  
With clubbed byuing battering batte he crankly did subdew.  
(The brethren twins y<sup>t</sup> fewde on Teate) whereof thre monstres grew.  
Of tryple formed Gerion the spoyle into the east,  
A droue of Cattell Hercules did fetch out of the weast.  
Away from tyraunt Diomedes the Thracian horse he led,  
Which neyther with the grasse that grew by Styrmon floud he fed,  
Nor yet on Heber bankes, but them the villayne did refresh  
His greedy mouching cramming iades with aunts bloud and flesh.  
Their rawfed Jawes imbzwde were with the carmans bloud at last.  
The spoyles and maktes Hipolyte saw from her holome wraist  
As sone as he with clattring shaft the dusky cloude did smite,  
The Stymphall byrde that shadowed the sunne, did take her flight.  
The fertill tree that apples beares of golde, did feare him fore,  
Which neuer yet acquayntaunce had with Tasters tooth before.  
But whipping vp with liuely twigges into the ayre the fyes,  
And whyle the chinking plate doth sound then Argos full of eyes,  
The watchman shynking close for colde that sleepe yet neuer knew,  
Doth heare the noyse whyle Hercules with mettall of yellow hew  
Well laden packs away, and left the groue beslached cleane.  
The hound of hell did holde his tongue drawne vp in tryple cheane,  
Nor barke with any boughinge thyoate, nor coulde abyde the hewe,  
Or colour of the heauenly lyght, whose beames hee neuer knewe.  
When thou wert captayne Generall, and didst conduct our Hoste,  
(They that) of Dardans Lygne, to come they? Stocke doe fally holste,  
Were banquished by force of armes and since they felt agayne  
Thy Gray goose winge, whose bitteresse to feare might the constrainne.

THE

THE FIFTE

A C T E.

CASSANDRA.



Wthin a reuell reere is kept,  
as soe as euer was,  
Euen at the ten yeares siege of Troy:  
What thing is this? (alas)  
Get vp my soule, and of the rage  
auengneent worthy craue:  
Though Phrygians wee bee vanquished,  
the victorie we haue.  
The matter well is brought aboute:  
vp Troy thou ryllest now,

Thou flat on floore hast pulde down Greece, to ly as low as thou.  
Thy Conquerour doth turne his Face: my prophesying spright  
Did neuer yet disclose to mee so notable a sight:  
I see the same, and am thereat, and busied in the hroyle,  
No vision fond fantastickall my senses doth beguile:  
Such fare as Prygians feasted with on last unhappy night  
At Agamemnons royall courte full daintily they dight:  
With purple hangings all adoynde the brodyed Beds doe shyne,  
In olde Assaracks goblets gylt they swinke and swill the wyne.  
The King in gorgeous royall robes on chayre of State doth sit,  
And praukt with pryde of Pryams pomp of whom he conquerd it.  
Put of this hostile weede, to him, (the Queene, his Wyfe gan say,)  
And of thy louing Lady wrought weare rather thys away.  
Thys garment knit. It makes mee loth, that shiuering heere I stande.  
O shall a King be murdered, by a banisht wretches hande?  
Out, shall Th'adulterer destroy the husbände of the Wyfe?  
The dreadfull destinies approcht, the foode that last in lyfe  
He tasted of before his death, theyr maysters bloud shall see,  
The gubs of bloude downe dropping on the wynde shall powred bee.  
By traytrous tricke of trapping weede his death is brought about,  
Which being put vpon his heade his handes coulde not get out.  
The stop-



## Agamemnon

The stopped poake with mouth set ope his muffled head doth hyde,  
The mankinde dame with trembling hand the sword drew from her side,  
Nor to the utmost of her might it in his flesh thee thrust,  
But in the giuing of the stroke thee stayed all agast,  
Hee as it were a bristled Boze entangled in the net  
Among the byars in bushy woodes yet tryeth out to get.  
With struggling much the shrinking hands more streightly he doth bind.  
He stryues in bayne, and would slip of the snare that doth him blind.  
Which catcheth holde on euery syde. But yet th'entangled wretch  
Doth grope about, his subtle soes with griping hand to catch.  
But furious Tyndaris preparte the Pollaxe in her hande,  
And as the priest to sacrifice at Th'alter side doth stande,  
And bewes with eye the Bullockes necke, eare that with Axe he smite,  
So to and fro thee heaues her hand to stryke and leauell right.  
He hath the stroke: dispatcht it is: not quite chopt of the head  
It hangerh by a litle crop: heere from the Carkasse dead  
The spouting bloude came gushing out: and there the head doth lye,  
With wallowing, bobling, mumbling tongue: nor they do by and bye  
Forlake him so: the breathlesse coarce Agist doth all to coyle:  
And mangled hath the gashed corpes: whyle thus hee doth him spoyle,  
She putteth to her helping hand: by detestable deede  
They both accorde vnto the kynde, whereof they doe procede.  
Danie Helens syster right thee is, and hee Thyestes sonne:  
Noe doubtfull Titan standeth still the day now being donne,  
Not knowing whether best to keepe still on his wonted way,  
Or turne his wheelles vnto the path of dyre Thyestes day.

*THE*

THE FIFTE  
ACTE.

THE SECONDE  
SCEANE.

ELECTRA.



Thou whom of our Fathers death  
the onely helpe wee haue,  
Fly, fly, from force of furious foes,  
make hast thy selfe to saue:  
Our house is topsy turuey tost,  
our Stocke is cast away,

Our ruthfull realmes to ruin runne, our kingdomes doe decay.  
Who cometh heere in Chariot swift thus galloping a mayne?  
Brother, disguised in thy weede let mee thy person sayne.  
O Bussard blynde, what dost thou meane from forrayne folke to fly?  
Whom dost thou shun? it doth behoue to feare this family.  
Orestes now bee houlde, and let all shiuering feare a side,  
The certayne succour of a trusty friende I haue espide.

THE

# Agamemnon

## THE FIFTE

### A C T E .

#### THE THIRD

#### SCENE.

Strophilus. Electra.



With solemne Pompe I Strophilus  
forsaking Phocis lande,  
Bearing a bzaunch of Pauline, that growes  
at Elis, in my hand,  
Returned backe I am, the cause  
that wild mee heather wend,  
Is with these gyftes to gratefie  
and welcome home my frend,  
Whose valiaunt army skalde, and shooke  
the tattered Troyan walles,

Who wearied with the ten yeares warre, now flat on flooze thee fallest.  
What wofull wight is this that staynes her mourning face with teares,  
And drowned deepe in drouly dumpes opprested is with feares?  
I know full well this damsell is of Hynces lynage bozne.

What cause Electra hath this ioyfull family to moerne?

ELE. By treason that my mother wrought, my Father lieth slayne,  
And drincking of their fathers cup the chyldren doe complayne.

Agist engroceth Castels got by fornication.

STR. A lack that of so longe a tyme, felicity is none.

ELE. I thee request euen for the loue my father thou doest owe,  
And for the honour of the crowne, whose hunte abyode doth growe  
In euery coast: and by the Gods that diuerfly doe deale,  
Take into thy tuicion, conuey away, and steale,

This

This poore Orest : such kinde of theft is piety in deede.  
 STR. Although that Agamemnons death doth teach mee to take heede,  
 Yet will I vndertake the same, and with all diligence  
 Orestes shall I goe about with strength to haue thee hence.  
 Prosperity requireth faith, but trouble exacts the same,  
 Haue heere a pryce for those that doe contend and wage in game.  
 An Ornament with comely grace ordayne to deck the brow,  
 And let thy heade be couerde with this greene and pleasaunt bow.  
 And cary this victorious triumphant braunche in hand.  
 God graunt this Paulme that planted was in fertill Pisa land,  
 ( Where solenne games were celebrate Ioues honour to expresse )  
 May both a sauegarde bee to thee, and bring thee good successe.  
 Thou that bestryds thy fathers steedes, as he before hath done,  
 Goe stryke a league of amity with Pylades my sonne.  
 Now nimble Pagges let Greece heereof recording testify,  
 With headlong scouring course amayne this traytrous country fly.  
 ELE. Hee is escape and gone, and with vnumerable might  
 The Chariot hoyle with rayne at will doe scud out of my sight.  
 Now free from perill on my foes attendaunce will I make.  
 And offer willingly my head the deadly wounde to take.  
 The cruell conquereesse of her spouse is come, whose spotted weede  
 With sprinkels ( signe of slaughter ) doe heare recorde of her deede.  
 Her goary handes new bathde in bloude as yet they bee not dry,  
 Her rough and churlishe rigorous lookes the fact doe notify.  
 Unto the Temple will I trudge. Cassandra suffer mee,  
 Opprest with egall grieve, take parte of sacrifice with thee.

*THE*



Agamemnon  
THE FIFTE  
ACTE.

THE FOVRTH  
SCENE.

Clytemnestra. Electra. Ægisthus,  
Cassandra.



Thou thy Mothers Enemy,  
vngracious saucy face,  
After what sorte dost thou a mayde  
appeare in publyque place?

EL. C. I haue wyth my virginity  
the bowyes of Baundes forsooke.

CL. Y. What man is hee, that euer thee to bee a byrgin tooke?

E. What your own daughter? C. With thy mother moze modest should

EL. Doe you at length begin to preach, such godlines to me. (thou be.

CL. A manly stomacke stout thou hast with swelling hawty hart.

Subdued with sorrow learne thou shall to play a womans part.

EL. A sword and buckler very well a woman doth besee me,

(Except I dote.) CL. Thy selfe dost thou haylefellowe w<sup>t</sup> vs esteeme?

EL. What Agamemnon new is this, whom thou hast got of late?

CL. Hereafter shall I tame, and teach thy gylish tongue to prate.

And make thee know, how to a Queene thy taunting to forbear.

EL. The whilst (thou Wyddow) aunswere me directly to this geare.

Thy husband is bereued quight of breath, his lyfe is donne.

CL. Enquier where thy brother is, so seeke about my sonne.

EL. Hee is departed out of Greece. CL. Goe fetch him out of hande.

EL. Fetch thou my father vnto mee. CL. Giue me to vnderstande,

Where doth he lurking hyde his head? where is he mynke away?

EL. All plunge of perills past hee is, and at a quiet stay.

And in another Kyngdome where no harme hee doth mistrust,

This aunswere were sufficient, to please a Parent iust.

But one

But one whole bzeast doth boyle in wzath, it cannot satisefy.

CL. To day by death thou shalt receyue thy fatall destiny.

EL. On this condition am I pleade, the Aulter to forsake,  
If that this hand shall doe the deede, my deary when I shall take.

O els if in my throate to bath thy blade, thou doe delight,  
Most willingly I peeelde my throate, and giue thee leaue to smite.

O if thou wilt chop of my heade in brutishe beastly guise,  
My necke a wayting for the wounde out stretched ready lies.

Thou hast committed sinfully a great and grieuous guilt.

Goe purge thy hardned hands, the which thy husbands bloud haue spilt.

CL. O thou that of my perills all dost suffer part with mee,

And in my realme dost also rule with egall dignity,

Aegisthus, art thou glad at this? (as doth her not behoue,)

With checks and taunts y<sup>e</sup> daughter doth her mothers mallice moue.

Shee keepes her brothers counsell close conueyde out of the way.

AGI. Thou malipert and witlelle wenche, thyne eluisme prating stay,  
Refrayne those wordes vsfit thy Mothers glowing cares to ber.

EL. What shall the breeder of this boyle controll me with his checks,

Whose fathers guilt hath caused him to haue a doubtfull name,

Who both is to his sister, sonne, and Nephew to the same?

CL. To snap her head of with thy sword Aegist dost thou refrayne?

Let her giue vp the ghost: or hyng her brother straight agayne:

Let her be lockt in dungeon darck, and let her spend her dayes,

In Caues & Rocks, with painefull pangues, torment her euery waye,

I hope him whom she hidden hath thee will agayne discry,

Through being clapt in pylon strong and suffering pouerty

With ykesome and vnsauory smells on euery syde annoyde,

Ensozt to weare a wyddowes weede, er wedding day enioyde:

Put in exile and banishment when eche man doth her hate:

So shall she bee by misery compeld to peeelde to late,

Prohibyted of holosome ayre fruition to haue.

EL. Graunt me my dome by meanes of death to passe vnto my graue.

CL. I would haue graunted it to thee, if thou should it deny.

Unskillfull is the tyrant, who by suffering wretches dy

Doth ende they paynes. EL. What after deary doth any thing remayne?

CL. And if thou doe desyre to dye, the same see you refrayne.

Lay hands first on this wondrous wretch, whom being carryed on,

Euen to the furthest corner of my iurisdiction

Farre out beyond Mycoenas land in bonds let her be bound,

With darknelle dim in hiddeous holde let her be closed round.

¶

This cap-

## Agamemnon

This captiue Spoule and wicked Queene, the Trull of Dynces bed  
Shall pay her paynes, and suffer death by losing of her head.  
Come, hale her on, that she may followe, that way my spoule is gon,  
Whose loue from mee entised was. CAS. Doe not thus hale mee on.  
I will before you take the way, these tydings first to tell  
Unto my countrey men of Troy beneath in lowest hell.  
How ouerquellmed ships ech where, are spread the seas vppon:  
And Micoene countrey conquerde, is brought in subiection.  
He that of thousand capraynes was graunde caprayne generall,  
Come to as great calamity as Troy it selfe did fall,  
Entrapped was by traytrous trayne, and whozedomie of his Wyfe,  
And by a gyft receaued of her, depriued of his Lyfe.  
Let vs not linger: on with mee, and thanks I doe you giue.  
I joy, that it might be my hap, thus after Troy to liue.  
CL. Go to, prepare thy selfe to dye thou frantique raging wight.  
CAS. The franly fits of fury fell on you shall also light.

### EVRI BATES.

*Added to the Tragedy, by the*  
Translator.



Las yee hatefull hellish Vagges,  
yee furies foule and fell,  
Why cause yee rusty rancours rage  
in noble heartes to dwell?  
And cancred hate in boyling breastes  
to grow from age to age?  
Coulede not the graundfires paynfull pangues  
the childzens wzath allwage?  
Nor fanyne faynt of pynning paunche, with burning thyrst of hell,  
Amid the blackest streame of Sticks where poysoning breathes do dwell.  
Where vapors vile parbraking out from dampthe myzy mud,  
Encrease the paynes of Tantalus deserude by guiltles bloud,  
Could not thine owne offence suffice Thyestes in thy Lyfe,  
To file thy brothers spouall Bed, and to abuse his Wyfe?  
But after breath from body fled, and Lyfe thy Lymmes hath left,  
Can not remembraunce of reuenge out of thy breast be rest?  
What, yet

What, yet hast thou not layde thy lips, ta taste of Lethes floude ?  
 Now arte death why dost thou come to moue thy sonne to bloude ?  
 Couldst cruell Ditis graunt to thee thy pasporte backe agayne ?  
 To worke this woe vpon the world, and make such rigour raygne,  
 That Clytemnestra is become the fifty sister dyre  
 Of Danaus daughters, that did once theyr husbands death conspyre.  
 Loe here how fickle fortune giues but hytle fading ioy.  
 Loe, hee who late a Conquerour tryumphed ouer Troy,  
 Enduring many sturdy stormes with mighty toyle and payne  
 To sowe the seede of fame, hath reapt small fruite thereof agayne.  
 When as his honour budding forth with flowre began to bloome,  
 (Alas) the stocke was hewed downe and sent to deadly doome.  
 And they that of his victory and comming home were glad,  
 To todayne mourning chaunge their myrth with heauynesse bestad.  
 The lusty pompe of royall courte is deade: (O dolefull day)  
 The people mone theyr pyntes death with woe and weale away:  
 With howling, crying, wringing hands, with sobbs, w<sup>t</sup> sighes, & teares,  
 And w<sup>t</sup> their fists they beate their breaſts, they pull & hale their heares.  
 And as the sheepe amased run, and rampe aboute the feldes,  
 When as theyr shepheard to the Wolfe his goary thyoate doth peelde:  
 Euen so as maed they rage and raue throughout Micœnas land,  
 Deprived of theyr Prynce, they feare the bloody Tyrauntes hand.  
 While thus were woeful waylings hard in euery place about,  
 The good Cassandra (come from Troy) to death is haled out.  
 Like as the Swan, who when the time of death approacheth nye,  
 By nature warned is therof, and pleased well to dye,  
 Doth celebrate her funerall with dirge and solemn longe:  
 Euen so the noble byrgin who in woe hath liued longe,  
 Most ioyfull goes she to her death with milde and pleasaunt face,  
 Stout boulstring out her burly breaſt with princely porte and grace.  
 Nothing dismayde with courage holde, and chearefull countenaunce,  
 On stage ordeyned for her death shee gan her selfe aduance:  
 As though she had not thither come, to leaue her lothsome lyfe,  
 As though she had not come, to taste the stroke of fatall knyfe.  
 But euen as it in bydale bed her iourney were to meete  
 Corebus deare, not hauing mynde of death, nor winding sheete,  
 When looking rounde on euery side she tooke her leaue of all,  
 From vapourde eyes of younge and olde the trickling teares doe fall.  
 The Greekes them selues to grieve are moude to see this heauy sight,  
 So pity pearst the headmans heart, that thyste aboute to smite



## Agamemnon

He stayde the smot : with shivering hand yet once agayne he tryed.  
And from her shoulders stroke her heade. And thus the byrgin dyed.  
But now the Greekes another cause of mourning haue in hand :  
Orestes, Agamemnons sonne, is foyt to fly the land.  
Amonge olde rotten ragged Rockes there lies an ugly place,  
A Dungeon deepe, as darke as hell, vnknowne to Phœbus face.  
An holow huge wyde gaping hole, with way still bending downe,  
Whose mouth with venonous wythzed weedes is hid and ouergrowne,  
Where stinking smels come belching out from filthy dirty dyke,  
Where Verment byle doe creepe and craule, in hell is not the lyke.  
Ifsauourde, foule misshapen bugges, doe lurke about this caue,  
With dreadfull sounds, and roaring noyse within the pit they raue.  
Euen heather is Eletra sent, in darckenesse deepe to lye,  
In pouerty, and comfortlesse without the lyght of skye,  
Fast clogde with Iron boults and Chaynes, thus by her mother layde  
In toyments, till by her to death Orestes be betrayde:  
Who (as Cassandra telleth) shall reuenge his fathers death,  
Depryue with sword th'adulterour, and Mother both of breath.  
So after all these bloudy byoyle, Greece neuer shall bee free:  
But bloud for bloud, and death by turnes, the after age shall see.

F I N I S.

THE NINTHE  
Tragedy of Lucius An-

næus Seneca, called Octauia.

Translated out of Latine in:  
to Englishe by  
T. N.

The Argument.

OCTAUIA daughter to prince Claudius grace ,  
To Nero espoused, whom Claudius did adopt  
(Although Syllanus first in husbandes place  
Shee had receiu'd, whom she for Nero chopt)  
Her parentes both, her Make that should haue bene,  
Her husbandes present Tiranny much more,  
Her owne estate, her case that she was in,  
Her brothers death(pore wretch)lamenteth fore.

Him Seneca doth persuaide his latter loue ,  
Dame Poppie, Crispynes wife that sometime was,  
And eake Octauias maide for to remoue .

For Senecks counsel he doth lightly passe  
But Poppie ioynes to him in marriage rites,  
The people wood into his pallace runne,  
Hir golden fourmed shaples which them fore spytes,  
They pul to ground: this vprore now begunne,  
To quench, he some to grieved death doth send,  
But her close cased vp in dreadful barge,  
With her vnto Campania coast to wend,  
A band of armed men, he gaue in charge .

Y 3

The

Octauia.  
THE FIRST  
SCENE.

The Speakers names.

Octauia,	Nuntius,
Nutrix,	Agrippina,
Chorus Romanorum,	Poppea,
Seneca,	Nero.
	Præfectus.

Octauia.



Now that Aurore with glitteryng streames,  
The glading starres from skye doth chase,  
Syl Phœbus pert, with spouting beames,  
From dewy neast doth mount apace:  
And with his cheerefull lookes doth yeld,  
Unto the world a gladsome day.

Go to, O wretch, with ample fielde  
Of heauy cares oppressed aye,  
Thy grieuous wonted playntes recount:  
Do not alone with sighes and howles,  
The Seaysh Alcyones surmounte,  
But also passe the Pandyon foules:  
More ykesome is thy state then theirs.  
O Mother deare whose death by sits,  
I nyll lament but still shed teares.  
My ground of griefe in thee it sits.  
If that in shade of darksome denne,  
Perceiuing sence at al remayne,  
Heare out at large, O mother then,  
My great complayntes, and grieuous payne  
O that immortall Clothos wist,  
Had tozne in twayne my vitall thved:  
Ere I vnto my griefe had wist

Thy

Thy woundes, and face of languine red.  
 O day which aye doth me annoy :  
 Since that tyme did I more delyre,  
 The feareful darknes to enioy,  
 Than Phœbus fresh with sayre attyre.  
 I haue abode the bitter hest  
 Of stepdame dire, in mothers place,  
 I haue abode her cruell breast,  
 Hir stomake stout, and fighting face.  
 She, Shee, for spyte vnto my case,  
 A doleful, and a graue Cryn,  
 To Bidegromes chamber spoufall space,  
 The Stygian flashing flames brought in.  
 And thee, (alas) most piteous Syre,  
 With traytrous traynes hath shee bereft  
 Of breathing soule with poysoned myre :  
 To whom ere whyle, the world all left  
 Unbanquisht from the Ocean Seas  
 By martiall feats did freely yeeld :  
 And didst subdue with wondrous ease,  
 The Bittayne hutes that fledde the fielde :  
 Whom liuing at their propre swaye :  
 No Romaine power did earst inuade.  
 Now lo (ful wel lament I may)  
 Thy Spoule deceypte thy prowes hath lade :  
 And now thy court and child of yore,  
 With homage serue a Tyrantes loze.



# Octauia

## THE SECOND

### SCENE.

Nutrix.

**W**hom so the glittering pompe of royal place,  
With soden sight ynumd doth quite disgrace,  
Who so at courtly fleeting ebbing blase,  
Astonied soze, himselfe doth much amase:

To see of late the great and mighty stocke,  
By lurking Fortunes todayne forced knocke,  
Of Claudius quite subuert and cleane extinct:  
Tofore, who held the world in his precinct:  
The Byttayne Ocean coast that long was free,  
He ruld at wil, and made it to agree,  
Their Romaine Gallies great for to embrace.  
To, he that Tanais people first did chase,  
And Seas vnknowen to any Romaine wight  
With lusty heering shippes did ouerdight,  
And safe amid the sauage freakes did fight,  
And ruffling surging seas hath nothing dread,  
By cruel spoules gilt doth lye all dead.  
Her sonne likewise more fiend then Tigre fierce,  
Of naturall mother makes a funerall herse,  
Whose bryother drenched deepe with poysoned cup.  
Poze Britannick, his senseles soule gaue vp  
Octauia sister and vnhappy make,  
Doth sore lament her case for Britans sake,  
He can her ruthful piteous sorrowe slake,  
Though Neros wrath do soze constrayne her grace  
She nil esteemes the secreete closet place:  
But boyling stil with equal peyld disdayne.  
With mutuall hate gaynst him doth burne agayne.  
My true and trusty loue that I do beare,

In

In bayne I see doth strue to comfort her.  
 Reuenging greedy grieke doth streight repyue,  
 T'appease her smarte the counsel that I giue.  
 For flame of worthy breast doth once relent  
 But heaps of grieke, her courage do augment.  
 Alas, what grievely deedes for to ensue  
 My feare foreseeeth : God graunt it be not true.

## THE THIRD SCENE.

*Octauia, Nutrix.*



Staggering state, O peerelesse yll :  
 With ease Electra I repeate,  
 And call to mynd thy mourning will.  
 With watred eie like smartig sweat  
 Thou mightst lament thy father slain,  
 Stil hoping that thy brother myght,  
 That deadly deede reuenge agayne.  
 Whom thou O tender louing wight  
 Didst safely shield from bloudy foe,

And naturall loue did closely kepe :  
 But Neroes dreaded visage loe,  
 Doth feare me that I dare not weepe,  
 For wayle my parentes ruthful case,  
 By cruell lot this slaughter cought :  
 He suffers mee this geniall face,  
 To dash with teares to dearely bought  
 With brothers blood : who onely was  
 Myne onely hope in all my grieke,  
 And of so many mischieues, as

My

## Octauia.

My comfort greate, and sole reliefe.

Now loe referud for greater care,

And to abyde more lingring payne,

Of noble famous lineage bare,

A drouping shade I do remayne.

Nutrix. My Ladyes heauye voyce mee thought

Within my listning eares can sounde,

And snaplish age in going soft,

Unto her thews is not ybounde.

Octauia. O Nurse our dolours witnes sure

By curroll cheekes distilling rayne,

And heauy heartes complaynt endure.

Nutrix. Alas, what day shall ridde of payne,

With care your welnye wasted heart?

Octauia. That sends this guiltles ghost to graue

Nutrix. This talke (good madame) set apart.

Octauia. In rule my state theire destenies haue,

And not thy prayers, (O matrone) iust.

Nutrix. The doune soft easy God shall geue,

Your troubled mynd a tyme I trust,

More sweete then euer you did liue.

With feuell fayre as one content,

And glosed face, but onely please

Your man, and make, he will relent.

Octauia. The Lyon fierce I shall appease,

And sooner tame the Tygre stoute,

Then mankynd Tyrantes brutish beast.

He spytes the noble raced rout,

Contemnes hygh powers, disdaynes the least:

He can wel ble that princely weede,

Which venemous parent wyapt him in

By huge vnspokeable grieuoly deede.

Although that wight vnthankful, grynne,

In Kingly thzone that hee doth raygne,

Throughe cruel curled mothers ayde:

Although

Although hee pay with Death agayne  
 So greate a gift, it shal be sayde  
 And after fates in long spent age,  
 That woman wight shal haue alwaye,  
 This eloge yet and saying sage,  
 That he by her doth beare the sway,  
 Nutrix. Let not your ragious mynde so walke,  
 But doe compresse your moody talke.

# THE FOVRTH

## SCENE.

*Octavia, Nutrix.*



Though much I beare that boyling brest do beate  
 And tollerably take diuorcements threate,  
 Deaths only deadly darte, I see an end,  
 Of al my boyle and pinching payne can send,  
 What pleasant light to me (O wretch) is left,  
 My natural Mother slayne, and Sye hereft,  
 Of breathing life, by treason, and by gilt:  
 Of Brother eake depriude: with miseries spilt:  
 And wayling ouercome: kept downe with care,  
 Enuyed of Hake, which I dare not declare.  
 To mayden subiect now, and now desired:  
 What pleasant light can me (O wretch) abyde,  
 With feareful hart suspecting alwayes ought:  
 Because I would no wicked deede were wrought:  
 Not that I feare Deaths grisly gnyning face,  
 God graunt I do not so reuenge my case,

A better



## Octauia .

A better deede to dye : for to behold  
 The Tyantes visage grimme, with browes vprolde  
 And with soft tender lippes my foe to kisse,  
 And stand in awe of beekes and noddess of his,  
 Whose will to please my grieve with cares pürde  
 Since brothers death by wicked wyle conspürde,  
 Could neuer once bouchsafe for to sustayne,  
 Lesse grieve to die, then thus to liue in payne.  
 His Emppye Nero rules and soyes in blood :  
 The cause and ground of death that Tirant wood.  
 How oft (alas) doth Franke fondly sayne,  
 While slumber swete in pensiue parts doth raigne,  
 And sleepe in eyes, all tyrd with teares doth rest,  
 I apprehend deare Brittans liuely best :  
 Ere whyle me thinkes his feble shüering hands  
 He senseth sure with deadly blasing brandes,  
 And fiercely on his brother Neros face,  
 With sturdy stinging stroakes he flies apace.  
 Ere whyle thilke wretch recopleth backe agayne,  
 And to my thewes for aide retyzes amayne :  
 Him coming foe pursues with hast to haue :  
 And whyle my brother I desire to saue,  
 And in my clasped armes to shield him free,  
 His goary bloudied falcion keene I see.  
 The boysterous raumping fiend to tugge, & hale  
 Through out my shüering limmes, as ashes pale.  
 Forthwith a mighty trembling chattering quake  
 From weary lims all souple sleepe doth make,  
 And makes me woeful wretch for to recount,  
 My wayling sobbing sorrowes that surmount.  
 Hereto, put to that gorgeous stately House,  
 All glistering bright, with spoyles of Claudius house  
 His parent deare in bubling boate did douse,  
 That wicked sonne, this sicking dame to please.  
 Whom yet escaping daungers great of Seas.

He

He fiercer freake than waues that scantly rest,  
 With bloody blade hir bowels did vnbest.  
 With hope of health, can me, O wretch, abyde,  
 That after them thilke way I should not ryde?  
 My speciall foe, triumphant wise doth weight,  
 With naked nates to presse by louers sleight,  
 Our spouall, pure, and cleane vnspotted bed:  
 Gaiust whom, she burns, with deadly foode blood red.  
 And, for a meede of filthy strumpets sport,  
 She causeth Make from spoule for to diuort.

O auncient Syre, step forth from Limbo lake,  
 Thy daughters heauy troublous cares to lake:  
 O your twygated hellysh porche vnfolde,  
 That downe throughe gaping ground I may bee colde.  
 Nu. O piteous wretch, in vaine, (alas) in vaine  
 Thou calst vpon thy fathers senselesse sprite:  
 In whome, God wot, there doth no care remaine  
 Of mortall broode, that here doth take delight.  
 Shall he, thinke you, allwage your soyy cheere,  
 O shape you forth some sleight, t'appall your paine,  
 That could preferre, before his Brittan deere,  
 Th'imperiall thzone, a straunge begotten swaine?  
 And with intellectuall loue benumbed quyte  
 His brother Germanicks daughter that could plyght,  
 And ioyne to him in solemne mariage rites,  
 With woefull, and unlucky louers lightes?  
 Here sprang the roale of hurly burly great,  
 Here beastly venomous slaughtre gan to sweate,  
 Here wylie treasons traines appeared first,  
 Here rules desire, and brutish bloody thirst.  
 Syllanus first Prince Claudius sonne in lawe,  
 A bloody mangled offering fall we sawe,  
 That in our grates Hymæneal bed,  
 Mismatcht with you, he might not couche his hed.

O mon:

## Octauia.

O monstrous slaughter, worthy endlesse blame :  
 In steade of gift vnto that wanton dame,  
 A Carcasse colde poze soule, and curelesse coyle,  
 Sillane was giuen against his will perforce.  
 And falsly then attacht of traitors crime,  
 As one conspyring death in Claudius time,  
 With lorthsome streakes spewde out vpon the wall,  
 He all bedasht your fathers princely hall.  
 Eft stepped into seruile Pallace stroke,  
 To filthy vices loze, one easily broke.  
 Of Diuelish wicked wit this Hincocks proude :  
 By stepdames wyle prince Claudius Sonne auoude.  
 At home deadly damme did bloudy match plight :  
 And thee, agaynst thy will, for feare did plight.  
 Through which successe this Dame of corage fine,  
 Durst venture, mighty Ioue to vndermine.  
 Who can so many curled kindes report  
 Of wicked hopes, and actes in any sort,  
 Or such a womans glosed guyles can name,  
 That raumpes at rule, by all degrees of shame ?  
 Then holy sacred zeale put out of grace,  
 Her stagrings steppes, directed forth apace,  
 And sterne Erinnis in with deadly steps,  
 To Claudius Court, all desert left yleps.  
 And with hir dyrie drakes of Strygian fort,  
 Hath quite distainde the sacred princely port.  
 And raging riuen in twaine both natures loze,  
 And right to wrongs mishapen fourme hath toze.  
 That haughty minded dame first gaue her make,  
 A deadly paysoned cup, his thyrst to slake.  
 Straight wayes againe through vile vnkindly touch,  
 Her Nero caulde with him in hell to couch.  
 And thee, unhappy Britt, in all that houle,  
 Till that of byeth, and life he did dispoyle,

Thilk

Thilk greedie bloody tyrant neuer stent :  
 Whose dolefull death for aye we may lament.  
 Ere whyle, hnto the world the starre that shone,  
 And was the stay of princely court alone,  
 Now loe, light athes easily pult asoyne,  
 And grievedly goast to graue with toyche yhoine.  
 Whom blessed Babe, thy stepdame did lament :  
 Nor from hir gushing teares, did scarce relent,  
 When as thee gaue eche trimme appointed parte,  
 And goodly portraide limmes with natures arte,  
 Of flaming stakke to be deuoured quite,  
 And sawe the scorching feruent fire in sight  
 Thy naked soyns to rauin vp a pace  
 And like the flittring God thy comely face.  
 Oa. Dispatch he me least with this hand he fall.  
 Nut. That power you, nature graunted not at all.  
 Oa. But wondrous dolor, great and wrathfull yre,  
 And miseries will it graunt without desyre.  
 Nu. Nay rather cause your angry moody make,  
 With soule cheere his fury for to slake.  
 Oa. What, that he will by guilt once slaine before,  
 Aline againe my brother mee restore ?  
 Nut. Nay, safe that you may liue and issue beare :  
 Your fathers auncient court for to repayre.  
 Oa. That court doth wayte another broode they say.  
 And poore Britts death tugges me another way.  
 Nut. Yet let the cities loue vnto your grace,  
 Your troubled minde confirme but for a space.  
 Oa. Their mindes so prest to pleasure me, I know  
 Great comfort byings : but do not slake my wo.  
 Nut. Of mighty power the people haue bene aye.  
 Oa. But princes force doth beare the greater sway.  
 Nut. He will respect his lawfull wedded wife,  
 Oa. His mynion hane can not so leade her life.

Nut.



## Octauia.

NV. Of no man shee esteemde. Oct. But deare to make  
 NV. She can not truely yet of wishehood crake.

Oct. Ere longe she shall a mother eke be made.

So farre therein I dare most boldly wade.

Nut. His youthfull heate at first in filthy loue,

With lusty, crusty pang's doth boyle aboue :

Thylke corage quickly colde in lust apace

As vapour sone extinct in flame giues place.

But holy, louing, chaste vnspotted spouse,

Her loue endureth aye with sacred vowes.

That wanton first that there durst couch hir hed,

And tumbling stayned quite your spouall bed,

And being but your mayde hath ruled longe,

Hir soueraigne Lord, with beauties grace bestong,

That pranked Paramour pert shal crouch with pain,

When she your grace shall see preferd againe.

For Poppie subject is, and meeke of spright,

And now begins her goastly tombs to dight :

Whereby she closely graunting doth bewray,

Hir secret hidden feare eche other day.

That swift, vnconstant, double winged lad

With cloute, before his blinded eyes, yclad,

That fickle Brayned God, thunhappy boy,

Shall leaue hir in the midst of all hir ioy :

Although for beauty bright the bell she beare,

And goodly glistring garments new she weare,

And now do vaunt her selfe in gorgeous geere,

Shee shall not long enioy this gladsome cheere.

Be not dismayde, Madame, for such like paine,

The queene of gods was forced to sustaine,

When to ech pleasaunt shape the heauenly guide,

And fyre of Gods yturnde, from skyes did glyde.

The swannes white wings, to se how they could fadge

He did on him, and cuckoldes bullysh badge,

That

That God shone bright in Golden raynie howre  
 To Danaes hiest through top of fortified towre.  
 The twinkling starres the twinnes of Læda bright,  
 Whom Pollux, some, and Castor, call aryght,  
 In large and ample space of starry scope,  
 With cristall glimmering faces shyne wyde ope.  
 And Semeles sonne, whom Bacchus we do call,  
 In heauenly byrthight doth himselſe yskall.  
 And Hercules that puissant Champion stoute,  
 His sturdy browes, his Hebe wyndes aboute.  
 For once regards how Goddesse Iuno fare:  
 Whose lowring stepdame now she is yframde,  
 That whyle on earth his prowes he did declare,  
 Agaynst that maryage, ay, was sore inflamd.  
 Yet loe her wise, and closely couched greeke,  
 Debonaire face, obeisaunce to her leeke,  
 Causde him at length his mynd for to remoue,  
 Through mortall feeres estraundge from Iunos loue.  
 And now that mighty heauenly Goddesse great,  
 No more adzed of mortall strumpets feat,  
 Aloft alone in cloudy howre contentes  
 The thundring Lord, which now to her relentes.  
 For now with earthly Ladyes beauty bright  
 Fyred, leaues his starry specked right. }  
 Now madam sit on earth your powre is pight }  
 And haue on earth Queene Iunos princely place,  
 And sister are, and wyfe to Neroes grace,  
 Your wondrous restles dolours great appease.  
 O Et. Nay, sooner shall the roaring froathy seas,  
 And mounting flashing flawes ymatch the skye,  
 And smoking, stinking parching fyre dye  
 With dankish pooles agree and watry fenne:  
 And grieuſly Plutoes filthy feltred denne,  
 With starryght heauen shal sooner coupled be,  
 And shyning light with glomy shades agree,

Z.

And

## Octauia.

And with the cleere dýe day the dewy night ,  
 Than vnto seruile loze of hufbande wight,  
 That hyutifh wyfe in bloud takes his delight,  
 My heauy woeful mynd can I addrefle ,  
 Whyle brothers death my heart doth ftill poffefle.

O that of heauenly powers the pýnce and fýze,  
 That fhogges and fhakes the earth with thýdýng fýze,  
 And with his wondrous, fearefú,curfed crackes,  
 And ftraunge mifhapen monfters which he makes,  
 Our feareful mýfing myndes doth loze amafe,  
 Would coyne fome cureles burning wildfýze blafe,  
 To pelt and path with thumping fyer bryght,  
 That diuelifh pate, that cruell curfed wight.  
 We faw from heauen,with beames forthfhoting farre  
 Doubtles a dreadful heary,blafing fkarre :  
 That fpouted out a mortall fiery flake ,  
 Whofe force a pýnces bloud can only flake:  
 Euen where that hayting carman floe Boote  
 With chilling cold al fkarcke of frozen pole ,  
 Doth guyde aright Charles whirling running rote,  
 In fteade of night that neuer away doth rote.  
 Loe now the open ayze in euery freate,  
 With doggifh tyrantes breath, is payfoned, quite,  
 And dreadful fkarres fome todayne death do threate.  
 To people culde,by wicked Neroes fpyght.  
 So fterne a freate, oz mankynd tyrant foute,  
 Not Tellus with the Gods difpleafd brought out,  
 When mighty Ioue neglected the vphorlde  
 Huge, vgly,monftrous Typhon to the worlde.  
 A fozer plague, a cleaner fcouryng fcouge,  
 With bloody pawes that cityes boundes doth purge,  
 Is Nero dýze, this cruell curfed wyght .  
 That doth himfelfe gaynft God and man ydyght :  
 And thýftes from fàcred fhynes theír quiet porthe,  
 And goodly temples gay the fàcted loyt :

That

That cittyes dwellers puts from countries soyt:  
 That hath bereft his brother of his lyfe,  
 And launcht his mothers sides with goare knyfe:  
 Yet doth this present lightsome day enioye  
 And leades his lyfe, that doth vs sore annoy.

O Father of heauen, in bayne why dost thou throwe  
 Thy great vnuanquish't ratling thundring blowe  
 Vppon the whistling woods and ample seas,  
 With force of princely power thy wrath t'appease?  
 On such an hurtful and pernicious freak,  
 Thy due and iust conceyued yre to wreake.  
 Why stay thy mighty puissant braunds so long,  
 Ere thou sling downe thy ratling cracking throng?

O Lord, that Nero once might pay the price,  
 Of all his deuilish deedes, and euery byce,  
 Th'whole wyde worlds tyrant sterne wher he a stroke  
 Doth beare: which he ouerlades with burdnous poke  
 Of princely syre yborne, but doth defame,  
 With beastly manners vyle his princely name:  
 Nun. Unworth he is your spousall chamber place:  
 But yet your destinies force, you must embrace,  
 And wel, abyde your fortunes crooked race:  
 For moue vnkynndly Neroes gaully yre.

One day perchaunce, there wil as I desyre,  
 Some God reuenge your lamentable case:  
 And once I trust a gladsome day shal be,  
 When you shal ioy a fresh in wonted place.  
 OEt. Ah, no, now, long this court (alas) we see  
 With heauy wrath of Gods displeased yre  
 Hath ouercharg'd bene: which Venus dyre  
 With Messalinas monstrous ramping lust,  
 Shee first hath brought adowne into the dust.  
 Who madly marryed to prince Claudius grace,  
 But little myndful then of that same case,

Am

Z 2.



## Octauia.

And not regarding much thappoynted payne,  
With curfed cressets married once againe.  
To which vnlucky incestuall byddall bed,  
That dyosell dyre that furious slut Erin,  
With hanging hayre aboute her hellish hed,  
And gytt with snakes with deadly step went in.  
And flaming handes from spoufall chamber cought,  
In both their blouds ybathd,hath quenched cleane:  
And hath incenst prince Claudius burning thought  
In bloudy thzatling stroake to passe all meane.  
My mother first of wyetches all the most,  
With stripe of deadly sword gaue vp her ghost.  
And now extinguisht quite,lest me forlozne,  
With dolours pynning pangēs and mourning woꝛne.  
And after her in hellish teame doth hayle,  
Unto the senseles soules of Plutoes saile  
Her make, and Brittannick her sonne that way:  
And first this ruinous court did she betray.  
Nur. Let be, Madame,with teares your face to dight:  
Be so renew your bitter wayling iust:  
Ceasse troubling now your parents piteous spright,  
That payed hath the price of raging lust.

The

# THE FIFT

## SCENE.

Chorus.



*Od graunt the talke wee hearde of late,  
To rashly trusted euery where,  
And blowne abroad through each estate,  
No badge of truth that it may beare.  
And that no fresh espoused dame,  
Our Princes thewes do enter in,*

*But that OCTAVIA keepe the same,  
And that the seede of CLADIVS kin,  
May once bring forth some pledge of peace:  
That to the world rest may redowne,  
And wrangling stryfe may easly cease,  
And Rome retayne her great renowne.  
The peerlesse Princeesse Iuno hight,  
Her brothers wedlocke yoke retaynes:  
VVhy is AVGVSTVS sister bright,  
VVhere like betroathed league remaines,  
From stately pompe of court reiect,  
VVhat doth deuoutnes her auayle?  
To sayncted syre who hath respect?  
VVhat doth her Virgins life preuayle?  
And CLAUDIVS now in ground ylayed,  
Euen wee to much vnmyndefull be:*

Z 3.

*VVhose*

## Octauia.

*V*Whose worthy steme we haue betrayed  
Through feare that made vs to agree.  
*I*n breast our elders did embrace,  
The perfect Romayne puissaunce,  
The true vnstained worthy race,  
And bloud of Mars they did aduaunce.  
The proude and lofty stomackt trayne  
Of lusty haughty mynded Kinges,  
They could not suffer to remayne  
*V*Within this noble Cities winges.  
And iustly they reuengd thy death,  
O Virgin chaste, *VIRGINIA* pure,  
Depruide by fyre of vitall breath,  
That bondage thou mightst not endure:  
And that his shameles brutish lust,  
So good a meede might not enioy:  
Although by filthy force vniust  
Thy chastity he would annoy.  
Thee likewyse whom thyne owne right hande,  
*V*With sword did pearce, *LVCRETIA* true,  
*V*Who tyrantes rape could not withstand,  
Did bloody broyles and warres ensue.  
And with her proude disdaynfull Make  
Lord *TARQUIN* ympe of cursed feede,  
Correction due doth *TULLIA* take  
For her vnkindly shameles deede,  
*V*Who on her Fathers mangled corse,  
To mischiefe bent, and wicked bane,  
The Carman shee to driue did force,  
His cruell brusling wombling wane.

*And*

*And quite agaynst all natures law ,  
 Euen from her owne dismembred fyre,  
 The sacred rytes she did withdraw,  
 Denaying wonted burial fire  
 This grieve our woeful age doth feele,  
 Through monstruous act agaynst all kinde,  
 VVhen as in deadely crafty keele,  
 To TYRRHEN seas, and wrastring wynd,  
 The proude presuming Prince did put ,  
 His mother trapt in subtil fort .  
 The Mariners appoynted cut ,  
 The swelling Seas from pleasaunt port.  
 The clash resoundes with stroake of Ores,  
 The Ship out launcht apace doth spinne,  
 In surging froath aloofe from shores,  
 And ample course of seas doth winne.  
 VVhich glydyng forth with leusned planks,  
 In pressed streames with peysed weight ,  
 The riftes do open closed cranks,  
 That hidden were with secrete sleight :  
 And gulpeth vp the leaking waue  
 The woeful roaring noyse and crye ,  
 VVith womans shrikes themselues to saue.  
 Do reach and beate the starry skye.  
 Then griesly present death doth daunce  
 Before their eyes with pyning Cheekes :  
 VVhose deadly stroake and heauy chaunce  
 For to auoyde, then each man seekes :  
 On ryuened ribs some naked lie ,  
 And cutte the beating waues in twayne :*

Z 4.

*And*



## Octauia.

*And some theyr skilful swimming trye,  
To get vnto the shore agayne.  
The greatest part that sayled there,  
By destnies dire to men prefixt,  
In whirling swallowes drowned were,  
The brinckes of Seas and ground betwixt.  
Queene AGRIPPYNE her garments rendes,  
Shee teares her ruffled lockes of hayre  
Abundant blubbring teares she spendes,  
Through deepe distresse of faynting feare.  
VVho when no hope of health shee spies,  
Enflamde with wrath, which woes appeasde,  
O sonne, for so greate giftes, shee cries,  
Hast thou with such reward me pleasd?  
This keele I haue deserued sure,  
That bare and brought thee first to light :  
VVho empyre witles did procure,  
And CAESARS title for thy ryght.  
Shew forth thy feareful spritish face,  
O CLADIVS now from Limbo lake,  
And of thy wyfe in wretched case,  
Reuenge and due correction take .  
Thy deth I causeles did conspyre,  
VVhich now I rue with woeful harte :  
I dressed eake a funerall fyre  
Vnto thy sonne by deadly smart.  
Lo now as I deserued haue,  
Vntombde go to thy guiltles Ghost,  
Encloasd in seas in stead of graue .  
And wrestling waues of Romaine coast.*

*The*

## The ny nth tragedie.

171

*The flasching flawes do flappe her face,  
 And on her speaking mouth do beate,  
 Anone shee sinkes a certayne space,  
 Depressed downe with surges great :  
 Anone shee flectes on weltring brim ,  
 And pattes them of with tender handes  
 Through faynting feare then taught to swim  
 Approaching death, and fates withstandes  
 At length on troubled Seas displayde  
 Shee geuing ouer working vayne  
 And tyrd with streames is weary layd,  
 Not able toyling strength to strayne  
 In close and secrete silent breastes,  
 Of mates with her to sea that yode,  
 In whom no feare of death there restes  
 True fayth vnto theyr Queene abode .  
 Theyr Ladyes weather beaten limmes  
 To helpe, some freely venter dare ,  
 Some in the combrous waters swymmes  
 And desperate daunger do not spare.  
 VVith cheereful voyce they comfort her ,  
 Though drawling dragling limmes shee drew,  
 To lift her vp with helpe they stirre,  
 And nummed corpes to strength renew .*

*VVhat bootes it thee the death to shonne  
 Of roaring raging rauening waues.  
 From deadly sword of wicked sonne,  
 Alas pore wretch thee nothing saues ?  
 VVhose huge and heinous cursed rage,  
 Agaynst all course of natures lore,*

*Our*

## Octauia.

*Our after slow beleeuing age,  
VVil scarce beleene it done before,  
The deuillish man repynde with grieve  
VVhen he is mother saued sawe,  
From swallowing seas haue safe releefe,  
And that she vitall breath did draw,  
He grudgde with grieve and in his heate,  
He huger mischiefe heapes to this :  
He doth not once delay his feate,  
But headlong rashly caryed is  
Vpon her death. A souldiour sent,  
Dispatcheth that he had in charge,  
His Ladies breast his blade doth rent :  
Shee yeelding vp her soule at large,  
From wretched corpes for to entombe  
Her slaughter man she then besought ,  
That bloody blade within her wombe ,  
That fyrst this woe to her had brought,  
This, this accursed breast ( quoth shee )  
VVhich this vnkindly monster bare ,  
From pinching payne may not be free :  
Digge, slash the same, no mischiefe spare.  
VVhen this with foltring tounge was sayde,  
At last her sad and trembling ghost,  
VVith latter sobbing sighes vnstayd,  
Through goryd woundes leaues vitall coast.*

The

THE SECOND  
ACTE

THE FIRST  
SCENE.

*Seneca.*



O me with like consent why didst thou smile,  
With glosed lookes deluding mee a whyle,  
O fortune much of might and princely powre ?  
To lift aloft to noble royall bowre ?  
To the'nde that I to honours court extold,  
From stately seate might haue the greater fall,  
And round aboute in euery place beholde,  
Such dreadfull, threating daungers to vs all,  
I safer lay aloofe from enuyes knockes,  
Remou'd among the craggy coſticke rockes :  
Where as my mynd there free at proper sway,  
With leysure did repeate my studies aye .  
A gladſome ioy alone it was to biewe,  
And earnestly to marke the heauens so blew :  
And sacred Phœbus double wheeled wayne :  
And eake the worldes swift whirling motion mayne .  
The Sunne so euen his second course to keepe :  
And Phœbes glyding globe so swiftly sweepe :  
Whom wondrous starting starres encomasse round,  
And to behold that shynes in euery stound ,  
The glistring beauty bright of welkin wyde :  
Than which in al the world nothing beyde .  
Of all this huge and endles worke the guyde,  
More wondrous nature fram'de that I espyde,

For



## Octauia.

For all the bumping bignes it doth beare,  
Yet waxing old is like agayne to weare,  
And to be chaungde to an vnwylde lumpe.  
Now prest at hand this worldes last day doth lumpe,  
With boystrous fall, and tumbling rush of skye.  
To squeale and make this curled kynd abyde.  
That springing once agayne, it may yeeld out  
An other straunge renewed vertuous route,  
As once before it did, new sprung agayne,  
What tyme Saturnus held his golden raygne.  
That blamelesse, chaste, vnspotted Virgin cleere  
A goddesse much of might clept Iustice heere,  
With sacred sooth sent downe from heauenly space,  
At ease on earth did rule the mortal race.  
That people playne knew not of warlike feates.  
Nor trembling trumpets tunes that rendes and beates  
The souldiers eares: nor chathing armour bright,  
That warring wightes defend in field and sight.  
Nor wonted was with walles to rampyre round,  
Their open cityes set in any stound.  
To each man passage free lay open than:  
Nothing there priuate was to any man.  
And then the ground it selfe and fertil soyle,  
Hir fruitfull bosome baard all boyd of toyle,  
Into such bounden barnes a Hatrone good,  
And peaceable vnto so iust a broode.  
But then an other second race arose,  
Perceyued not to be so meeke as those.  
A third more wyse and witty sozt vp startes,  
Of nature forged fit, t'inuent new artes:  
As yet vnspotted quite with filthy byce.  
Soone after thoe, they raungd with new deuyce,  
That boldly venture dare in scudding race,  
Unweldy beastes for to pursue apace.

And

And mighty weying strugling fishes great,  
 With watry coats yclad with fishers feat,  
 With net in window wyle draw forth, and streeke  
 With craft of quill, the nibbling fyshes cheeke.  
 And silly byrdes begylde with pyning trayne:  
 And light foote deare for lyfe that flyng amayne  
 Intangling gins entrapt, that safely hold.  
 And sturdy scouling bilage buls controld,  
 On fleshye fillet neckes, make weare the yoke:  
 And earth ere that vngrubbed vp that yoke:  
 Which then turnd vp with Plowmans thynning share,  
 In sacred bolome deepe, her fruits kept thare.

But now this age much worse then all the rest,  
 Hath leapt into her mothers broken breast:  
 And rusty lumpish yron and massye Gold,  
 Hath digged out, that was quite hid with mold.  
 And fighting fishes haue armed without delay:  
 And drawing forth their bondes for rule to stay,  
 Haue certayne seuerall ioly kingdomes made,  
 And cities new haue raylde now rulde with blade,  
 And fenseth eyther with their proper force  
 Straunge stoundes or them assaults the which is worse.  
 The Starry specked virgin flowre of skies,  
 Which Iustice hight, that guilty folke discries,  
 Now lightly esteemd of mortall people here,  
 Each earthly stound is fled, and comes not neere  
 The sauage mannerd route, and beastly rude,  
 With dabbed wistles in goary bloud embryde.  
 The great desyre of griesly warre is sprong:  
 And raping thirst of gold, it is not young.  
 Throughtout the worlde a mighty monstrous vice,  
 Fowle, filthy, monstrous lust hath got the price,  
 A pleasaunt tickling plague, whom longer space,  
 And errour deepe haue fostred vp apace.  
 The heaps of vyce rakte vp in yeares long past,  
 Aboun-

## Octauia.

Abounding flowe in these our dayes at last.  
And this same troublous tyme, and combrous age,  
Oppresseth all men sore, both yong and sage.  
Wherein those wicked wayes that be do raygne,  
And cruell, raumping woodnes boyles agayne.  
Lust strong in filthy touch, doth beare a sway.  
And Princes, ryot, now doth catch away  
With greedy pawes, to bring it to decay.  
Th'whole worldes vncredible wealth, without delay.  
But loe, which staggering steppes where Nero slinges,  
And bisage grymme, I feare what newes hee bynges.

## THE SECOND SCENE.

### THE SECOND ACTE

*Nero, Prefectus, Seneca.*



Dispatch with speede that we commaunded haue:  
Go, send forthwith some one or other slaue,  
That Plautius cropped scalpe and Sillas eke,  
May bring befor our face: goe some man seeke.  
Pre. I will protract your noble graces best:  
But to their campes to goe am ready prest.  
Se. Gaynst lynage naught should rashly poynted bee.  
Ne. A light thing tis for to be iust, I see  
For him, whose heart is boyd of thinking feare.  
Se. A soueraigne salue for feare is for to beare  
Your selfe debonair to your subiectes all.  
Ne. Our foes to slea, a cheftaynes vertue call.

Se. A

Se. A worthier vertue tis in countries fyre,  
 His people to defend with sword and fyre.  
 Ne. It wel be seemes such aged wightes, to teach,  
 Unbydled springolles yong, and not to preache,  
 Both to a man and pynce of ryper yeares.  
 Se. Nay, rather frolicke youthfull bloud appeares,  
 To haue moze neede of counsell wyse and graue  
 Ne. This age sufficient reason ought to haue.  
 Se. That heavenly powers your doinges may allow.  
 Ne. A madnes t'were to Gods for me to bow,  
 When I my selfe can make such Gods to be:  
 As Claudius now pcounted is we see.  
 Se. So much the moze because so much you may.  
 Ne. Our power permittes vs all without deny.  
 Se. Geue slender trust to fortunes flattrring face:  
 She toppe turny turnes her wheele apace.  
 Ne. A patch he is that knoweth not what he may.  
 Se. A Princes prayse I compted haue alway,  
 To do that same which with his honor stode,  
 Not that which franticke fancy counteth good.  
 Ne. If that I were a meacocke or a slouch,  
 Each stubborne, clubbish daw would make mee couch.  
 Se. And whom they hate, with force they ouerquell.  
 Ne. Then dynt of sword the pynce defendeth well.  
 Se. But sayth moze sure defence doth seeme to mee.  
 Ne. Ful meete it is that Cæsar dreaded be.  
 Se. Moze meete of subiectes for to be belou'd  
 Ne. From subiects myndes, feare must not be remou'd  
 Se. What so by force of armes you do wyng out,  
 A greiuous wyke it is to bring aboute.  
 Ne. Well hardly then our will let them obey.  
 Se. Will nothing then, but that which wel you may.  
 Ne. We wil decree what we shall best suppose.  
 Se. What peoples voyce doth ioyntly bynd or lose.  
 Let that confirmed stand. Ne. Swordes bloudy dynt,  
 Shall



## Octauia.

Shal cause them else at me to take their hint.  
Se. God sheeld, and far that facte from you remoue.  
Ne. What then, why Senec do you that approue,  
That we contemnde, despyde and set at nought,  
With finger put in hole (ful wysely wrought)  
Our bodyes bloud to seeke should them abyde,  
That they might vs sometyme destroy vnspyde?  
Their natie countrey boundes to banisht bee,  
For Plautius best nor Scillas eake we see  
Hath broke or tamed: whose cankred churlish pye,  
Shapes bloudy freakes to quench our bodyes fyre.  
And chiesly when these trayterous absent clounes,  
Such wondrous fauour fynd in cityes bownes,  
Which those same exiles lingring hope doth feede:  
Suspected foes with sword we wil out weede.  
And so Octauia shall that soly dame,  
Continue after them their bloudy game.  
And wend that way her nowne whyte brother went,  
Such hye mistrusted thinges must needes be bent.  
Se. It is (O Prince) a worthy famous thing,  
Amids redoubted Lordes alone to ring:  
And wysely worke your countreies prayse to saue:  
And wel your selfe to captiue folke behaue:  
From cruell brutish slaughter to abstayne,  
And boyde of moode to wreake your angry payne:  
And to the world a quiet calme to geue,  
That al your age in peace their liues may liue.  
This is a Princes prayse without al crime:  
This is the path to heauen wherby we clyme.  
So is Augustus prince and father cald  
Of countrie first in starryght throne ystald.  
Whom as a God in minsters we adorne,  
Yet troublous fortune tossed him beforne,  
A great while long on lands and ruffling seas,  
Until his fathers foes he could appeale,

And

And through wars diuerse course could quel them quite. }  
 To you did fortune yeelde her power, and might,  
 And raynes of rule without all bloud, and fight.  
 And to your becke both land, and seas hath bent.  
 Grim deadly enuye daunted doth relent.  
 The Senate Lordes gaue place with free consent :  
 The battaylous route of knights with willing hartes  
 (That same decree from lager fires departes)  
 Unto the lay mens choyle do well agree.  
 Your grace the spring of peace they count to bee.  
 And chosen Iudge, and gypde of mortal stocke .  
 Your grace, your countreys sacred sye, doth rocke  
 And rule with princely gorgeous tytle bright,  
 The cyrcled world in rundel wyse ydight.  
 Which mighty mounting name to keepe so great,  
 This noble citty Rome doth you entreat :  
 And doth commend vnto your royall grace  
 Her liuely limmes in charge for your liues space.  
 Ne. The gyft of Gods it is, as we discus,  
 That Rome with Senate soyte doth honor vs ,  
 And that the feare of our displeasure great,  
 From cankred enuyous stomackes maketh sweat  
 Both humble talke and supplications meeke.  
 And were not feare all these would be to seeke.  
 Unweldy,combrous cittyes, members ill,  
 That Prince and countrey both do seeke to spill,  
 To leaue alyue(which swell, and puffed bee,  
 Bycause of lynage great.and high degre)  
 What madnes meere is it when as we may,  
 Euen with a word,such freakes dispatch away ?  
 Sir Brutus sterne,his brownes and armes did dight,  
 His soueraygne liege to slayne by force and might,  
 That erst had holpen him,and geuen him health,  
 And had endued him with princely wealth .  
 In hunt of raging warre vndaunted out,

A a.

That

## Octauia.

That banquish't many people strong and stout,  
Prince Cæsar matcht by great degrees of power  
To Ioue, in stately chayre of starrý bower,  
By diu'lish citizens wicked wyle was slayne.  
What store of bloudy stílling streames on molde.  
Did tated Rome, of her owne língs, beholde ?

He by his noble vertues worthy prayse,  
Whō peoples, common byuite to heauē doth raise.  
August among the Gods playncted well,  
How many noble breastes did he compel,  
How many springoldes young, and hoary heads,  
Each where disperst to lig in molded beds ?  
How many men did he bereaue of breath  
Tofore p̄script that were condemn'd to death ?  
When for the grieelly feare of deadly dart  
From p̄p̄re home they were constrain'd to part  
And fye Octavius force, and Lepidus might,  
And not abyde sterne Marke Antonius sight,  
Which then the ample world at once did gūyde,  
That into kingdomes th̄ee they did deuyde,  
To dumpish sadden'd syes, with heauy cheere,  
Their childzens grieelly cropped pates appeere,  
Hong out befoz̄ne the Senates iudgement seate,  
For each man to behold in open streete :  
Ne durst they once lament their piteous case,  
Nor inward seeme to mourne to Claudius face.  
The market stead with blood from bodíes spued,  
And lothsome mattrie streames, is all imbued :  
And quite th̄roughout their faces soule arayed,  
The piteous gubbes of blood drop downe vnstayed.  
Nor here did thís same slaughterous bloudshed stay.  
Phillyps Pharsalia gastly fieldes each day,  
The cromming rauening foules, and cruell beastes  
Long fed, with gobbers bigge of manlye breastes,  
Besyde all thís, the cost he scoured quite

Of

Of Sicill sea and ships to ware pyght  
 With force of armes did win, and hauocke made  
 Of proper subiectes slayne with his owne blade.  
 The rundle round of landes with mighty mayne  
 Of noble Chieftaynes stroake reboyles agayne.  
 Antonius ouercome in Pauale fight,  
 To Egypt coastes in shippes prearde to sight:  
 Not looking long to liue nor hoping life.  
 Incestuous Egypt (through Antonius wyfe)  
 That worthy Romaine princes blood did sucke:  
 And couerd lye their ghostes with durty mucke,  
 Long wicked, waged ciuil warre there stayed,  
 In Marcke Antonius graue with him played.  
 Augustus at the last of conquest greate  
 His dulled swords that wounded soules did beate,  
 In peaceable sheathes repold hath layd at rest:  
 And feare doth rule, and guyde his kingdome best  
 By ready force of armes at all assayes,  
 And Captaynes sayth he shieldes him selfe alwaies  
 Whō now his sōnes most worthy vertuous praise,  
 To heauen a consecrated God doth rayse,  
 And caueth all, in Churches for to place  
 The sacred Picture of Prince Claudius grace.  
 And vs the starry raigne of Gods shall hide  
 If first with dreadful sword about vs wyde  
 We wype away what so our person stayne:  
 And found our court with worthy stem agayne.  
 Se. Your noble spouse, sprung forth of sainted peer  
 Of Claudius stocke, the starbright diamond cleere,  
 That Goddesse Iuno wise her brothers bed  
 Partaking, pressed downe with buttockes red,  
 Your graces princely court shal garnish gay,  
 With wondrous heauenly fayre descended stay.  
 Ne. Incestuous maryed dames, from stocke & stem,  
 Detract all hope, that we should haue of them.

A a 2

202



## Octauia.

For vs, could she once loue that we could see,  
For with our person once at all agree  
Se. In tender budding yeares, when loue suppress  
With blushing hydes the flames of burning breast,  
Scant playne appeares the loue they bare indeed.  
Ne. Thus wee our selues with hope in vaine did feede:  
Although vndoubted signes, as hodye wyed,  
And frowning looks, which we haue oft espyed,  
Her spyteful hating stomacke did bewray  
Which shee doth beare, whom duty byndes t'obaye.  
Which yet at last, big, boyling, grievous payne,  
With death determind hath t'auenge agayne,  
Wee haue found out, for byrth and beauties grace.  
A worthy make for such an Empresse place:  
To whom that louely Goddess Venus bright,  
And mighty Ioue his spouse that Iuno hight,  
And goddess fierce in boysterous warlike artes,  
Geues place for bodys seemly portrayd partes.  
Se. Faith, meeknes, manners mild, & bathfull shame  
Of spouse, those ought an husband to reclayne.  
The perles of iudging mynd, alone remayne,  
Not subiect once to any rulers raygne.  
The passing pryde of beautyes numming grace  
Each day appals, and bleamisheth apace.  
Ne. What prayles woman wights haue in them clost?  
All those in her alone hath God repolde,  
And such a peerlesse peere, the guydes of lyfe,  
The destinies would haue bozne to be our wyfe,  
Se. O noble prince such blynd vnlawful loue,  
(Do rashly credite naught) from you remoue.  
Ne. Whom Ioue can not repell that rules the cloudes,  
And pearcing raging floods, therein him shroudes,  
And raungerth through the raigne of Plutoes pit,  
And pulleth downe in welkin hee that sit  
The mighty powers of heauen, the God of loue?

And

And can I then his force from me remoue?  
 Se. Swift winged loue, mens fancy fond, in bayne  
 A mercy wanting God to bee, doth sayne:  
 And armes his handes with woundinge weapons keen  
 And bowes with burning bzondes, for louers greene:  
 Of Venus to be sprung they al accorde,  
 And blyndly forgyde of thunders limping Lorde.  
 Bland loue the myndes great torment sore appeares,  
 And buddeth first in frolicke youthful yeares.  
 Who while we dinke of fortunes pleasaunt cuppe,  
 With laylie pampyring ryot, is nestled bp:  
 Whom if to foster bp you leaue at length  
 It fleeting, falles away with broken strength.  
 This is in all our life (as I suppose)  
 The greattest cause how pleasure first arose.  
 Which sith mankind by broodyng bydeth aye,  
 Through gladlom loue y<sup>t</sup> fierce wild beastes doth way  
 It neuer can from manly breast depart.  
 Ne. This selfe same God I with withall my hart  
 The wedlocke lightes to beare befoze our grace,  
 And fasten Poppie sure in our bed place.  
 Se. The peoples griefe might neuer yeeld to it:  
 For vertue can the same at all permit.  
 Ne. Shall I alone to do, forbidden be  
 That euery patch may do? that griueth mee  
 Se. No tryfling toyes the people lookes to haue  
 Of him, that ought to rule with wylsome graue.  
 Ne. It pleaseth vs with daunted power to trye,  
 If peoples rash conceiued rage will lye.  
 Se. Seeke rather for to please and calme their moode.  
 Ne. All ruled is that raygne where people wood,  
 Their subiect Prince doth weld, as they thinke good  
 Se. When nought that they require they can obtayne,  
 They iustly then agriued are agayne.

Ne. That

A a 3.

## Octauia.

Ne. That gentle prayers cannot win with ease,  
By force to wing it out, it doth vs please.  
Se. An hard thing tis the people not to haue  
That of they? Prince, which they do iustly craue.  
Ne. And horrible 'tis a Prince to be constraynd.  
Se. Let not your subiectes then so sore be raynd.  
Ne. Why then the common brute abroade wil be.  
How that the people haue subdued mee.  
Se. That no man trustes that is of credite light.  
Ne. Be it so, yet many it markes with deadly spyghte.  
Se. With countrie peeres to medle it is afrayd,  
Ne. To quip and scrump, 'tis nothing lesse dismayd.  
Se. Your grace may easily couch that budding brute  
Let Sayncted fires desertes with pliant sute,  
Your graces mynd remoue: let spouses age,  
And curteous bashfull shame disrumpe your rage.  
Ne. Leaue off (I say) that we intend to grutch.  
For now your talke our patience moueth much:  
I pray you let it lawfull be to do,  
That Senec geueth not aduyle vnto.  
And we our peoples wishes do defer,  
While Poppie feeles in wombling wombe to sterre,  
The pledge of faythful loue to me and her.  
Why do we not appoynt the morrow next,  
When as our marriage pompe may be context?

The

# THE THIRD

## ACTE

### THE FIRST SCENE.

*Agrippyna.*

**T**hrough paunch of riuened earth, from Plutoes raigne  
 With ghostly steps, I am returnd agayne.  
 In withled wistres, that bloud do most desyre,  
 Forguyding wedlocke hyle with Stygian fire.  
 Let Poppie, which these cressets coupled sure,  
 Unto my sonne be ioynd in mariage pure:  
 Whom mothers griefe, and hand reuenging wackes,  
 Shal send with heaue and hoe to funeral stakkes  
 I alwayes do remember wel beneath  
 Where piteous, ghostly, crawling soules do breath,  
 Th'unkindly slaughteous deede, which to our spright  
 Yet vireuengd is grieuous and of right:  
 And for the good I did a cruell pise,  
 That deadly framed ship in crafty wyle:  
 And due reward that he gaue me agayne,  
 For helping him to rule of Emppyes raigne:  
 And eake that night, when as I did bewayle,  
 Both losse of shippe wherin we then did sayle,  
 And mates unhappye death, and whyle I thoughte,  
 For this accursed deede to haue besought

A a 4.

The



## Octauia.

The Gods to trickling teares he gaue scant tyme  
 But twice encreased hath his deuillish cryme.  
 Quite slayne with sword, thrust through my bodyes boundes  
 And filthy layed through goary mattring woundes,  
 Deliuered safe from seas, deuouring sup,  
 In antique court my ghost I yeelded vp.  
 For yet his cancred, and vnlatiate hate.  
 For all this bloud doth Nero once abate.

That Tyrant dyce doth rage at mothers name.  
 And seeketh wayes my deedes for to defame.  
 Who threating death to them that doe withstand,  
 My shapen he dingeth downe in euery land:  
 My princely tytles large hee scrapeth out  
 In euery place, the whole wyde world aboute,  
 Which my vnlucky parentes loue did geue,  
 To much vnto my paine whyle I did liue,  
 Vnto a boy to guyde, which now I rue.  
 My popsoned make, my Ghost doth oft pursue:  
 And in my face with burning byndes doth lye.  
 He stayes a space with earnest talke hard by,  
 And threatneth soze, and doth impute his death  
 And tombe he should haue had to mee beneath.  
 And now despyes to haue some factious wight,  
 That dare despoyle my sonne of breathing spight.

Let be you shall haue one to worke this cryme,  
 I do require no long delayed tyme.  
 Reuenging spight Erin, a death doth coine,  
 Of life, that wicked tyrant to purloine.  
 Soze smarting leaden strypes and shameful flight,  
 And pynning panges with thirst and hunger dight:  
 That Tantalus spungelike thursty mouth besurde,  
 And Sisyphus toyle that passe, and Tityus burde,  
 And Ixions paynful wombling wheele aboute,  
 That teareth all his bodyes partes throughout.  
 Although that Tyrant proude and scornful wight,  
 His court with marble stone do strongly dyght,

And

And princelike garnish it with glistering golde :  
 Though troupes of souldiours shielded sure, upholde  
 Their chieftaynes princely porch : and though yet still  
 The world drawne dye with talkes euen to his will,  
 Great heapes of riches yeeld themselues to saue,  
 Although his bloudy helpe the Parthians craue,  
 And Kingdomes bring, and goods al that they haue,  
 The tyme and day shall come, when as he shall  
 Forlorne, and quite vndone, and wanting all.  
 Unto his curled deedes his life and more,  
 Unto his foes his bared thyoate restore.  
 Alas, vnto what ende is all my payne ?  
 Or in what case do now my bowes remayne ?  
 Whereto doth now thy rage and desiries spyte ?  
 Draw thee O Sonne, with hayne benumbed quite ?  
 That to such monstrous heapes of ylles thy dame  
 (Whom thou with curled mischief ouercame)  
 Her wrath should yeeld ? O that ere to the light  
 A sucking babe I brought thee forth in sight,  
 And fedd thee syne with pappe as princely bozne,  
 The fierce, wild, sauage beastes had rent and torne  
 My wombe and bloudy entrails all befozne.  
 Without all cryme, and wanting reasons pryde,  
 Mine own deere dādling childe thou shouldst haue dide.  
 And fastned sure to me shouldst aye beholde,  
 The quiet place, where Ghostly soules be colde :  
 And see thy graundfyes great of worthy fame,  
 And syre Domitius eake of princely name,  
 Whom now both shame and wayling doth abyde,  
 That whyle they dure, from them shal neuer lyde .  
 For which both thee, O curled Barne, they may,  
 And mee, that thee haue bozne geue thanks for aye.  
 But why cease I, with hel to hyde my face,  
 Wyfe, stepdame, mother dire, in my life space ?

T H E

Octauia .

## THE SECOND SCENE.

*Octauia Chorus.*



Do not, alas, thus sore lament,  
But rather yet your mourning stay,  
Sith that the city whole is bent  
To celebrate this ioyful day:  
Least your great loue and fauour both,  
Which I do count to be most sure,  
The moze cause Nero me to loth,  
And eake his bitter wꝛath procure:

And I fal out to be the ground  
To you of many mischieues vyle,  
This same is not the first deepe wounde,  
That I haue felt now this good whyle:  
Farre worse then this haue I abode:  
But of these troublous cares this day  
Shall make an end I trust in God,  
Although with Death he do me pay,  
No man to see shal me constrayne  
His bended browes knit furrowpse,  
Nor step within the Chamber ragyne  
Of mayde dyest vp in byrdall guise  
Augustus sister I wil bee,  
And not his wyfe as wont I was:  
But onely paynes remoue from mee,  
And feare of death I wil not passe.  
Yet canst thou piteous wꝛeth once trust,  
Thy cruell husbandes father law,  
Of these few thinges to haue so iust  
Whyle

Whyle mischieues yet in mynd are rawe ?  
 How long referud, vntil this day,  
 And these same maryage rytes be past,  
 Thou halt poore wretch without delay,  
 A bloudy offering dye at last.

Why thus with teares disfigured soe  
 Thy wonted home dost thou behold ?  
 Make hast to shunne this deadly thore  
 And leaue this straughtrous Princes fold.

Cho. To see that day suspected long  
 And whispered fame in all mens eares,  
 With glistering pompe of byddall throng,  
 To vs poe wretches now appeares.

And Claudius broode Octauias grace,  
 From Neroes wedlocke place expelde,  
 Departed is, whose spousall space,  
 Hath Poppie conquerour long tyme helde.

The whyle, our pyety couched lyes  
 Kept downe with heauy, combrous feare.  
 And now reuenging grief likewise :

Where doth the peoples power appeare,  
 That make the force of Princes great,  
 That conquerous city lawes hath framde,  
 That worthy men to honours seat  
 Preferd, that warre and peace proclaymd,  
 That sauage people straunge did tame  
 That Kinges and Princes caught in fight  
 Shut surely vp in prison frame

To keepe them close from all mens sight  
 Doe, which wee cannot once abyde,  
 To see wher Poppies ymage trym,  
 Coniointed vnto Neroes syde

All glistering bright shynes very hym.  
 Let force of Armes pul downe that frame  
 And match with grounde that Ladys face

Too



## Octauia .

Too likely carued to his name,  
And snatch her downe from bedddig place,  
And let it forthwith flye with handes  
With Dartes and Jauelins fiercely slonge,  
From pythy hyaunes and sturdy handes  
Unto the princes courtly throng.

## THE FOVRTH ACTE.

### THE FIRST SCENE.

*Nutrix. Poppea,*



From out of spousal bower disinayd with feare,  
Whither go you ? what secrets daughter deare  
Unknownen, makes you to looke so drouselly ?  
Why spungelike lokes your face w<sup>t</sup> teares frō eye  
That fell ? of truth the tyme despyred long,  
And wished for by prayers, and bowes among  
Hath thyned byght. Cæsars wedlock are you :  
Your golden grace, wherof he tooke the view.  
Him prisoner caught, and did him surely bynde,  
So much the moze, how much Senec his mynd  
Did seeke to chaunge, and wild from loue to weeld.  
And Venus chiefe in loue hath made him yeeld.

¶ In beauty passing all, what beds then downe  
More soft, haue bozne thy weight when thou with crowne  
Didst sit in middes of court the Senate all.  
At thy great beauty agast, thou didst appall.  
Whylst thou the Goddess with perfume sendest fyne,

And

And sacred alters drencht with thankful wyne,  
 Thy head attyrd with beyle of yelow hiew  
 By Cæsars side thou wentst as pynceſſe new:  
 When he aloft extold aboue the reſt,  
 With hauty courage merily went to feaſt.  
 Like as kyng Peleus went ſometymes to take  
 Queene Tethis, whom ſalt ſeas ſome byed, his make.  
 Whoſe byidinge chambers, banquet wiſe ydyeſt,  
 The Gods vouchſaſt to hallow with their beſt,  
 Both they that rule in ſkyes and eake in Seas.

But tel, O Lady, tell, if it you pleaſe,  
 What ſodayne chaunce doth ſhade your beautyes light.  
 What meanes your colour chaunge from red to white?  
 What moues thoſe trickling tears, how ſtandes your plight?  
 Po. With dreames, and grieuſly ſightes, this laſt night, Purſe,  
 My mynd was troubled ſore, but frayd much worſe.  
 For when ſir Phoebe his weary courſe had ryd,  
 Whyle quiet reſtyng night each thing ſhadowd,  
 My ſences weary fel in ſlumber deepe,  
 Whyle Nero me within his armes did cleepe.  
 Reſolving lims, at length gan ſleepe diſcharge,  
 And long I reſt not vnder quietes targe,  
 For loe, I ſaw a route that brought me feare,  
 Come to my chaumber with diſheueled hayre:  
 The Matrons ſage of Latin land did mourne,  
 And ſounded thyking ſighes as though forlorne  
 They were, the dolefulſt wightes that liue on ground.  
 And oft among the warlike trumpets ſound,  
 I ſawe my huſbands mother terribly ſtand,  
 With thyeatning looke berayed with bloud in hand  
 A light eye brand ſhe bare which oft ſhe ſooke,  
 And made mee gae with her through feareful loke.  
 When downe we came through op'ned earth ſhee led  
 The way, I after went with bowing hed,  
 And muſing much therat, marke what I ſay,

My

## Octauia.

My bed, me thought I saw, wherein I laye,  
 When first espoulde I was to Ruse Chrispyne:  
 And hee me thought, with first sonne of his lyne,  
 With many following them agaynst me fast  
 Did come, and me to sleepe did swift his hast,  
 And as he wonted was he kist me oft,  
 Then rusht into my house with pace not soft  
 Amased Nero soze, in Chryspsines hzealt  
 That hidde his saulchion kene: feare shakte of rest  
 From mee: I trembling stode with quivering feare,  
 And hzest dismayd to speake made me forbeare.  
 Til now (O Nurse) I met with thee, whose trust,  
 And sayth into these wordes haue made me hzult.  
 Alas, what thzeatneth mee eche grieously spright?  
 What meanes of husbands bloud that doleful sight?  
 Nu. The hidden sacred bayne that moueth swift,  
 Which fantasie we call by secret dzift,  
 When we do take our rest doth shew agayne,  
 The thinges both good and bad that bzoyle in bzayne:  
 You maruel that you saw your make, and bower,  
 His ghostly funerall stacks, at that same hower  
 Round clasped close in armes of husband new:  
 Hereto, the beaten breastes with handes moud you,  
 And maydens hayze, on marriage day displayd:  
 Octauias friendes with heauy hartes betwzayed,  
 Anids hir brothers both and fathers hall  
 Their heauy cheere for her unluckye fall.  
 That dreadfull blasfing flame of fyze forbozne  
 In Agryppynas hand your grace befozne.  
 Which you did follow streigth declares renowne  
 To you, though enuye stryue to keepe it downe:  
 The seat you saw beneath doth promise you  
 Your state to stand ful sure not chaunging new:  
 That Nero prince in Crispins rhoat did hyde  
 His sword, it telles that he in peace shall hyde,  
Unknownen

Unknowen to bloudy ruthful warre for aye.

Therefore (Madam) plucke vp your hart I pray :

Receiue both mirth and glee cast feare asyde,

With ioy, and ease you may in bowre abide.

Pop. To temples hie where mighty Gods do dwell,

I wil repayre, and offringes to them sell

In humble wyse their heauy wrath t'pease,

And me of mighty sight, and dreams to ease.

My second wish shal be, that this feare all

Vppon my foes as todayne chaunce may fall.

O Nurse pray thou for mee some bowes do make

Toth' Gods, that ghostly feare his sight may take.

## THE SECOND

### SCENE.

### Chorus.



*If stealth discloafde by blabbing fame,  
And lusty, pleasaunt, thankfull loue,  
Of I O V E be true: who fourme did frame  
Of swan to come from skies aboue,  
And did enioy the sweete consent*

*Of Lady L E D A S loues delight:*

*VWho like a Bull his labour spent,*

*Through flowing floods to cary quite,*

*E V R O P A stylie stolne awaye:*

*Hee will no doubt leaue raygne of Skye*

*And P O P P I E S loue disguisd assaye.*

*If*



## Octauia.

*If hee her soueraygne beauty spye.  
VVhich hee might wel preferre before  
Fayre L A E D A S sugred sweete delight :  
And D A N A E whom hee wonne of yore ,  
Amasde with golden shoure so bright :  
Let S P A R T E now for H E L E N S sake  
Of beauty bragging fame vpraise :  
Admit the T R O I A N heardman make  
Of gayned spoyle tryumphant prayse :  
Fayre H E L E N here is stayned quight :  
VVhose beauty bredde such boyling yre ,  
That earth was matched euen in sight  
VVith T R O I A N towres consumde with fyre.  
But who is this that runnes with feare opprest ?  
Or els what newes bringes he in panting breast ?*

## THE THIRD SCENE.

Nuntius, Chorus,

**W**hat sturdy champion stoute doth soy with glee  
Dur chieftaynes royal bower safe to see,  
Then to his court I counsel him to wend,  
Gainst which the populus rout their force doth bend.  
The rulers runne amalde to fetch the gard,  
And armed troupes of men, they towne to ward.  
For woodnes rashly cought through feare doth cease,  
But more and more, their power doth encrease.

Cho.

Ch. What sodain rage doth beat their broiling braine ?

Nun. The garisons great with fury assonde againe,

And stirred vp for Queene Octauias sake

With monstrous mischiefe vile, their rage to slake,

They rumbling rush into the Pallace farre.

Cho. What dare they do, their counsaillers who are ?

Nun. Aduance their Emperesse old, subuert the new :

And graunt hir, brothers beds as is hir due.

Cho. Which Poppie now, with hole consent doth hold ?

Nun. Hea that vnbydeled rage in brest byrld,

Sets them agog, and makes them wondrous wood.

What euer ymage grauen in marble stood,

If Poppies badge it bare, or if in sight,

It tended for to shew hir beauty bygght,

Though it on heauenly altares braue did stand,

They break, or pull it down, with sword or hand.

Some parts with ropes sure tide, they trayle the forth

Which spurnd w<sup>t</sup> durty feete, as though naught worth

With filthy stinking myze, they it all beray.

And with their deedes their talke doth iunipe agree,

Which mine amaled minde, thinks true to bee

For fierie flames they threath for to prepare,

Wherewith to waste, the princes Pallace faire,

Unlesse, vnto their furious moode he giue

His second wife, and with Octauia liue,

But he by me shall know in what hard stay

The City stands : the rulers Ile obey.

Cho. Alack, what made you cruell warres, in vaine

To moue, sith prisoner loue you can not gaine(

You can not him ouercome, your fiery flame

He recketh not : his fyre ouercomes the same.

He darkened hath those thundring thumps that shake

Heauen, Earth, Hel, sea, al things y<sup>t</sup> makes to quake.

Hea mighty Ioue, in heauen that weares chief crowne

His flames from welkin he hath brought adowne.

And you, not victors now, but vanquished,

B b.

Shall

## Octauia.

Shall raunsome pay, the price of hearts bloud red.  
 Loue, pacient can not be, but hote in rage,  
 No easie thing it is, his wrath t'allwage.  
 Achilles worthy wight, that was so stout,  
 To twang the Harpe he made in Ladies rout,  
 Prince Agamemnon sterne that boy benumd,  
 And rable rude of Greekes with loue bonds bund.  
 King Priams raigne he toppe turue tost,  
 And goodly Cities great he chiefly lost.  
 And now my minde sore frighted stands agast,  
 What Cupides furious force brings vs at last.

### THE FOVRTH SCEANE.

Nero.



Ha, our captaines doe dispatching coyle,  
 And our long suffering ye in such a boyle,  
 That streames of bloud yet do not quench their rage  
 Which thei against our prope person wage  
 And that all Rome, with corles strewd about,  
 Those cruell villaines bloud, doth not sweat out.

But deedes already done, with death to pay  
 A small thing t'is, a greater slaughtrous day  
 The peoples cursed crime, and eke that damie,  
 Whom I did aye suspect, deserves the same.  
 To whome, to yelde those peasaunts would me make:  
 At last she shall, with life our sorow make,  
 And with hir bodies bloud shall quench our ye.  
 Then, shall their houses fall by force of fyre:  
 That burning both, and buildings saye decay,  
 What beggerly want, and wayling hunger may  
 Those villaines shal be sure, to haue ech day.

Ah, Prouender picks that vile rebellious race  
 He can they once our fauour well embrace,  
 Nor be content, with peace in quiet state,

But

But broppling raumpe about with troubled gate.  
Hereon with boldnesse straight, hereon they flie,  
With harebrained rashnesse hedlong by and by.

Well, they must tamed be with heauy stroke,  
And downe be kept with peile of weighty poke:  
That they, with like attempt, do not arise,  
Nor once cast vp their deadly peasaunts eyes,  
Against our louing spouses golden lookes:  
First punish them sure, then feare shal be their bookes,  
To teache them, at their Princes beck to bay  
But see at hand, whom fayth, and vertue rare,  
Lieutenant chiefe of camps, appointed thare.

THE FIFTE  
SCENE.

Præfectus. Nero.

**T**he bulgare peoples rash unruly rage  
The slaughter of a fewe did done allwage,  
Which long w'rode our valiant force in vain.  
To tel your grace this newes, I come againe.

Nero. And is this then ynough, dost thou so well.  
O souldiour marke what doth thy captaine tell?  
Hast thou with held thy hand from bloudy pyre?  
Is this the due reuenge that we requyre?

Præ. The captaine guides of treason payd their hyre,  
By desperate death of bloudy sword in sight.

The route which fought with flaming fyre to light,

Ner. Our royall Pallace great, who would assigne  
Their Prince what he should doe: and pull in fine  
Our mate from vs dissoluing wedlocke bandes:

Whose hardy slaundersous tonges, & wicked handes,  
His princely grace reprochfully withstandes,  
From due reuengs, are they dismissed free?

Præ Shall subiectes payne, by grieve assigned bee?

Ner. It shall assigne which time shall neuer weare.

Præ. Which neither wrath may end, nor yet your fear?

B b 2.

Nero



## Octauia.

Nero. Shee shall appease our hie displeased minde,  
Who first, our wrath deserued due to finde. (quite  
Præ. Declare whose death your moode doth most re-  
Let not my hande be stayde from your deaire.  
Ner. It seekes our sisters death, and trayterous hed.  
Præ. Those words through all my lims, hath stiffnesse  
Opprest with grieufully feare: Ner. As to obey. (spred,  
Standst thou in doubt? Præ. On sayth why do you lay  
So great a fault? Ner. Bycause thou sparedst our foe.  
Præ. Deserues a woman to be termed so?  
Nero. If treason she begin. Præ. Is any man  
So sure, that hir accuse of treason can? (wights  
Ner. The peoples rage: Præ. Those madde bruteweldeye  
Who order could? Ne. Who could stir vp their spirits?  
Præ. No creature as I thincke. Ner. A woman could,  
In whome a mind Dame nature hath ypfould,  
To mischief prone: shee armed hath hir heart,  
To hurt by wyles: yet strength shee set apart,  
Least shee vndaunted force with hir should beare:  
But now hir slender power with doubting feare,  
Is quickly quaylde, or else with punishment,  
Which hir condemned state to mischief bent  
To late doth ende: away with graue aduise,  
As with entreating seeke not to entyse.  
Dispatch that we commaund on shipboorde bozne,  
Farre off to shore aloofe with dashing wozne,  
Commaund shee be: that tunlike swelling brest  
At length in storming stomack may take rest.

### THE SIXTE SCENE.

Chorus. Octauia.



Lack the peoples bitter loue,  
And dye good will to many one,  
Which, when they hoysied sayles about,  
With pleasaunt blastes it made to grone,  
And

And caried them from quiet shore,  
That saynting, leaues them in the deepe,  
And tumbling, raging waters roze.

Cornelia piteous wretch did weepe,  
And soze bewayle hir sonnes estate:  
The peoples loue did vndoe them,  
And wondrous fauour, byed them hate:  
Great worthy peeres of noble stem:  
Of high renowne for vertues prayle:  
In sayth and eloquence did pas  
Their stomacks stout their fame did rayse:  
Jth lawes eche one most excellent was.

And Scipio, thee did Fortune yeelde  
Vnto lyke death, and curst wacke,  
Whom neyther honours pompe coulde sheelde,  
Nor fenced house thy foes keepe backe.  
Howe to repeate, although I coulde,  
Pure present griefe forbiddeth soze:  
Ere whyle to whom the people woulde,  
Her fathers antique Courte restore,  
And Brothers wedlocke once againe,  
Now weeping, wynging hands poore wretch,  
Vnto hir cruell, deadly payne,  
The armed souldiours doe hir fetch.  
How safe doth pouerty lye content,  
In thetched house safe shrouded there?  
High rayfed towers with blasts are bent,  
Which often tymes them ouer beare.  
O. Where pull you mee poore wretch? alas,  
Into what banisht exiles place,  
Woulde Nero haue mee for to passe,  
Or Fortune bids, with frowning face?  
If now with saynting strength quite coolde,  
And with my boyles all wearied ceasse,  
And longer lyfe thee graunt mee woulde,  
If that thee worke for to increase,

B b 3.

My for:

## Octauia.

My sorrowes great with deadly darr,  
 Why is she then so much my foe,  
 In country that I may not part,  
 And leaue my life before I goe ?

But now no helpe of health I feele,  
 Alas I see my Brothers boate :  
 This is the same, whose vaulted keele,  
 His Mother once did set a flote.  
 And now his piteous Sister I,  
 Excluded cleane from spousall place,  
 Shall be so caried by and by :  
 No force hath vertue in this case.  
 No Gods there be my woes to wyecke.  
 The grieufully, dreadfull drab Eryn,  
 Doth weld the worlde at nod and becke,  
 Who can lament my state, wherein  
 I am, alas, sufficientlie ?

How can Aedon duely playne,  
 My smarting streames of teares that I  
 Do shedde ? whose wings I would be faine,  
 If destinyes would them graunt, to weare.  
 Then would I leaue my mourning mates,  
 As swiftly fled, as wings could beare,  
 And so auoyde these bloudy pates.  
 Then sitting sole in shirwood shirle,  
 And hanging sure, by dandling twigge  
 With plaintiue pipe I might out twirle  
 My heauy tuned note so bigge.

Chor. The mortall broode the destinyes guide :  
 Themselues they nothing can assure,  
 That certainly doth stedfast hide :  
 Which our last day of life, procure,  
 (Whereof we alwayes should beware,)  
 Much dangerous chaunces for to try :  
 Vnto your troubled minde with care,  
 Now many saumples do apply,  
 Which your accursed court hath brought,

To bolden you in all your hꝛoyle :  
 For what hath moze your troubles wrought,  
 What doth against you soer toyle,  
 Than fortune doth ? the first of all,  
 Agrippas childe brought forth to life,  
 Whome we Tyberius daughter call,  
 By lawe, and eke Prince Cæsars wife,  
 Of many sonnes a carefull dame,  
 I cannot chuse but now recount,  
 Whose worthy, glorious ample name,  
 Thꝛoughout the world doth much surmount.  
 So oft with belly bolne that bare  
 Desyred fructs, and peaces pledge,  
 Ere long thou sufferedst exiles care,  
 Strypes, chains, and boltes of yron wedge,  
 And mourning much, which so did frame,  
 That death they causde thee to abyde.

So Liwia, Drusus lucky dame  
 In male kinde babes, did hedling syde,  
 Into a cruell monstrous deede,  
 And death soe pearcing deadly dart.

Hir mothers fates doth Iulia speede,  
 To solow streight with all hir heart,  
 Who after longer wasted time  
 With bloudy sauchion kene, was slaine,  
 Although for no iust cause or crime.  
 Your mother eke that once did raigne,  
 Who then esteemd of Claudius well,  
 Did wisely weld his court at will,  
 And fruitfull was, as you can tell,  
 What could not her desire fulfill :  
 Shee sometime subiect to hir slaue,  
 To death was put with souldiours blade.  
 What thee, that eadly hope might haue,  
 Toth skies, hir raigne to rise haue made,  
 Prynce Neroes lusty Parent great ?  
 First tost with shipmans boysterous force,

B b 4.

Then



## Octauia.

Then toyne with sword in Pynces heat,  
Did thee not lye a senceles coyle,  
Oct. Loe mee the tyrant stern will send  
To ycksome shades and hellish spirits.  
Why wretch doe I the tyme thus spend ?  
Draw mee to death you to whose myghts,  
False Fortune hath bequeathed mee.  
I witnesse now the heauenly powre.  
What dost thou bedlame ? leaue to flee,  
With prayer to Gods, who on thee lowre.  
I call to witnesse Tartar deepe,  
And spytes of Hell reuenging freakes  
Of haynous facts, in Dungeon steepe,  
And Syze whom death deserued wreakes.  
I doe not now repyne to dye,  
Deck vp your Ship, and hoyle your Sayle,  
On frothing seas to windes on hye :  
Let him that guides the Helm not faile,  
To seeke the shore of Pharian Land.  
Cho. O pippling puffe of western wynde,  
Which sacrifice didst once withstand,  
Of Iphigen to death assignde :  
And close in Cloude congealed clad,  
Did cary hir from smoking aares,  
Which angry, cruell Virgin had :  
This Pynce also opprest with cares,  
Saue from this paynfull punishment,  
To Dians temple safely borne :  
The barbarous Moores to rudenesse bent,  
Then Pynces Courtes in Rome forlozne,  
Haue farre more Cyuile curtesie :  
For there doth straungers death appeale  
The angry Gods in heauens on hie,  
But Romayne bloude, our Rome must please.

FINIS.

# THE TENTH TRAGEDY OF

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L. A N N A E. S E N E C A, En-

tituled H E R C V L E S O E T Æ V S :

Translated out of Latin into

Englishe by I. S.

\* \*

## *The Argument.*



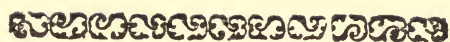
H E R C V L E S hauinge subdued the Sonnes of *EVRITVS* Kynge of *OEchalsa*, (who contrary to theyr promise, denied to geue their Sister *IOLE* vnto him) & hauing made conquest of the City and countrey thereabout, meant to sacryfice vnto the Gods for his victory in that behalfe, and successe in brīging away, perforce, his beeloued *IOLE*. For the solemne celebration whereof, he sent *LYCAS* his seruaut, vnto *DEIANEIRA* his Wvfe, to fetche his Robe, which hee alwayes vsed when hee sacrificized. *DEIANEIRA* dippinge and besprinckling the same Robe in the bloude of *NESSVS* the Centaure, because she feared least her husband loued *IOLE* better then he did her, (for *NESSVS* being shot through, and slayne by *HERCVLES*, had perswaded & aduised her that shee shoulde so doe, whensoever shee doubted that her husbands loue were alienated from her to any other,) sent it vnto him. Which Garment when *HERCVLES* had put on, the poyson wherein it was dipped and washed, enuenomed all his Vitall partes, and droue him into most intollerable tor-

## The Argument.

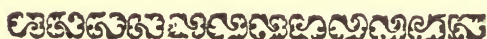
ble tormentes. For remedy vvhwhereof hee sent to *APOLLO* his Oracle at *Delphos*: from vvhence hee receiued aunfwere, that hee should bee caryed vnto Mounte *OEtus*, and there, that a greate fier shoulde bee made: and as for all other things, they should bee referred to the pleasure and direction of *IVPITER*. The fier being there made and kindled by *PHILOCTETES*, (vnto vvhom *HERCVLES* bequeathed his Arrowes,) *HERCVLES* vvent vp into it, & was there burned. Whose boanes being afterward fought for and not founde, the standers by vvere fully perswaded that he vvas deified, & taken vp into Heauen. When knowledge thereof vvas broughte vnto *DEIANIRA*, shee thinking her selfe to bee the cause of her husbandes tormenting death, strangled her selfe.

FINIS.

THE



## The Speakers names.

*HERCVLES.**I O L E.**ALCMENA,**CHORVS.**HYLLVS.**PHILOCTETES.**NVTRIX.**DEIANIRA.*

## THE FIRST

## ACTE.

HERCVLES alone.



Lorde of Ghostes whose fyre flashe  
 (that forth thy hand doth shake)  
 Doth cause the trembling Lodges twayne  
 of Phœbus Carre to quake,  
 Raygne reachlesse now: in euery place  
 thy peace procure I haue  
 Alsoe where Nereus lockes vp lande  
 Empalde in winding Maue.

Thwack not about with thunder thumpes, the rebell kinges bee downe,  
 The rauening tyrantes Scepterlesse, are pulled from their crowne:  
 By mee all daunted is whereon, thy boulds thou shouldst bestowe.  
 And yet O father, yet the Heauens are still withhelde mee froe,  
 At all assayes I serue, as might an Impe of Ioue behoue,  
 And that thou ought to father mee, my stepdame well doth proue.  
 Why dost thou linger in delay, is Heauen of vs afraide?  
 Seemie wee so awfull, fell, and fierce? and wherefore are wee staide?  
 And cannot Atlas boysteous backe on scouping shoulder tough,  
 Upholde the payle of Hercules, and heauen well inough?

What is



## Hercules Oetæus.

What is it fier? what is it Ioue that thee so much detarres?  
What may thee force keepe backe thy sonne from scaling of the Starres  
For death hath let me passe againe from dungeon darke to thee,  
When mischiefes fell and monsters all destroyde and spoyled bee  
That eyther Lande, or Seas, or Ayre, Or hell engender could  
Arcadian Lion none to raunge in saluage Nemea wolde.  
The Stymphall foule hath chased bin with Bowe, and Brasell boult,  
No nimble heart of Menalus doth lye in hill nor houlte  
The Dragon daunting with his bloud hath goarde the goulden groue.  
And Hydra hath his courage coolde, and Diomedes droue  
Whose puffed paunches pampred were with stoare of straungers bloud  
That scoarde the Coast and barren bankes of cruell Heber floud  
I slaughterd them, and that the force of foe might well bee seene.  
I prowde away the booties of the prowde Amazon Queene,  
Of silent shades in glummy Goulphes the dreadfull doomes I saw  
On Cerber black the Tartar Like the sonne did shine with awe,  
And he with steaming Goggle eyes hath glyed vpon the soone:  
Anteus pawnes, and gapes no more whose gasping breath is doone.  
A front his alters Busir fell was knockt vnto the grounde,  
By him whose hande gaue Gerion his deepe and deadly wounde  
And slew the mighty Bull that was to hundred hearres a dreade,  
All noxious plagues I spoyled haue that euer Tellus breed,  
And daunted by my hand they lye: the Gods now neede not fret:  
The worlde to aunswere Iunoes yre, no monsters now can get.  
Now shew thy valiaunt sonne his fire, or let him in the cloudes,  
Thou shalt not neede to bee my guide, my selfe will climbe the thowdes.  
Doe thou my passage but allow, and I shall finde away:  
But if thou dreade, that monsters more the earth engender may,  
Halt on each monster hideous, to shew it selfe in time,  
Whyle Hercules hath his aboade beneath the heauenly Clyme.  
For who encounter shall the fiendes? who ist that Grecia hath,  
That may be meete, to hide the brunt of mighty Iunoes wrath?  
My prayle hurtes not my health: my fame doth fly from land to land.  
The ply poale doth know mee, where the northerne beare doth stand:  
The easterlings encombrd with the glede of scorching sunne:  
The south, where Phoebe by crooked cleaze of Tropick Crab doth rine:  
In euery coast A Titan where thou dost thy selfe reueale,  
How I haue met thee face to face, to thee I doe appeale.  
Aloofe beyonde the compasse of thy light I set my foote,  
And neuer coulde thy blaze so farre his glyminge glory shoote.

As I

As I haue lost the honour of my triumphes for to stretch,  
 The day it selfe hath had his stint, within my trauels reach  
 Dame Nature sayde, the worlde was thogd beade his center dew,  
 And ougtsome night in shimmring shade, from dungeon darck I drew.  
 And cankered Chaos lodged aloofe encountred mee amayne:  
 Yet from the deepe I gat to ground, whence none returnes agayne.  
 Allee straued against the Ocean stormes, I balaced the keele  
 Fraught with my waight, that wrestling waues could not copell it reele.  
 What heapes of hazardes tempted I? through all the open ayre,  
 To qualify thy wedlocks wrath can mischiefe none repayre  
 The earth would loath such baggage bled as I would march by might,  
 Yea monsters none are to be founde, the fiendes doe shun my sight.  
 And Hecules for want of fiendes agaynst him selfe did rage  
 What eluise creatures curst did I with naked arme aduance.  
 Was euer any peuisht thing so big vpon the ground  
 That coapt with mee, but that my hand alone did it confound.  
 Not hether to from vermin byle through saynting feare I leapt  
 In babish yeares, not when to me in Cradell layde they leapt:  
 Each thing that was commaunded me, at ease I did obey:  
 Thus free from paynfull toyle to me there neuer past a day.  
 What vermin haue I vanquished, no king commaunding it?  
 My courage cloyes me more then all the wyles of Iunoes wit.  
 But what auayleth me to rid mankinde of sickle feare?  
 The Gods yet cannot raygne in rest: while by the world doth peare,  
 Few rid of furious fiendes, it sees a loft in starry skies  
 The cruell creatures all, that earst on earth did soze aggrise.  
 Dame Iuno hath transport the elues The scorching Crab doth creepe  
 About the burning zone, and looke at Affrica doth keepe  
 The Tropick line: and Haruest fat he feedes with parching heate:  
 To Virgo, Leo turnes the time, and in a reaking sweate  
 He bukling by his burning Hane, doth dry the dropping south.  
 And swallowes by the stabby cloudes in fyre soming mouth.  
 The Archings all are creapt to skies, and haue preuented mee:  
 I Conquero from Earth to Heauen, my trauels all may see:  
 These gargle Faces grim on heauen, Dame Iuno first did set:  
 As though thereof the terrour might to skies my passage let:  
 Although the scatter them in Skyes, or make the Heauens forloine  
 More then y<sup>e</sup> Earth, or helllike Goulphes, (wherby y<sup>e</sup> Gods are sworne)  
 Yet roome for Hercules halbe made, if alter monsters quelde,  
 Or battells fought, or helllike hound in Chaynes as captiue helde,  
If all

## Hercules Oetheus.

If all exploytes cannot preuaile, in skies a place to gayne,  
 Then soukt vp bee the midland Sea twixt Barbarie, and Spayne,  
 That eyther shore may ioyne in one, with channell none betweene  
 There will I dam the running streame, that Sea shall none be scene.  
 Or as for Corinth out that land that twene two seas doth lye,  
 It shall giue way to eyther streame, that through the same shall fly.  
 And when the seas on passage haue, the flecte of Athens towne  
 May floate in Channell new: thus shall the world turne topsidowne:  
 Let Ister turne his streame, and Tanaus flow another way:  
 Graunt Ioue a placket, graunt, whereby the Gods vpholde I may.  
 Discharge thy thunder dint, where I shall keepe due watch, & warde,  
 If eyther to the ply poale thou bid mee haue regarde,  
 Or burning zone, heere let the Gods full safe all force defy:  
 Pynce Pæan purchast hath an house amid the cristall sky,  
 And well deserued he the temples of Pernassus hill,  
 For slaughter of a Dragon made? how oft recovering still  
 In Hydra payson Python lay? with Bacchus Perseus strong  
 By lesse deiert then Hercules, haue crept the Gods among.  
 But all the East (a mighty coast) to bond is brought, by him.  
 Whom Iuno spighetes, how stearne a bug was snaky Gorgon grim?  
 What Impe is he, begot betweene my stepdame dyre and thee,  
 Whose prayled paynes haue purchaste him a place in heauen to be?  
 The heauen that on my shoulders I haue bolsterd vp I craue:  
 But Lycas, (partner of my paynes) dispatch our triumph hzaue.  
 Display in pomp the ruin of Euritus house, and Crowne:  
 And for the sacrifice with speede strike yee the Bullocks downe,  
 Where as the Aare (that doth aduaunce the Church of Cenci Ioue)  
 Lyes open to Euboea sea: that wyackfull waue doth moue.

## Chorus,



He Gods in blisse that man doth cōteruaile,  
 That can at once both Graue, & glory gayne,  
 Death vpon death the whilst doth him assaile  
 Whose wretched life is lingred on in payne,  
 With frowning fate in spurning spighte who striues,  
 And sets the Keele of gaping goulphe at nought,

Will not

## The tenth tragedie.

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Will not submit his captiue handes to giucs,  
As dishe of dishonour in triumph to bee brought :

Like carefull caytife hee shall neuer droue,  
Whelmed in storming thoughts of sower annoy  
Whose stomacke scornes, for dawnting death to stoupe,  
Though seas amid the deepe in hoysted hoy  
Driue him aloofe, when as a southern gale  
Beates Boreas back, or eastern puffe agayne  
Recoiles the western winde, and seemes to hale  
From deepest sandes the furies torne in twayne.

Tht broken planckes to catche hee scrambles not  
Of wracked barke, as one that hopes to haue  
Amid the Channell deepe a landing plot,  
When dismall death appeares in euery waue  
Hee cannot suffer shipwracke all alone :  
With pined karrayne coarfe, and streames of teares,  
And with our countrey dust our heades vpon,  
Powldring our lockes, wee languishe out our yeares.

Neyther flashing flame, nor thumping thunder cracke  
Will once dawnt vs : O death thou dost pursue,  
Where fortune fawnes : but where shee worketh wracke,  
Thou shunnest those, that woulde thee not eschew,  
Wee stand not in our razed countrey wall,  
Whose ground shall now bee ouergrowne (alas)  
With bramble, and bryer, and down the temples fall :  
While mucky sheepecotes are planted in their place.

And now the frostifaced Greeke (alas)  
This way, this way, with all his droue of Neate  
By so much of Æchalia must passe,  
As heapt on ashes gloweth still with heate.  
The Tessayle sheepherd sitting by the way  
On iarring Pype shall play his countrey ryme,  
Singing wyth fighes alacke, and weladay,  
Thus to bewayle the sorrowes of our time.

Ere tyme shall roll the race of many a yeare,  
It will bee askt, where earst the towne did stand ?

O well



## Hercules Oetheus.

O well was I, when as I liued a leare,  
Not in the barren balkes of fallow land,  
Nor in Theffalia on the foodeleffe cliues,  
But now among rough Trachin craggy Rocks,  
And ougly shrubs neceffity mee driues,  
Whofe flaming toppes detarres the feeding Oxe.

And in the way leffe woods vntrode before  
All comfortleffe, afright and in a maze  
Needes muft I trot alone, that would abhorre  
The faluage beaftes, that on the mountaynes graze.  
But better lot (if any Dames may haue )  
They ouer Inach wambling streame fhall row,  
Or fhrowd in Dirce Walles, where Ifmen waue  
With feeble force of fhallow fourde doth flow.

The hawty Hercules mother heere was wed,  
What Scythian crag, what ftones engendred him ?  
What Rocky mountayne Rhodope thee bred,  
Of Tyrant Titans race a curfed lim ?  
Stipe Athos hill, the brutifh Caspia land,  
With teate vnkinde, fed thee twixt rocke & ftone :  
Falfc is the tale, wherewith thou bearft in hande,  
Two nights for thee thy Mother deare did groane.

While lingring ftarres long lodged in purple fky :  
The fhepherd ftarre his courfe did enterchaunge  
With the loadc ftarre, and vp the Moone doth fly,  
That couched Phœbe durft not the Welkin raunge,  
No Launce can pearce his monfters ruggy fkin,  
The blunted Iron tryed it with thumping thwack,  
And Steele is not fo tough : on naked fkin  
A fwerd was braft, and ftones rebounded back.

The force of fate he vtterly defies,  
And toughly timberd as he is of lim  
Hee doth contriue, how quarrells may arife,  
That death might proue his febled force in him  
The quarries coulde not enter to his flefh,  
Nor yet the bowe with Scythian ftcule drawn deepe,

No nor

## The tenth tragedie.

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No nor the glaues, vvith vvhich Sarmacians fresh,  
Hot skirmishes in th'yfy Clyme doe keepe.

No nor the Parthian better Archer farre,  
Then Creete, who parcht with Phaëtons foultring flame,  
Vnder the Equinoctiall rayfeth warre,  
Gaynst th'easterling discomfetinge the same.  
Hee with his body did batter downe the wall,  
Of Oechalie : nothing may him withstande :  
By valiaunt prowesse hee hath conquerd all :  
Tis woon before, that hee doth take in hande :

The howgy Briar that fifty paunches had,  
The hawty Giges with hundred armes likewise,  
That clamb vp Thassayle hills as Gyant mad,  
When rebells rage woulde take from Ioue the skyes,  
Such steaming Eyes, such gastly visage foule,  
Such Gargle face, such countnaunce glaring grim,  
Wherewith stearne Hercules glowningly doth scowle,  
Those Gyaunts had resembling playnely him.

Thus greatest blisse is prone to greatest bale  
There wants no woe whose cup wee haue not taste  
Wee wretched women haue with countnaunce pale.

### I O L E.



At carefull captiue I  
doe not bewaile forlorne  
The sweeping flames, nor Idolles, wyth  
their tattered Temples toine :  
Nor that the Fathers burne  
together with theyr Sonnes,  
That Gods, & men, that tombes & Church,  
at once to ruin runnes.  
Upon the common care  
wee doe not powre our playnt,  
For Fortune wills vs turne our teares with other woes attaynt :  
T c. And thus

## Hercules Oetæus.

And thus my frowning fate allottereth vnto mee  
Another kinde of wretchednes, that must lamented bee :  
What shall I first beweepe ? Or chiefly what complayne ?  
And to bewaile them all at once, woulde mitigate my payne.  
Alas that but on breast Dame Nature did mee frame,  
That blowes agreeing to my griefe might bounce vpon the same.  
With weeping Sipill rocke, broode yee my balefull breast,  
Or on Eridanus silent shore in sorowes let mee rest,  
Where as the mourning troupe of Pymphes doe hale they heares,  
To waille the death of Phaëton with showres of dropping teares.  
Or els in Sicill rocke cause mee encoucht to dwell,  
Where Scilla Hag with howling nysle, and barking big doth yell.  
Or else in Lynnets shape let me tell on my tale,  
And weepe with Adon in the woods, or twende to Nightingale  
As Lady Philomele, recordes with weeping lay  
In shade of hauwy Ismar hill vpon a tender spray,  
With soking sighes her griefe, O Gods : and mee addight  
In shape, that may be suetable vnto my playntiffe plight.  
And of my piteous moane let craggy Trachin sounde,  
Sith Myrra sawe the teares wherein Dame Venus eyes were drownde,  
That shee for Adonis with iusky sighes did shed,  
And Halcion might waille at will her louing Ceyx dead :  
The Lady Tantalus gat life to weepe alone,  
And Philomele did chaunge her shape, and earnestfully did mone  
Her tender Itis death : (alas) why are not yet  
With flickering fethers fit for wynges, my naked armes beset ?  
O happy shall I bee, and happily bee blest,  
When in the woods as in an house I make my shrowding nest,  
And sitting like a birde vpon my countrey grounde  
In dolefull harmony shall tune the cares, that me confounde.  
That thus the people fond may talke how they haue seene  
In piteous likeneesse of a Byrde, the Daughter of a Queene.  
I carefull captiffe, I, behelde my Fathers fate,  
When in the Courte a deadly club did halt him on the pate,  
And sprawling on the floore with braynes pasht out hee laye,  
Alas it fates would let thy Coarse helmynde in pit of Claye,  
What flowing teares (O Syer) would I on thee bestowe ?  
And coulde I brooke it Toxeus, to see thy death with woe ?  
That wert vnwaynde in yeares, and eake in pits vnpayde,  
Vpon whose naked Cheekes the pregaunt sap no hayres had rayde.  
Why should

Why should I parents deare your fates with teares detest,  
Whom death with hand indifferent hath taken hence to rest:  
My Fortune seekes my teares, due to myne owne distresse,  
Now as a captiue must I dawnce attendaunce more and lesse,  
Upon my Ladyes rock: and twyft her threde yspoon,  
Woe worth my beauty, for the which in dread of death I run.  
And for thy sake alone my stock hath lost his lyfe,  
Whyle that my syster Denyeth me to Hercules as his wyfe  
And did for feare refuse his stepfather to bee,  
But to our Ladyes balefull bower as Captiues hence goe wee:

# THE SECONDE

## ACTE.

Nutrix. Deianira.



That furious fits of ramping rage  
doth boyle in Womens brayne,  
When in one rooke both wedded wyfe  
and Harlot doe remayne?  
Both Scylla, and Charibdis gulfe  
no daunger like it haue,  
That raging roll on Sicill shore  
by heapes the wrastling waue.  
No saluage beast so bad there is,  
that betters not the same.

For huite no sooner blew abroade the captiue Harlots name,  
And that the beauty of Iolas countnaunce myned bym,  
As doth the day, when marble skies, no filthy fog doth dim:  
Or like the glimse of twinckling starre, that in the welkin bright  
Displayes abroade his shooting beames amid the frosty night:  
But Deianira Hercules Wyfe all hedlem like doth stande,  
And scowleth as the Tiger wilde which couched on the sande  
In shade of rocke doth shrowde his whelpes, and bul kells vp in haste,  
Espying him that of his younge doth come to make the waste:  
Or like as Menas ouercharg with Bacchus licour swete  
With Iuy bunche on thurled Barre from place to place doth fleete:

¶ c 2.

Shée makes



## Hercules Oetaeus.

Shee makes a pawse, in doubt where to shee might direct her pace,  
Then frantickly as on helstraught, shee sikkes from place to place  
In Hercules house. thus was shee rapt in rage of flaming yre,  
The house to narrow was, to coole the despret dames desire.  
Shee runneth in, shee trots about, shee makes a loddayne stay.  
The mallady in frowning face it selfe doth playne display.  
No galling griefe remaines at heart. The teares gush from her Eyes,  
Nor in on kinde of temper still in frensy sits shee kryes:  
Her glowning lookes with fury fell doe chaunge her former hew,  
Now glaring stande her steaming Eyes, and palenesse doth enlewe  
The ruddy colour in her Cheekes: the anguish of her heart  
Drives out her dolors deepe, to shew them selues in euery part:  
Shee languisheth, shee moanes for helpe, shee wayles her croward fate,  
And all the house an Echo makes resounding her estate.  
Loe headlong to and froe shee hies, and running still about  
Goes mumbling, and the secrets of her minde shee mutters out:  
Oh Iuno Spouse to Ioue, what part of heauen soeuer thou keepe,  
Rayse vp some saluage beast, agaynst lewde Hercules to creepe,  
That I shall thinke sufficient: If any combrous snake  
With breeding hee doe craule, more big in all the slimy lake,  
That may not take a foyle: or if that ought doe yet remaine,  
So ougtsome, grisely, curst, and grim, so fraught with filthy bayne,  
That hee may loathe to looke thereon, that may his sight appaule.  
Undoe their Dennes, from hydeous hoales procure such vermin craule.  
Or if that fiendes can none befounde, then consure thou my ghost  
To what thou list: this soule of myne can well abyde the most:  
Some vncouth shape, some gaskly face, such one bestow on mee,  
Whereby the horrour of my pangues may counteruayled bee:  
My boyling bzeast cannot conceaue the vengeance, I woulde trye:  
Why serchest thou the corners farre, of landes aloofe that lye?  
And turnst y<sup>e</sup> world thus vpside downe? why seekst thou harme of hell?  
To trounce him, furious fiendes ynough within this bzeast doe dwell?  
Make me thyne instrument of hate: his stepdame I will bee,  
And thou mayest worke the ouerthrow of Hercules by mee:  
Appoynt my hand to any thing. Why dost thou make delay?  
Wile thou my frensy, as the meanes to compasse his decay.  
The mischiefe shall be brought to passe, what euer thou wilt craue:  
Why stande pee musing still thereon? contriued all I haue:  
Thou mayst forbeare thy mallice now: my rancour shall suffice,  
To byng this wretche vnto his ende, my selfe can well deuise.

NV. My

NV. My foster gyll, of raving mynde, these dreary playnts allwage,  
 Forbeare this heate, and byddell yet the rigour of thy rage :  
 Behaue thy selfe for such an one, as men may worthy iudge  
 The noble Spouse of Hercules. DEI. Shall Iole (slauish drudge)  
 Bring halterd brethern to my Babes ? of her that is a slaue  
 Shall Iupiter the God of heauen forsooth a daughter haue ?  
 The flashing flames, and fighting floodes shall ioyne togeather first.  
 The northern beare to Harble seas shall stoupe to quench his thyrst.  
 Hea vengeance, vengeance, will I haue, though on thy back thou wpest  
 The boysteous heauens, and all the worlde doe peace vnto thee yelde :  
 There is a thing shall stinge thee worse then Hydra hissing Snake,  
 The colley curst of angry Wyfe. Doth any fry flake  
 Upthrowne from Etnas boyling foarge, so lowse the beaten skyes ?  
 More then all things that thou hast daunt, my ghost shall thee aggrype.  
 Shall thou prefer a seruill Trull before thy wedded Wyfe ?  
 For feare of many monsters more I tendred still thy lyfe,  
 And now for to encrease my care, I see no monster lurke,  
 And now steps in an hateful whooze, (which more my mynde doth byke)  
 To cumber vs, as ill as fiendes. O father thou of myght,  
 The shielde of Gods : and Titan thou, that bearest the Lamp of lyght,  
 I onely vnto Hercules a loyall wyfe abod,  
 And to an Harlots vse are turnde my prayers made to God :  
 The fruite of my felicity a Strumpet doth obayne,  
 And for an Harlots loue yee Gods haue harde my prayers bayne :  
 Is Hercules returnde for her ? O grieve not yet content.  
 Deuise some tearing toyments, seeke some pangues, and punishment.  
 Let Iuno learne of mee, what force a womans fury hath.  
 Shee knowes not how in deepe despight, to vse her harming wrath.  
 For mee you did these battayles wage : for my sake Acheloe  
 Did let his streaming bloud amid his waiblinge waues to floe.  
 When snarling Adders shape hee tooke, and to the boysteous Bull  
 Hee giuing vp his sloughy shape did bende his mallice full.  
 And thus thou koylde a thousand foes by conquest of this one :  
 Yet presently thou plunged art, and that by mee alone :  
 A prysoner now must be preferde before thy loyall wyfe.  
 Ile none of that : but euen the day that first begins the strife,  
 And to our wedlock brings the breath, shalbe thy dismall day,  
 And knap in twayne the satall twiss where on thy lyfe doth stay :  
 What meaneth this ? my mynde relents. My mallice breakes his rage :  
 O wretched grieve why dost thou saynte ? thy spight wilt thou allwage ?

C c 3.

With

## Hercules Octæus.

With fealty of a faythfull Wyfe dost thou thy conscience charge ?  
 Why lets thou not my howling yre for to encrease at large ?  
 Why dost thou flake thy fying firs ? this mallady still furuiue.  
 Euen now I able was with him for maisterhip to strue.  
 In deede I haue not craued ayde : yet Stepdame Iuno will,  
 To weilde my handes to worke his wracke, bee heere assistant still :  
 NV. What treachery entendest thou mad bedlem to commit ?  
 Thy hulbād wilt thou murder wretch ? whose sickering fame doth sit :  
 From east to west : whose bright renowne the earth couide not contayne  
 But rayde aloft, from marble Skies it doth rebounde agayne :  
 The mother Earth shall ryle in armes for to reuenge his graue.  
 His former Stepfiers stocke heereby the ouerthrow shall haue :  
 And all Etolia royall bloud will feele an bitterfall :  
 In quarrell of thy Hercules the woꝛlde conspiew shall.  
 Then silly wight how many plagues shalt thou alone abyde ?  
 But bee't that from the face of man thou myght thy body hyde.  
 Yet Loue the lightning leames of heauen doth holde in armed hand,  
 Beholde the fying firy flakes in ranches all ready stand :  
 And thycarning thunders thumping thicke doe bounce out all the day.  
 Deathes dungeon (that thou dost despy) full duely leaue thee may.  
 For there his Uncle vnpyre sits : Myche where thou mayst vnspyde.  
 And euery where thou shalt perceaue the Gods to him allied.  
 DE. I graunt it despert deede, whereto dispayre now doth me dꝛiue.  
 NV. Die sure thou shall. DE. And die I will, (as presently I liue)  
 The loyall spouse of Hercules. And ere this night doe passe,  
 Day shall not see that Deianire a liuing Wydow was.  
 For of my spousall bed an whooze shall get the interest.  
 The dawning day shall sooner make the morning peere in West,  
 Vnto the eastwarde Indians the ply poale shall melt,  
 And freezing Scithian firs shall fry with flames that hee hath felt  
 Of Phœbus feruent wheele : are mee Thessalia Trulls shall see  
 Driozt : my bypdall blase shall with my bloud iquenched bee :  
 And cyther let him murthered bee, or take away my Lyfe.  
 So soothly let him count among the foyled fiendes his Wyfe.  
 Among Alcides labours let mee reckned bee as on.  
 His loue in heart I holde, vntill the vtter gaspe bee gon.  
 Thus vndisurist (not vnreuengde) I will to Hercules tombe.  
 If Iole be with chyld by him, ile feare it from her wombe,  
 And rent it with these pawes of myne. Hea in the wedding place,  
 I fying at her feare will set my tallantes in her face :

Let him



Let him not spare in rauning rage a sacrifice to make  
 Of me vppon his wedding day, when he his Trull doth take,  
 So that I falling downe may light on Ioles senceles coarfe  
 He dyes a happy man, that first hath guelde his foes by force.  
 Nu. Wretched wight why dost thou thus encrease thy burning heate:  
 And feede thy fury wittingly least hap should thee defeate.  
 He loued Lady Iole, but whyle her fathers crowne  
 Stroode flourishing in royall state and were not battred downe,  
 And as vnto the daughter of a King hee siter was,  
 But when from type of hauty pompe she did to thialdome passe  
 He shooke her of hot loue was coold, and now her bitter hale  
 Would not allow the wracked kele to beare to hie a sale:  
 Unlesful thinges that should be shund we gredely desyre.  
 But matters meeter for our state we seldome do require.  
 The pyrring of aduercity doth oft enkindle more  
 The seruent fittes of loue, and this perhappe doth byge him sore,  
 To see her reast of natyue soyle, it may his fancy touch,  
 Her hayre not tuct with tresses trimme, nor dect with golden ouche  
 Perhaps the man with pittty prickt doth loue her for her care.  
 Vnto his noble hart to pittty prisoners tis not rare.  
 The sister deare of Priamus (Fayre Lady Hesyon) he  
 Did caule to Thelamon the Greeke in wedlocke knit to her:  
 Account how many wyues before, and maydens did he loue,  
 And raung'd abroade to coole the rage that Venus brand did moue.  
 Fayre Auge mayde of Arcadye ententiuie let to leade  
 Dianas daunce, by force of him did leeke her mayden hed.  
 And yet no token could she shew nor pledge of any loue,  
 What shall I speake of any more, or doth it mee behoue,  
 To prate what pranks he playd with fifty daughters in one night.  
 And yet how soone of such a pange he ouercame the night,  
 He set much store by Omphale of Lidia land the Queene,  
 When like a guest on Timolus the mount he hath bene scene.  
 He was so prict with Cupids dart, and caught in Venus trap,  
 That tuckt in womans weede he sat with distaf in his lap  
 And spoon the flare with fumbling fyft, and rudely thumbde the threede  
 And song from him the lyons case the pryce of noble deede.  
 With tresses tricke on plaited lockes he wayled as a mayde  
 With myre his friseled psale was smeard, and curled bush was Brayde,  
 Thus euery where as fancy sits, the fondling dotes in loue,  
 But in such soyt as casely he can the same remoue.

C 4.

DEI. But



## Hercules Oetæus.

DEI. But they whom sickle fancies fits haue taynt, doe learne at last  
In linke of loue by tract of time to fix assurance fast.

NV. Trow yee that hee this captiue queane, and on whom hee doe see  
The daughter of his deadly foe, will more esteeme then thee?

DE. As gladsome groues at Prime of spring in beauties pride are seene  
When freshest warmth the naked twiggess dorth clad in pleasant greene,  
But when couldde Boreas boysteous blast the pipling puffes dorth stop  
Of southwinde sweete, rough wynter powles the naked busshes top:  
The barewoode with mishapen stumpes dorth shew a withered face,  
Euen so my beauty marching forth a season on his Race  
Still fades away, and euermore abates his glimring glosse,  
And what so euer was in mee, by care is come to losse.

And that which earst by fancey fed the greedy gazing eyes,  
Is fallen away by bearing childe: so oft it droupes, and dyes.

And since I came to mothers state, I faded fast away.

And wrinkled age with furrowed face steps in with quick decay,  
But yet this bondmaydes seauter fresh her sorrow better brookes.

Her comely countnaunce crazied is with leane and wanny lookes,  
And yet for all her kark and care amid her deepe distresse,

Shee beares a glimpse of beauty bygh, and fauour nothing lesse.

Her heauy hap, and frowning fate can nothing from her plucke,  
Saue Scepter from her royall hande by all this lowring lucke.

By meanes of this first faynting feare did lodge within my breast,  
That makes mee wake the weary nightes, and leese my kindly rest.

In all mens eyes at first I seemde to be a blessed Wyfe.

And Ladies all at our estate repining very ryfe

Did wyshe my match in spite of fate what Stepher shall I hope

As match in maiesty to Loue within the heauenly coape?

Deare fosterdaine whom shall I make my feere in spowfall bed?

Although Euryst that Hercules to all thete toyles hath led,

Doe linke with mee in bydall bandes, my state shalbe impayde.

His small worth to deserue to hee to kingly wedlock rayde.

NV. But True is the thing that doth in marriage kindell loue.

DE. And True is the thing that doth in marriage mallice moue.

NV. This while the bondmayde to thee for present shalbe brough

DE. Doe hee setteth vp and downe with princely port full haught,

And buckles fast about his Loynes the liuely Lyons cale,

Who doth inuest the wretched with the right of kingly mace,

Deposing those from honoures type that late so lofty sat,

And pestereth his pusillaunt pawes with huge unweildy bat,

Of whose

Of whose exploitres, and maarciall actes the Seres sing aloofe,  
 And all enclōde in Ocean sea thereof haue perit prōofe  
 Is now became an amorous knight: the honour of his name  
 Dorth nothing touch his conscience, to render once his fame.  
 Hee roueth through the worlde, as on that dorth no whit esteeme,  
 Although that men as soone to Ioue shall him vnworthy deeme.  
 For like the man whose credit through the townes of Greece is greate.  
 Hee seekes to compasse his desire, to worke a Louers feate.  
 With single Dames is his delight: If any him deny,  
 Then to attayne his lawlesse lust by rigour dorth hee try.  
 With men hee facetly frantickly, to others smart and blame  
 Hee wins his Wyues, his folly trayle is cloackt by vertues name.  
 The noble City Oechalie is made a razed towne.  
 The Sunne twixt moyne and euen did set, in one day vp, and downe.  
 One day did see it stand in state, the same did see it fall.  
 These bloudy boyles, and wasting warres of Loue proceeded all,  
 As oft as parents vnto him deny theyr daughters deare,  
 So oft I warrant them they neede his wrathfull fury feare.  
 So oft a man with Hercules shalbe at deadly foode:  
 As hee denies his stepfather to bee by soynning bloude.  
 If hee may not be sonne in law, then dorth hee rage, and raue:  
 Why doe these guiltlesse handes of myne still keepe him from his graue,  
 Till hee dissemble franticke fits, to bend his ayming bowe,  
 And deaths wounde on my chylde, and me with bloudy hands bestowe?  
 Thus hawty Hercules was wont his wedlockes to deuorce.  
 Yet nought there is, that lawe of guilt on him might haue recorde.  
 Hee makes the worlde blame Iuno, for the ill shee hath committ.  
 O rigour, of my rage why dost thou quallify my fit?  
 Now must thou set thy hands on worke, too't while thy hands bee hot.  
 N. Thy husband wilt thou slay? D. Him who his Zeman lewd hath got.  
 NV. But yet, he is the sonne of Ioue. DE. And so Alemenas sonne.  
 N. With stroke of Steele? D. With stroke of Steele if it cannot bee donne,  
 Then for to bring his death to passe, ile set for him a snare.  
 NV. That kinde of madnesse may it be that makes thee thus to fave?  
 D. Such as my husband hath mee taught. N. Wilt thou thy spouse de-  
 On whom y<sup>e</sup> stepdames spite yet had no power to work annoy? (Stroy,  
 D. The wretches of heauenly mindes do make the blest on who they light  
 So dorth not spite of mortall men. N. Oh silly wretched wight  
 For beare thy rage, and feare the worst, mans force may not assaile  
 Him, that agaynst the power of hell, and death coulde once preuaile.  
 DE. He

## Hercules Octæus.

DE. He benter on the dint of sword. N. Thy wrath (deare foster child)  
Is greater then the crime, that hath thy Hercules defilde.

With egall mallice measure faultes. Alas why dost thou bring  
So great and sore, a penalty vpon so small a thinge?

Let not thy griefe be greater, then the sorrow thou sustaynes.

DE. Set you it light that with our wedlocke linkt an harlot raygues?

Pay rather thinke it still to much, that doth thy sorrows breede.

NV. And is the loue of Hercules reuolt from thee in deede?

DE. Tis not reuolt, deare foster Dame, fast in my bones it stickes:

But yre boyles boate in burning breaste, when loue to anger pyckes.

NV. It is almost a common guilt, that wedded wyues doe haunte,

They husbands hearts by magicke Arte, and witchcraft to enchaunte.

In winter coulde I charmed haue the woods, to make them sprout.

And forst the thunder dint receyle, that hath bin houlting out.

With waltring surges I haue hooke the seas amid the calme.

I smoothed haue the wrastling waues, and layde downe euery walme.

The dry ground gaped hath like gulphs, & out new springs haue gush't.

The roling rocks haue quaking sturd, & none thereat hath push't.

Hell gloumy gates I haue brast oape, where grisly ghosts all hush't.

Haue stood & aunswering at my charme the goblines grim haue scould.

The threefolde headdede hounde of hell w<sup>t</sup> barking throates hath houlde.

Thus both the seas, the lande, the heauens, & hell bowe at my becke.

Noone day to midnight, to and froe turnes at my charming checke.

At my enchauntment euery thing decaynes from natures lawe.

Our charme shall make his stomacke stoupe, & bring him more in awe.

D. What hearbes doe grow in Pontus sea? Or els on Pindus hill?

To trownee this macheleffe champion, where shall I finde the ill?

The magicke bearse enchaunts the Moone from Starry skies to ground,

And fruitfull harvest is thereby in barren winter found.

The whilking flames of lightning leames oft sorcery doth slay.

And noonetyde topsy turuy tost doth dim the dusky day.

And leaue the welkin to the starres, and yet not cause him stoupe.

N. The Gods them selues by charme of loue haue forced him to droupe.

DE. Perhap hee shall be wooon by one, and peelde to her the spoyle.

So loue shall be to Hercules the last and latest toyle.

By all the hoste of heavenly powers, and as thou seeest mee feare,

The secrets that I shall attempt, in counsell see thou heare:

NV. What may it be, that thou woulde haue me keepe so secretly?

DE. No boyle of blades, no piny cote, no fiery force perdye:

I you

NV. I you assure I can conceale, if mischiefe none be ment.  
 For then the keeping close of it is sure a lewde intent.

DE. Then looke about, if none be heere, our counsell to betray:  
 Looke rounde about, on all sides cast thy countnaunce euery way.

(NV. Beholde the place is safe enough from any listning eare.)

DE. Beside the place of our estate there is a secret nooke,  
 A covert corner for our talke, that ionneshyne neuer tooke.

Neither at mozne, nor euening tyde, when Titans blaze doth quench.

And hee in ruddy western waue his fiery wheeles doth drench.

There secret lyes the priuy psoofe of Hercules amorous thought,

Ile tell thee all deare foster dame: This witchcraft Nessus taught,

Whom Ixion engendred of a mysty groning clowde,

Where Pindus haughty hill his top among the starres doth throwde,

And other steepe doth heaue his Crest about the ryding rack

When Achelous ouer layde, with many a thumping thwack

Of Hercules club, did thist him selfe to euery kinde of shape,

And triall made of all his sleights none serued to escape,

At length he turnde him selfe into the lykenesse of a Bull,

And so was slowly banquished in forme of horny scull.

(While Hercules being Conquerour did me his Wyffe enjoy.)

Returning home to Greece agayne, it hapned Euen lake

To ouerflow the drowned marthe and channell to forsake,

And strongly streame to seas hee runns and swells about his bankes.

And Nessus vnde to passe the poole, and search the croking cranks

As ferryman demaundes his fare, and bare mee on his backe,

And wading forward brake the Waues, and surges of the lake.

At length yet Nessus waded out vnto the farther shore,

Yet Hercules had swam but halfe the riuer and no more:

And plyde it hard to cut the streame: but when espied had hee,

That Hercules was farre behinde, Hadam (quoth hee) to mee.

(Be thou my booby, and my wyfe, and clasping mee about)

Away he sings, and Hercules besturres him mauler Waue:

Though Ganges gulph and Ister streame (quoth he) thou traytour slaue

Night roon in on, yet thist to scape them doth, well coulde I make,

And in thy haist a shaft shall soone thy running ouer take:

And ere he spake the word, his arrow flew out of his bowe,

And wrought a wounde in Nessus ribbs, hee coulde no farther goe.

It sped him sure, to looke for death. Hee cried, well away.

The baggage running from the wounde rescued as hee lay,

And put-



## Hercules Oetæus.

And putting it into his hooſe the which vndoyng, hee  
 In cutting yt with his owne hand, did geue it vnto me.  
 And thus at latter gaſpe he ſayde, the witches haue me toulde,  
 That loue may charmed be by this, to haue and keepe his hould.  
 The conning witch dame Michale did teach Theſſalia dames,  
 Who onely forſt the Mone to ſcoupe to her from heauenly ſcames.  
 Therefore (quoth he) at any tyme when hateful whores abuſe  
 Thy ſpouſall bed, or waueryng man do haunt to any ſtewes  
 Then with this ſalue annoynt his myttes, and let it ſee no ſonne,  
 But kepe it cloſe in corners darke, the bloud then ſhall not ſhonne  
 His ſtrength: and thus ful ſodenly he leſt his talke with reſt:  
 And deadly ſleepe with ſenceleſſe death his feeble lims oppreſt.  
 Thou Dame to whom in hope of truſt my ſecrets all bewray,  
 On, that the poiſon ſoakt into the veſture bright, it may  
 Preace through his limmes, vnto his hart, & ſinke through euery bone,  
 N. I wil diſpatch it all in haſt, make thou thy earneſt mone  
 Vnto the God, whole tender hand his ſtedfaſt darters doth weild.  
 D. I thee beſeech that art of earth and heauen in honour helde.  
 And thou that ſhakeſt burning holtes, thou curſt and cruel boy,  
 Whole eluiſh weapons make thy mother feare thy ſharpe annoy.  
 Now arme thy hand with ſpeedy ſhaft not of the ſlender ſort,  
 But biggeſt bouldes, with which as yet thou haſt aſſault no ſort,  
 We neede no litle ſhaft that may ſtyre Hercules to loue  
 Bring cruel handes and force thy bow his deepeſt draught to pꝛoue  
 Now, now draw forth thy ſhaft wherewith thou cauſed cruelly  
 The burning breaſt of Ioue by fyttres of feruent loue to frye.  
 When as the God his thonderbolt and lightning layd aſſyde,  
 Can boalnewith humpes on forehead big: and through the waue he hid,  
 And ſwam with Europ on his backe in ſhape of horny Bull.  
 Now powꝛe downe loue, and therewithall let Heacles hart be full.  
 If Ioles beauty kyndle heate and Hercules hart doth moue,  
 Quench thou theſe coales, and force him glow with vs in lawfull loue.  
 Ful oft the thunder thumping Ioue hath ſcouped to thy pꝛoke:  
 And him that weildes the moaty mace of blacke Auerne to ſmoake.  
 Thy flames enforce, and eake the Lord of glummy Stigian lake:  
 But onely match thou Hercules, and of him triumphe take  
 O Ioue, whole wrath more wrackful is then pꝛeful Iunoes might, }  
 The charme is made in perfecte force is al our medicine right,  
 Wherein the ſhirt ſhal ſleeped bee that wearyed many wighte. }

Whose handes on Pallas distaffe spoone the weary Wee with payne,  
 And it for Hercules auayle shall drinke vp all the bane.  
 And with my charme Ile strengthen it. But loe yee in the nick  
 Deste Lycas commeth heere at hand who will dispatche it quick:  
 But tell him not what force it hath least hee the guilt betray.  
 DEI. Alas that fayth to kinges dwells not in howses of estate:  
 Haue Lycas heere this shirt, the which my handes haue spun of late,  
 Whyle Hercules at randon rouses, and ouerhot with wyne  
 Dorth rudely dandle on his lap the Lidiene Lady fyne.  
 How doates hee after Iole: but this his boyling rage  
 That burneth in his breast I will with curtesy allwage.  
 For curtesy conquers canckred thurles. See thou my spouse desire,  
 Hee spare the Shirt, vntill hee set the frankincense on fire,  
 And offer vp his sacrifice, and weare his Garland gray  
 Of Popler boughes on wreathed lockes. And I will goe my way  
 To'th royall Gods, and will beseeke the cruell Cupids dame.  
 Hee ladies and companions that with mee heather came,  
 Now force the fountaynes of your teates from watred eyes to roon,  
 To wayle our Countrey Calydon on euery side vndoone.

## Chorus.



DEIANIRE deare daughter of our King  
 OENEVS late, to see thy frowning fates  
 Woe after woe thus downe on thee to fling,  
 It irks our heartes, that were thy foster mates.

O woefull wight it pitieth vs to see,  
 Thy wedlock in this tickle state to bee.

Wee Lady, wee, that with thee wonted were  
 With flapping Oare on Acheloe to rowe,  
 When hauing past the spryng tyme of the yere,  
 With Channell smoth hee newly wexeth lowe,  
 And makes agayne his swelling surges calme,  
 And boobling runnes at Ebbe withouten walme.

Through

## Hercules Oetæus.

Through weale and woe wee still with thee remayne,  
And now what grieffe so euer thou feare in mynde,  
Account thou vs as partners of thy payne,  
For commonly when Fortune turns the wynde,  
    And makes thee beare thy beaten Sayle but low,  
    Then friendship ebbes, where it before did flow.  
And who so guydes the fway of golden mace,  
Though people thicke doe haunte his stately courte,  
And in at hundred gates doe preace a pace,  
Yea though that thou mayntaine so great a porte,  
    To garde thee with this garrison, yet shall  
    Thou scarcely finde one faithfull hearte of all.  
In paynted porche, and gates of gilded bowers  
The lurking hagge Eryn her tuskes doth whet :  
And sturring strife with quarreling face shee lowers.  
The portly doares no sooner oape are set,  
    But treason black, pale enuy, deepe deceight,  
    With priuy knyfe of murther step in streight.  
And when the Prynce appeares in open place,  
To shew him selfe before his subiects sight,  
Swelling despight attendeth on his grace :  
As oft as dawning day remoues the nyght,  
    And every time the sunne at West goes downe,  
    They looke another man should clayme the Crowne.  
Few heartes loue kinges, not few their kingly might :  
The glorious shew of courtly countenaunce  
Bewitcheth many : where one sets his delight  
How next the king hee may him selfe aduance,  
    That through high streetes hee may as lorde of rule  
    With lofty looks, ryde mounted on his Mule.  
Ambitious heate enflames his hawty breast.  
Another would his greedy hunger staunch  
With gubbes of goulde, (and though hee it possesse)  
Rich *Arabie* serues not his pyning paunch,  
    Nor western *India* (a worlde for to behoulde)  
    Where *Tagus* flowes with streames of glittering goulde.

The co.

## The tenth tragedy

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The couctous charle, the greedy gnoffe in dedde,  
In whom from cradell nature fo it plantes,  
No houred heapes his endleffe hunger feede,  
In plenty pines the wretch, in wealth hee wantes.

Some other fondlings fanfy thus doth guyde,  
To fawne on kings, and ftill in courte to byde.

As one difdayning lyke a Country mome  
And crooked clowne, the plowe to follow ftill :  
Although the dingthryfte dayly keepe at home  
A thoufand drudges, that his lande doe Tyll :

Yet wunts his will and wiffheth wealth therefore,  
Onely to wafte on other men the more.

Another claweth and flattreth faft the King,  
By clymbing vp to treade downe euey wyght :  
And fome at leaft to blockam Feafte to bryng.  
And thus hee ftriues to arme him felfe with myght

In bloude : but of their fhip doth Fortune fayle,

When fafe they thinke to floate with higheft fayle.  
Whom Moone at morne on top of Fortunes wheele  
High fwayed hath feene, at fulneffe of renowne,  
The glading funne hath feene his Scepter reele,  
And him from high fall topsy turuey downe.

At morne full merry, blith, in happy plight,

But whelmde in woes and brought to bale ere nyght.  
Thefe fildome meete hoare hayres and happy dayes :  
The Lord that lyes on ftately crimfen bed  
Sleepes more in feare, then fnooring drudge, that layes  
Vpon the countrey clod his drowfy head.

In goulden roofes, and hauty courtes they keepe,

Whofe dreadfull dreames doe make them ftarte in fleepe.  
The purple roabes lyeth waking many a night,  
And flombers not, when homely ragges doe reft.  
O if as at a Grate efpy wee might

The forrowes, fhined in a Prynces breaft.

What pangues, what formes, what terrour, O what hell  
In fighting heartes of prowde eftates doth dwell ?

The Iriſhe



## Hercules Oetæus.

The Iryſhe Seas doe nener roare ſo ruffe,  
When wraftling waues, and ſwelling furges ryfe,  
That hoyſted are with ſturdy northern puffe,  
As fearefull Fanſyes doe theyr myndes aggryfe.

But hee ſighes not, nor combred is with care,

Whom Fortune hath bequeath'de a ſlender ſhare.

In wooden diſhe and blacke beche Bole hee ſwills,  
And heaues it not to mouth with quaking hand  
With homely fare his hungry Mawe hee fills,  
And leares not backe for feare of thoſe that ſtand

With naked ſwerdes : but Kings in goulden cup

Wyne blent with bloude (moſt dreadfull draughts) do ſup.

In dainty diſhe the poyſon bayte is layde,

And treaſon lurkes amid the ſugred wyne

At euery bit they quake, and are a frayde,

The ſwerde will fall, that hanges but by a twyne,

And euer as hee liſtes his head, and drynkes,

The rebelles Knyfe is at his throate hee thinkes.

Such flattring ioyes theſe happy worldlinges haue.

Their outwarde pomp pretendeth luſty liues.

When inwardely they drowpe, as doth the ſlaue

That pines in pangues faſt clogde in goulden giues.

Striue not in haſt, to climbe the whirling wheele,

For haſty climbers oft in haſte doe reele.

Meane dames defy both peareles and glittering ſpanges,

And goulden chaynes with rubies ryche beſet,

Nor at theyr eares doe maſſy Iewelles hange

With turky ſtones : nor pranked prowde they iet

Iu murrey gownes : nor doth the wooll they weare

Of Crymſen dye the coſtly colour beare.

Neyther in Tiffew, nor ſilken garments wrought

With needle, nor embroadred Roabes they goe :

And yet this ſtate is free from Iealous thought,

Theyr wedding is not vnto them theyr woe.

When thouſand ſtormes in Ladyes hearts doe dwell

By wedlocke breach, that breedes their noyſom hell.

Whoſe hee

## The tenth tragedie.

199

VVho so he is that shunnes the middle waye,  
Shall neuer fynd fast footing any where.  
The wilful lad that needes would haue a day,  
And wayghty charge of Fathers charyot beare :

VVhile he from wonted wayes his Iades doth iauce,  
Amonge straunge starres they pricking forward prauce,  
Enforcing them with Phœbus flames to frye,  
Whose roaming wheelles refuse the beaten rutt :  
Thus both himfelse, and all the Cristall skye  
In peril of the foulthring fyre he put.

So hawty myndes that clymbe aboue their skill,  
Do worke their owne decay, and others yll.  
While Dædalus in flying through the ayre  
Did keepe the midst betweene the skie and grounde  
He could in safe to Italy repayre,  
And gaue no gulph his name by beyng dround.

But Icarus prefumes to mount on hie,  
And stryues aboue the fethered foules to flye.  
And scornes the guyding of his fathers trayne.  
And in his flight wil coape to lofty sonne :  
Which molt his winges so downe he droppes agayne  
Into the seas, whereby his name they woone

Thus proud attemptes of hauty clyming hier  
Receiue shrewde falles to quit their fond defyre.

Let other mount aloft. let other fore,  
As happy men in great estate to fitte.  
By flattring name of Lord I set no store :  
For vnder shore my little keele shall flitt :

And from rough wyndes my sayles fayne would I kepe,

Leaft I be driuen into the daungerous deepe.  
Prowde Fortunes rage doth neuer stoupe so low  
As litle roades, but them shee ouerflyes  
And seekes amid mayne seas her force to shew  
On argosies, whose toppes, do reach the skyes

But lo, here comes our Lady Deianire,  
Straught of her wits, and ful of furious yre.

D d

The

## Hercules Oetcus.

# THE THIRD

## A C T E

Deianira, Chorus,



Las through all my quivering ioyntes  
a running feare doth rest,  
My staryng hayre standes stiffe vpright  
and in my quaking breast  
Deepe terrour dwelles, and eake my hart,  
with dread amazde doth pant,  
With swelling baynes my liner beates,  
as when the wynd doth want  
Allwagd in calmy day, and yet  
the raging Seas do rore  
Whose wrassling waues were rail'd aloft

by Southren blastes befoze.

So yet my wits be rockicate, although my feare be gone :  
Thus God turne my lesse when he meanes to clay thy unhappy one.  
Thus proud attempts bedaiht at length, Ch. Oh wretch, O carefull  
What mischief may it be wherewith thou art so sore affright. (wight,  
Dei. The thirt with Nessus bane imbrowde no soner hence was sent,  
And wretched woman that I am toth closet strayght I went.  
(My mynd mistrusts I knowe not what, and treason doth surmyse)  
And Nessus by the heate bewrayed, that raynted was the blood :  
The God forethrewed that here the force of all the treason stode :  
For by good hap the fomy glede no foggy clowde doth dim.  
But with ful power of burning beames he thynd blaſing hym.  
Scant yet I can for feeble feare vnleske my fastned lawes,  
The scorching heate doth dye away, and vp by force it drawes  
The soaked blood that beyng layed amid the tryng flame  
And boyling heate of thyning sonne did thynke befoze the same :  
Wherein the thyr was sleept, and all the royall robe imbrowde :  
I cannot shew the villany wherewith it was indewde :

For

For as the Easterne wynd doth force the winter snow to melt,  
 Or lukewarme South when in the spring fro Mimas mount they swell  
 As Lucas els that frouters on Ionian sea, a land  
 Doth breake the waue the beaten surge lies foaming on the strand  
 Or by the warnith of heauenly heat the frankinsence doth drop  
 So all the venim wastes away, and melteth euery croppes.  
 And while I wonder stil heron the wonder thynkes away  
 But with a troath it spottes the ground, and there the poppon lay,  
 It rotts the cloth: my woman boalne and sweld doth follow me,  
 And shakes her head, my sonne as one astonished I see:  
 And hying hether all in hast declare what newes ye bying.

*Hillus, Deianira, Nutrix.*



O mother goe, seeke out aloofe  
 yf place of hydyng dwell  
 Beyond the ground both goulfe and starres  
 beyond both heauen and hell,  
 Flye mother far beyond the boundes  
 of Hercules his toyle  
 Dei. A mischief great I know not what  
 within my breast doth boyle:

Hil. Unto the royall temples of dame Junoes tryumph hie  
 These will allow the sanctuary though other it denye  
 Dei. What heauy hap is it that may annoy my guiltlesse ghost  
 Hyl. Oh mother, O that diamond of the world that piller post  
 Whom fate as Ioues lieutenant heare haue placed for the nones  
 Is dead: and Nessus burning bane deuouers Hercules boanes  
 The daunter of the brutish beastes he conquering knight before  
 Is conquerd now: he mournes, he wailes, what alke ye any more  
 Dei. We wretches loue the order of our wretchednes to heare,  
 Tell me the state now of our stocke what countenance doth it beare:  
 O stock, O lilly wretches stocke now shal I be esteemed,  
 A widdow now, a cast of now, and now a beggar deend.  
 Hil. Thou dost not languish all alone for Hercules lyes dead:  
 For whom the eyes of all the world haue cause their teares to shed.  
 Count not thy fate allotted thee alone: now all our kind  
 Do howle and mourne for him whom thou bewaylest in thy minde,  
 Thou

Ed 2.



## Hercules Oeteus.

Thou suffrest grieffe, the smart wherof belonges to euery land  
Although the lower tast therof first happen to thy hande  
Thou careful captiffe dost not wayle for Hercules alone.  
D. Speake, speake, how nigh to Deathward was my deare Alcides gon?  
Hi. Death whom in his owne empyre hee had conquered befoze,  
Did thinke from him and fate durst not allow a deede so soze.  
And Clotho the perhap put out her rocke with trembling arme  
As one that hastning Hercules death, did feare to do such harme,  
O day, O dismall day, and shall euen Hercules the greate  
Passe thus to death, and silent shades and to a wooser seate  
(De. Is he thinke you already dead or may I dye befoze)  
Speake on, if yet he be not deade Hi. Eubœa that doth rise,  
With hauty crest ringes euery where, and Caphar rocke likewyse  
Deuydeth Hellespontus sea and turnes that side to south,  
Wheras it hides the hoysteous blastes of Bozeas wyndy mouth:  
Euripus bendes his wandring streame and windes in creakes about  
His croked course seuentymes and doth as often breake it out:  
While Phœbus dyench't his wepye teanie amid the Westerne waue  
(Here on a rocke aboue the reach of cloudes a temple braue)  
Of Cænæi Ioue shew bright whyle all the beastes for sacrifice  
At th'alter stood, and thzough the woode the noyle began to rise,  
Of al the herd: then of he put he matterd Lyons case,  
And likewyse did discharge him of his houg and heauy mace  
And ealde his shoulder from the burthen of his quiver light.  
Then tuckt in your attyre he shone among the people bright  
With ougly lockes, and on the alter made the fier flame  
Receyue (quoth hee) these fruits (O fyre) though fyre send the same  
And not the haruest Sithe: but let with frankinsence good stoz  
The fyre burne that far the riche Arabyan therfoze  
Doth gather out of Saba trees for Phœbus sacrifice  
The earth (quoth he) is now at peace, so be both sea and skies  
All beastes be conquered, and I am victor come agayne.  
Lay downe thy lightning leames (O Ioue) in feare thou nede not raïgn  
In middest of his prayers thus wherat I was agast,  
Hee fell to sighes and grievous groanes, and al the skyes at last  
With dreadfull cryinge lowde he fill'es Euen as the braynick bull.  
When with the are in wounde he scapes doth fil the temples full  
Of roaring noyle.  
Or as the thunder throwne from heauen doth rumble in the skyes,  
Euen so the seas and starres of heauen doth Hercules make with cryes  
Both

Both Calpe cloue, and Cyclas ple wel hard his pellyng haue,  
 Here Caphar rockes there al the woodds therof an Echo gaue.  
 Woe saw him weepe, the people thought his former franticke syttes  
 Had now agayne as earst they did bereaue him of his wittes  
 His seruants scatter then for feare, while he with flaming eyes,  
 Al staryng standes with steaming lookes among them all he pyres  
 For Lycas: him alone he doth purswe, who in his arme  
 With trembling hand the alter held and scaped al the harme,  
 By dying first for faynting feare, and while Alcydes helde  
 The quaking Carkas in his hand, thou shalt (quoth he) be queld  
 And beaten with this fist of myne, O Gods eternall raygne.  
 Wretch Lycas killeth Hercules, and hath his conqueroure slayne,  
 But is another slaughter yet: for Hercules agayne  
 Killles Lycas: thus the sacrifice of Gods with bloud they slayne,  
 With Lycas thus his labours end throwne vp to heauen they say,  
 That with his dropping bloud the cloudes he slayned all the way.  
 Euen as the pitched dart of Gete with pith doth score the skyes,  
 Or as the whirling sling of Creete doth make the pellet ryle:  
 So swift he mounted vp to heauen, but downe his body dropte,  
 And as his Carkas fel, among the rockes his necke it chopt.  
 The graue prepared for their corps (quoth Hercules) bestill,  
 I am no brainsicke franticke man, but loe this despyet ill  
 Hoze noysome is then rage or wrath, it ealeth much my will  
 To wrecke my rage vppon my selfe, his mallady he scant  
 Bewepes: but fareth frantickly: and he himselfe doth rent  
 His limmes, and rplyng them, with mighty hand a sunder teares,  
 And strives to strip him selfe of all th'apparell that he weares,  
 And onely this was it, of all the thinges that I do know,  
 That past the power of Hercules yet standes he pulling so  
 And plucketh of his limmes withall the besture doth not linne  
 To bring of lumpes of filthy flesh the shyrt stickes to the kyne  
 But what should ayle the payson ranke none knoweth what, nor whye  
 And yet there is good cause therof: now grouelyng doth he lye  
 And beates his face agaynst the ground to water now he hys,  
 But water cannot coole his heate, and now to hoze he plyes.  
 And for his succoure seekes to seas, at length his men him catch  
 Woe holding him (alas the whil't were able him to match  
 Now in a keele amid the seas we launched were aloofe,  
 And Hercules payle was hosted with a litle southerne pufte  
 My Ghost then left my careful coarke and darknesse dimid my sight

DD. 3.

Why

## Hercules Oeteus.

Why stay I wreche? why doth this dreary deepe make mee afright.  
Her coapefellow dame Iuno doth reclayme, and Ioue his sonne,  
The world must render him: then doe as much as may be donne,  
And heare my body with a sword such lower sauce is dew  
To her, whose curled captiue hand her loue so lightly flew.  
O Ioue with fier and lightning flash destroy thy wretched Peete.  
Let not thy mighty hand be armed with a slender peece.  
Let braist the bolt from skies wherewith thou wouldst Hydra burne.  
If Hercules had not bin thy sonne thereof to serue the turne  
Strike mee with vnouth pestilence, and with such weapon smite,  
As may be farre more ykelome plague then all my stepdames spite.  
Diuine forth thase deadly darteres that earst young Phaëthon ouerthrew  
When he full crancke in firy carte, about the heauens flew:  
For thus by slaying Hercules, eake Nations slaine I haue  
What neede thou Deianire of Gods a toole of death to craue.  
Now trouble not thy stepfier Ioue, thinke soone may Hercules wyfe  
To wishe for death, for to her heart her hand shall set the knyfe.  
Dispatch then quickly with the blade, yet let thy blade alone,  
For who with weapon endes their lyfe tis long ere they be gon  
I wilbe headlong hurled from a rocke as hie as skies.  
The Oeta hill this shalbe it, where first the sonne doth ryle,  
Thence will I throwe my body downe, the edge of brassen rocke  
Shal cleaue my corpe, and euery crag shall geue a broosing knock.  
My hand shall hang tozue by the way the rugged mountayne side  
Shall with the gushing bubbles of my dropping bloud be dyde  
On death were vengeaunce small, though small yet may it be delayde.  
What despyet death I should attempt it makes my heart dismayde:  
Alas, alas, that Hercules sword within my chamber sticke  
Then well were I if for to dye on that it were my lucke.  
It is inough if one right hand doe bring vs both to graue.  
Come neare, come neare yee Nations, now let all people haue  
In redinesse, both stone and fier the same to throw at mee.  
Now holde your hands, and take yee to your tooles for I am shee  
That of your succour spoiled you now cruell Kayfars may  
All vncontrolled tyrantlike, in kingdomes weilde the sway,  
Now euery mischiefe may start vp, and not rebuked bee.  
The alters now shall vp agayne that wonted were to see  
A bloudy offering like him selke in kinde that offer should.  
Thus haue I made the guilty gap to let in bloudshed bouldre  
I render you to tyrants kings, bugges, beasts, and gryfely diuells.  
By taking



By taking him away that should reuenge you of these euilles.  
 O spouse thou of the thunderer and can you yet forbear  
 Wilt thou not sling thy flames from heauen as did thy brother deare?  
 Dispatch me hence sent vp to Ioue, wilt thou not me destroy  
 The greatest prayse that thou might winne then shalt thou not enioy  
 For lusty triumph: I am she that beare the name to be  
 The daughter of the man that would in prowes coape with thee.  
 N. Why wilt thou stayne thy stocke which hath vntaynted bene before,  
 This il procedes of ygnorance although it be ful soze:  
 Hee is not gylty that committes the gylte not with his will.  
 D. Wel may hee erre of ignorance that fauoreth his ill  
 And spares himselfe: my selfe of death most worthy I do deeme.  
 N. He doth condemne himselfe to dye that needes wil gylty seeme.  
 D. Death can deceiue no one but such as innocentes may bee.  
 N. Wilt thou forsake the gloriouse sonne? D. The sonne forsakerh mee.  
 N. Wretch wil thou cast away thy life. D. Yea though it be to death,  
 I follow wil my Hercules. N. He hath both life and breath  
 D. When he perceaued him ouermatcht he hastned his decay.  
 N. Wilt thou forgoe thy sonne, and eake preuent thy dying day?  
 D. Her selfe hath liued long ynough who buryed hath her childe.  
 N. And wilt thou follow on to death thy spouse. D. yea Ladies mild  
 Before their husbands vse to dye. N. Thy selfe thou dost accuse  
 Of gylt if thou cōdemne thy selfe. D. No gylty one doth vse  
 To take reuengemente of themselves. N. But those are pardoned still  
 That do offend of ygnorance and not of peuisish wil  
 Who wil condemne the deede hee doth? D. Ech man doth seeke to shun  
 His lot when spite of frowning fate against him seemes to runne.  
 N. And he for whom thou languishest, with arrow slow his wyfe  
 Hight Megara, and did destroy his tender childrens life.  
 When as a haynsicke beast in hand he tolt his knarrye mace,  
 That squealde the snake in Lerna lake before his fathers face.  
 He played thysle the murtherer, himselfe yet he forgaue  
 And for the haynous gylt hee did when frenzy made him raue  
 He purgde himselfe in Cynips spring toward the Southerne poale  
 And in the water bath'd his hand againe to make him hoale.  
 Now whether wilt thou captiue wretch, why dost thou dam thy handes  
 D. In condemnation of these the ghost of Hercules standes,  
 I meane to plague the treachery. N. Your Hercules wel I know,  
 Perhaps he wil be heare agayne and mayster al his woe:  
 Then shall your slaked greeke vnto your Hercules geue place.

Ad 4

They



## Hercules Oeteus.

DE. They say the serpents payson doth deuourer him apace  
The payson of his wicked Wyfe his lusty lims destroyes.

NV. And think yee it to bee the serpents bane that him annoyes,  
That hee cannot escape who bare the byunt of it aloue,  
And how to pare of Hydraes heads he coulde full well contriue  
When as the victour stoode with grinning teath amid the misse,  
And all his body slauerde fowle with venomous spit and bloude,  
And shall the Centaur Nessus goare agaynst the man preuayle  
That made the pithy strength it selfe of Nessus for to quayle.

DE. In bayne yee rescue her that is of purpose set to dye  
Therefore I haue determinde with my selfe this lyfe to lye  
And long inough hee lyued hath that may with Hercules dye.

NV. I doe beseech thee humbly for this gray and hoary head,  
And for these pappes that as thy Mother haue thee nourished,  
Remoue the feruent fits that rage with'in thy boyling breast,  
And suffer not these despret thoughtes of death in thee to rest.

DE. Who woulde periwade a wretch to liue. He hath a cruell heart?  
And though that death be vnto me a great and grievous smart:  
Yet vnto other some it is an easing of their payne.

NV. O wretch excuse thy handy worke, and say at last agayne,  
Tis ignorance that did the deede, and not the willfull Wyfe.

DE. It will be quit whereas th'infernall fiendes shall stint the stryfe  
And quit my guilty ghost: my conscience doth my hands condemn.  
But Pluto Prince of glummy goulph shall purge from slaughter them:  
Before thy bankes I will appeare forgetfull Lethes Lake,  
And being then a dolefull ghost my husband will I take.

But thou that wieldst the scepter blacke of darke internall skies  
Apply thy royle: the haynous guilt that none durst enterpyle,  
This ignorance hath ouercom, Dame Iuno neuer dare  
To take away our Hercules. Thy plunging plagues prepare,

Let Sisphs stone on my neck force my stouping shoulders thynke,  
And let the fleeting liour from my gaping gums to synke,  
Hea let it mock my thyrsty throate when as I meane to drynke,  
And thou that racks Ixion King of Theffayle O thou Wheele,  
My haynous handes deserued haue thy swinging sway to feele,  
And let the greedy gripe scratch out these guts on epyther side,  
If Danaus pitchers cease: by mee the rome shalbe supplide.

Set open hell, take mee Medea as partner of thy guilt.

This hand of mine, then both of thyne more cruell bloud hath spilt  
More then thou did as in respect of mother to thy chyld.

O look-

O! loking to thy brothers ghost whole gore hath thee despyde,  
 Haue with the Lady thou of Thrace for such a cruel wyfe,  
 And the Althe that burnt the hand of Meleagers life.  
 Receyue thy daughter now, denye me not thy babe to bee:  
 Why such a one should quayle by you, some reason let vs see:  
 Ye honest matrons that enioy the grooues of holy wood  
 Agaynst me shut the heauens, or such whose handes w<sup>th</sup> husbandes blood  
 Haue bene imbrewde, if any of the fifty sisters dyre  
 Despying honest duty all that wedlocke did require:  
 But desprat dames with goary blades stood arme: in me let them  
 See and allow theyr bloudy handes that other wil condem.  
 A wil go get my selfe among the troupe of cruel wyues  
 But they wil thunne such gyly handes as shred their husbandes liues.  
 O valiant spouse, a guiltlesse ghost, but gyly handes I haue  
 Ah silly woman, woe is me, that giuen light credite haue  
 O traytor Nessus while I ment by Centaures subtil charme  
 To draw from Iole Hercules loue my selfe sustayne the harme.  
 Hence Phœbus, hence, and thou O sickring life of her that lackes  
 Per Hercules and giuest day to wretches in their wrackes.  
 This is a dismal day: to thee Small penance yeld I will  
 And life with all: my wofull fate shal I continue stil  
 Deferrynge death, O spouse that of thy hand I may be slayne,  
 And doth their any sparke of life yet in thy breast remayne?  
 O! can thy hand yet draw the bow Sarmacian shast to cast,  
 Do weapons cease, and haue thy feeble handes giuen vp at last  
 Thy bow? but if thy hardy wyfe to thee a toole may reache  
 I long to perpyth of thy hand, myne hower yet wil I stretch  
 Like gylylesse Licas mangle me disperse in other townes  
 My corpes, and hurle me to a worlde beyond the trauayles bownes.  
 Crounce mee like monster Arcadie or ought that did rebell,  
 And yet thou shalt do nought but that becommes an husband wel.  
 Hi. I pray you mother spare your selfe, forgeue your fatal lot,  
 If ye offend of ygnorance, then blame deserue yee not  
 De. If thou regard true honesty, thy wretched mother say.  
 Why trembleth thus thy feareful hand, why lokest thou away?  
 Such sinne shalbe a sacrifice why dastard dost thou feare?  
 I spoylde thy father Hercules, this hand, this hand aleare  
 Hath murdred him wherby I haue done thee a more despyte,  
 Then I did, in that my wombe did bying thee first to light.  
 If yet thou know not how to kill, then practise first on mee.

If

## Hercules Oeteus.

If as thou like within my throte thy blade shal sheathed bee  
 Or if to paunch thy mother soone thou meane to take in hand  
 To peeld her dreadlesse ghost to thee thy mother still shall stande,  
 It shall not wholly be thy deede, by thee it shall be done,  
 And caused by my wil to be. Art thou Alcides soon  
 And art affrayd? so shal thou neuer great exploit atchieue  
 For passe the worlde such feats of armes and sleighes for to contriue.  
 If any monster should be byed thy fathers courage shew,  
 And to it with vnfeareful arme, loe ouerchargde with woe  
 My breast lies bare vnto thy hand. Stryke, I thy guilt forgeue  
 The fiendes infernall for their sinne thy soule shal neuer greeue.  
 What perking noyle is this we heare what hagge here haue we fownde  
 That beares aboute her wythen looks these vgly adders wound,  
 And one her yrkome temples twayne her blackysh sinnes do wagge.  
 Why chalse ye mee with burning byandes Megera filthy hagge  
 Alcides can but vengeance aske, and that I wil him get.  
 But haue the iudges dyre of hell for yt in counsell set.  
 But of the dreadful dongeon dozes I see thynfoulding leaues  
 What auncient tier is he that on his tatted shoulder heaues  
 Th'unweildy stone that bozne toth top agayne doth downward reele  
 Or what is he that spraules his lims vpon the whirling wheele  
 To heare stood ougly Tisiphon with sterne and ghastly face,  
 And did demaunde with steaming eies the manner of the case.  
 O spare thy stryppes Megera spare, and with thy byandes away,  
 Thy offence I did was ment in loue, but whether do I sway  
 The ground doth sinke, the roofo doth cracke, whether went this raging  
 Now al the world with gasing eyes stand staring me about (route,  
 On euery side the people grudge and call for their defence.  
 Be good to me O nations whither, shall I get mee hence?  
 Death onely is my roade of rest there may my sorowes hyde  
 I do protest the fiery wheeles that Phœbus charpot guide.  
 That heare I dye and leaue the worlde, theres Hercules yet behynde.  
 Hi. Away she runnes agast: aye me, thee hath fulfylde her mynd,  
 For purposed he was to dye and now remaynes my wil  
 For to preuent her that by force her selfe she shall not kill  
 O miserable piety, if I my mother saue  
 I sin agaynst my father then, but if vnto the graue  
 I let her goe, then toward her a trespas soule there lyes.  
 And thus (alas) on eyther syde great mischiefe doth arise,

And

And needes her purpose must be stayde Ile hie and take in hand  
To stop her despret enterpyse and mischiefy to withstand.

Chorus.



*Vll true the dytty is  
That holy ORPHEVS sang,  
On Thracian harpe with sounde whereof  
the Rocks of Rodop rang,  
That nothing is creat  
For euer to endure.*

*Dame Natures byrdes each on must stoupe  
when death throwes out the lure.*

*The head wyth Crispen lockes,  
or goulden hayres full:*

*In time hath borne an hoary bush,  
or bin a naked scull.*

*And that which tract of time  
doth bring out of the grayne,*

*Olde SATVRNE sharps his Syth at length  
to reape it downe agayne.*

*Though PHOEBVS ryse at morne,  
with glistring rayes full proude,*

*Hee runnes his race, and ducketh downe  
at length in foggy Clowde.*

*Toth Gætans ORPHEVS sang  
such kinde of melody.*

*And how the gods themselues were bounde  
to lawes of destiny.*

*The God*



## Hercules Oeteus.

*The God that doth the yeare,  
By egall partes dispose,  
Howe fatall webbe in euery clyme  
are dayly spunne he showes.  
For all thinges made of moulde  
The grounde agayne will gape,  
As Hercles preacheth playne by prooffe  
that nothing can escape .  
For shortly shall ensue  
Discarge of Natures Lawe  
And out of hande the gloming daye  
of doome shall onwarde drawe  
Then all that lies within  
The scorching Libicke clyme,  
The poale antarticke of the South.  
shall ouerwhelme in tyme .  
Poale articke of the North  
Shall iumble, all that lyes  
VVithin the Axeltree , whereon,  
drye B O R E S blasfinge flies  
The shiuerynge Sunne in Heauen  
Shall leese his fadyng lighte  
The Pallace of the frames of Heauens  
shall runne to ruin quight.  
And all these blockish Gods  
Some kynd of Death shall quell,  
And in confused C H A O S blynde  
they shall for euer dwell,  
And after ruin made  
Of Goblin, Hegge ,and Elfe,  
Death shall bringe finall destenye,  
at last vppon it selfe.*

*VWhere*

*VWhere shall be then bestowede  
 The world so huge a masse,  
 The beaten hye way vnto hell  
 is like away to passe,  
 To leade vnto the Heauens  
 That shall be layed flatt :  
 The space betwene the Heauen and earth,  
 inough thinke ye is that ?  
 Or is it not to much  
 For worldly miseryes :  
 VVher may such heaps of sinnes be lodgd  
 what place aboue the skyes ?  
 Remaynes, but that the sea  
 VVith Heauen and lowest Hell,  
 Three Kingdomes cast in one are like  
 within one roofe to dwell.  
 But hark what roaring crye,  
 Thus beates my fearefull eare  
 But lo its Hercules that yelles  
 tis Hercules I heare.*

THE

# Hercules Oeteus.

## THE FOVRTH

### A C T E

*Hercules, Chorus.*

**R**etire, retire thy breathing breastes,  
O Titan blasing bright,  
Unfold thy mysty mantle blacke  
of dim and darkesome Night:  
And dash this dreary day wherin  
I Hercules must die.

With blemish black of filthy fogge defyle the grieſly ſkye:  
Preuent my ſtepdames naughty mynd. Now ſhould I haue reſignde,  
(O Father) my inheritaunce of Plutoes dungeon blynd  
Heauen frames ſhould here & there be braſt, & eyther poale ſhould crack.  
Why ſpareſt thou the ſtarres and leſt thy Hercules go to wracke?  
Now Ioue loke round aboute the heauens, and if thou can eſpye  
On gyant heaue the Theſſaill cliues agaynſt thallatted ſkye  
Unburdened be Enceladus of hugye Oſir hill,  
And hurled be on Hercules the mighty mountayne ſtill  
Prowde Pluto ſhall unbarre the gates of blacke and glummy caue  
Yet maugre all their might (o Father Ioue) I wil thee ſaue  
From fury of thy foes, and ſet thee vp agayne in ſkyes,  
Yet lo Ioue, loe, hee that on earth thy thunderdint ſupplies,  
And for to be liuetenaunt of thy houltres on earth was bozne,  
Is ſent to burning Limbo lake in tormentes to be torne  
The ſterne Enceladus agayne in ramping rage ſhal ryle  
And hurle the weighte (that now dorch croude him downe) againſt the  
Thus by my death they ſhal presume to conquer heauen all ſkies,  
But ere that day vppon my corſe compel the heauens to fall  
Breake downe, breake downe, the welkin that thou ſuffreſt to decay,  
Ch. O ſonne of thunder thumping Ioue no ſhadowes do thee fray,  
Now Oſſa mount of Theſſalie ſhal Pelion hill downe cruſh  
And Athos pilde on Pindus toppe his buſhy hed ſhall puſh  
Among the ſtarry ſkes therby aboute the craggy rockes.

*Typho.*

Typhoëus vp shal clyme, and thumpe with stoze of battryng knockes  
 Iuarmen stone in Tyrren sea from thence eake shall he beat  
 The smoaky forge of Ætna mount, that glowes with stewing heate  
 Enceladus not ouerthrowne yet with the thunder cracke  
 Shal hew the mountayne tyde in twayne, and trusse it on his backe }  
 The signes of heauen shal follow thee, and goe with thee to wracke }  
 Her. I that retuernde from denness of death, and Stigian streame despyed  
 And ferried ouer Lethes lake, and dragd vp, chaine, and tyde  
 The tryple headed mastie hownd, when Tytans teeme did start  
 So at the ougly sight that he fel almost from his cart.  
 Euen I whose pith the kingdomes thre of Gods ful wel haue knowne  
 No yet myne end I daunted am by death and ouerthrowne  
 But yet no bloudy blade agaynst my riued rybbes doth crash  
 It is no rock that vnto death my bruted bones doth path  
 Nor as it were with Osr hill that clouen were in twayne,  
 Nor with the sway of all the mountayne falling am I wayne.  
 The glaving eyed giant grym doth not now squeeze my coarse  
 With paise of Pindus rock and thus not feling ennies foze  
 I conquerd am and yet alas this coarste fets me more  
 O feeble foze of man : he whom no might could match before  
 Withouten any conquest made doth end his latter day,  
 Without exployt or feat of armes my selfe I passe away.  
 O mighty vniuers of the world and all ye Ghostes aboue  
 That witnes how in quarell good my right hand euer stroue  
 O all ye landes, O earth alas, may it your mercy please  
 To spoye the spiteful sting of death that dauntes your Hercules  
 Fy eye, what shame is it to vs what filthy fate we haue ?  
 A woman proude shall boast her bane brought Hercules to his graue  
 Then what are they whose mortall mayme Alcides weapon gaue  
 If thus with sway inuincible my fatal wheele do run  
 And neede must on this shameful rocke my fatall twist be spunne :  
 As by a womans cursed hand my blood should thus be shed  
 Yet Iunoes mallice migh haue powrd this vengeance on my head,  
 So might a womans deadly hand haue brought me to my beere :  
 But yet a woman weilding sway amid the welkin cleare  
 But this seemde ouerpowde attempt for Gods to take in hand  
 The paples dame in Scithia boyne where pight on hie doth stand  
 The Apeltree whereon the vnderpropped poales do sway.  
 It might as wel haue bene her hap to take my breath away,  
 What womans might may maister me Queene Iunoes hatefull foe  
fye



## Hercules Oeteus.

Fye stepdame fye the fowler shame by this to thee doth grow.  
 Why dost thou triumph in this day? why did dame Tellus breed  
 Such parlous bugges thy humour ranck of colour hoate to feede?  
 A mortall womans peauishe spight doth passe thy rancour rough,  
 Thou sayst thou cannot haue reuenge on Hercules inough  
 Then are wee twayne y<sup>e</sup> passe thy power the Gods may blushe for shame  
 To see their mallice ouermacht by such a mortall dame.  
 Would God the ramping Lyons pawe that noyed Neme woode,  
 Had fillde his greedy mouching Jawes with plenty of my bloude:  
 Or while the twining Snakes had hembde mee in by hundreds thick,  
 Why might not Hydra swallow vp my winched body quick?  
 Why was it not the centaures hap my silly flesh to gnawe?  
 Or that I bounde on Tantalus rocke shoulde gape with greedy Jawe?  
 In bayne to catch the fleeting foode when deepe from Tartar soyle,  
 Where at the Gods aggrized were, I did purloine the spoyle.  
 And from the darck infernall Styx I got agayne to light,  
 Of Ditis dungeon all the stops and stapes I conquerde quight,  
 Death thanke from mee in euery place that I a noble knight  
 At length might ende my dayes in shame, and in dishonour spoylede  
 Oh loue the creatures terrible thou knowst that I haue spoylede  
 The threefolde shapen mastiffe curre whom vp I draggde in chayne,  
 Hee starting from the sonnewarde coulde not hale mee back agayne.  
 The shepherdes churlishe rabble that aloofe in Iber hee  
 Under the Spanishe feruent clyme coulde neuer maister mee.  
 Nor serpents twayne that vnto mee in tender cradell creapt.  
 Aye woe is mee that valiant death so oft I ouerleapt:  
 What honour shall I dye withall? CH. Beholde how death and hell  
 Cannot appaule the verteous mynde that of deseruing well.  
 By guiltlesse conscience warrant hath the death that doth him spoyle,  
 Irkes not as thus of such an one to take this filthy spoyle.  
 If with this torment life were lost, his mynde shoulde much be easde,  
 As with vnweildy Gyauntes sway hee had his body squealde.  
 Or Titans burden with his monsters all he woulde abyde,  
 Or wishe of raging Gyants rent in pieces to haue dyde,  
 And if thy dolefull deary because that monster none is left.  
 Who may be worthy thought by whom Alcides life hee rest?  
 But thine owne hand to doe the deede. HE. Aye me and wellaway,  
 What Scorpion scrapes within my Hawe? what cralling Crab I say  
 With crooking cleaze to comber mee, from scorching zone returnes,  
 And hoat within my boyling bones the seathing Harowe burnes.  
My Riuer

My Riuer whilom ranke of bloude my rotting Lungen it iawes,  
 And teareth them in shattred gubs, and filthy withered flawes.  
 And now my Gall is dyed by my burning Lpuer glowes.  
 The stewing heate hath stillde away the bloude, and Ioue hee knowes  
 My upper skin is scorcht away and thus the Cankar stronge  
 Dorth eate an hole that get it may my wretched Limmes amonge,  
 And from my fryng Ribs (alas) my Lpuer quite is rent.  
 It gnawes my flesh, deuowers all, my Carkas quite is spent,  
 It soakes into the empty bones, and out the iuyce it suckes  
 The bones by lumps drop of while it the ioyntes a sunder pluckes  
 My corpulent Carkas is confumde of Hercules euery lim  
 Yet stauncher not the festring rot that feedeth fast on him  
 O what a tingling ache it is that makes mee thus to smart,  
 O bitter plague, O pestilence that gripeth to the heart.  
 Loe Cities, loe what now remaines of Hercules the great.  
 Are these the armes that did with stripes the roaring Lyon beate ?  
 And in Nemea wood did teare him from his hary case  
 Might this hand bend y<sup>e</sup> bow from cloudes the Stimphall foule to chase ?  
 Are these the shankes that coapt the heart who shifring pace full oft ?  
 Did heare his hzaunched head ypranckt with garland gay aloft ?  
 Was Calpe craggy cliue of these my feeble clowches boake ?  
 To rayle a dam in seas that did their foamy channell choake.  
 Had these armes pith the bzeath of Kings, of Beastes, and bugs to stop ?  
 Or might these shoulders tough the payle of heauen underprop ?  
 Are these the lusty Limms and Neck that shrank not at the payle ?  
 Are these the hands that I agaynst the weltring heauens did rayle ?  
 Alas whose handes shall now perforce from hence hell Jaylor leade ?  
 Alas the noble courage earst that now in mee is deade.  
 Why call I Ioue my ffather great of whom my stock should ryse ?  
 Why by the Thunderer make I my challenge to the skyes ?  
 Now, now Ampitrio is my fier all men may it auouch.  
 Come out thou murreyn fowle that dost within my bowells couch.  
 Why dost thou thus with priuy wound my carefull Carkas fowle ?  
 What gulph vnder the frozen Clyme in saluage Scithian soyle  
 Engendred thee ? what water Hag did spawne thee on the shore ?  
 O stony Calpe Rock in Spayne that horders on the Moare :  
 O yrkstone ill, and art thou not the Serpent that dorth sting  
 With crest on ougly head, or els some other lothly thing,  
 Or sponge of Hydraës bloude, or left heere by the hellick hound.  
 Art thou no plague ? and yet a plague in whom all plagues abound ?  
 Ce.  
 What gaff-

## Hercules Oetæus.

What gastly countnaunce cariest thou (alas) yet let me know?  
What kinde of mischiefe may thou be that dost torment mee so?  
What saluage soze, or murreyn straunge, or vncouth plague thou bee?  
With open combat face to face thou should encounter mee.  
And not thus ranckle in my flesh, nor soake into the sap,  
By sowltring heate within my bones thy boyling bane to wrap,  
And in the mid thereof to fry the Haroe that doth melt.  
My sagged skin is ript, and out my smoaky Bowells swell.  
From bursten Haunch my selfe doe flea the skin with grasping pawse,  
And from the naked boanes doe teare the mangled flesh by flawes,  
I searched for thee through my Hatwe, yet further dost thou creepe,  
And festring farther in my flesh hast gnawne an hole more deepe.  
O mischiefe match to Hercules, what grieve coulde make mee greeke?  
Whence flow these streames of trilling teares y<sup>e</sup> down my cheekes do fleete  
The time hath bin no plunging pangues could cause our courage quaille,  
That neuer vie with cristall teares our anguish to bewaile.  
Ah, fy, I am affaunde that I should learne these teares to shed:  
That Hercules in weeping wise his grieve hath languished:  
Who euer saw at any day in any time or place?  
All bitter byunts I have with dy, and eake vnceky face  
The manhoode that so many illz hath maistred heretofore,  
Hath peelded onely vnto thee, to thee thou Tankar soze,  
Thou first of all hast straynde the teares out of my weeping eyes  
Thy gargle face thy vilage wan that doth mee soze aggrife.  
More towgh then mossy Rockes, more hard then Gads of sturdy Steele,  
Or foaming streame of Simplegade, whereby this smart I feele  
Hath crucht my cracking Jawes, & wronge the streaming teares frō me.  
O weilder of the Welkin swifte, loe, loe the Earth doth see  
How Hercules doth weepe and wayle, and to my greater payne  
My Stepdame Iuno sees the same, beholde, beholde agayne  
My Lunges doe fry, the scorching heate preuayleth more, and more.  
Whence fell this thunder Boulte on mee that burnes in mee so soze?  
C. Who stouperth not whē grieve doth gal? more tough thē Aem of Thrace  
Whas whilom hawty Hercules, and did no more gieuē place  
Then doth the marble arelltree, his Limbs hee now doth peelde  
To paynefull pangues: and on his peck his aking heade doth weilde,  
And tolling still from side to side, hee bendes with hugy sway,  
And oft his noble heart doth force his trilling teares to stay.

Hercules.



# The tenth tragedie.

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Hercules. Alcmena.



Father w<sup>th</sup> thy heauenly Eyes,  
Beholde my wretched plight,  
For neuer HERCVLES till now  
did craue thy hande of might,  
Not when as Hydraës fructfull heads  
about my Lyns were wounde,  
Nor when I lockt in Lakes alow  
fought with th'inferdall hownde,

These hideous fiends I toyld, with kings, & tyrants proude likewise.  
Yet in these byples I neuer lookt for succour to the skyes.  
This hand did still auouch the bowe, no thunder for my sake  
Did glitter in the holy heauens, this day hath bid mee make  
Some suite to thee, and of my boones yet heeres the first and last,  
One onely Thunder bout I craue at mee O Ioue to cast.  
Count mee a Giaunt of my selfe, I can no lesse deuise,  
While Ioue I thought of promise true, I spaarde the starry skies.  
Bee thou eyther a cruell fier, or pity if thou haue,  
Yet lend thy sonne thy help, and get the glory of my graue:  
Preuenting this my dreary death, of this if thou doe tkozne,  
Or that thy hand abhorre the guilt, from Sicill cliue suborne  
The soultring Giaunts that in hand high Pindus mount can weilde,  
Or Ossa that it hurld on mee I may therewith bequeilde,  
Blast vp hell Gates, and let Bellone scourge mee with Iron rod,  
And let in armes encounter mee the mighy Martiall God,  
My brother I acknowledge him but by my stepdames side,  
And Pallas thou my sister eake, let at thy brother side  
A thirling Darte. O stepdame myne with humble suite I craue  
A wounde of thee that womans hand may bring mee to my graue:  
Why dost thou feede the fury now as one whole wrath were ende  
And satified? what seeke yee moze? I stoupe, I yeelde, I vende.  
Thou seest Alcides humbly layde, where as vnto this day  
That euer I entreated thee, no Land, no Beast can say,  
Now doe I neede thy deadly wrath to rid mee of my payne,  
And now thy rankour is appealde, thy hate is quencht agayne,  
And thus thou sparest mee my life, when as I wishe to dye:  
O Earth will none make mee the fier wherein my bones may fry?  
Nor reach a blade to Hercules, conuay yee all from mee?  
So let no country Monsters breede when I shall buried be,

Et 2.

And let



## Hercules Oetæus.

And let none wayle the losse of mee if monsters more aryse,  
God send another Hercules to succour Earth and Skyes.  
But as for mee on euery side ding out my brooked brayne,  
And crash with sturdy stroke of stones my curled Scull in twayne  
And rid my torments: wilt thou not? O worlde to mee vnkynde,  
And are so soone our benefits forgotten in thy mynde.  
Cen to this hower with bugs and beasts thou had bin ouer layde  
Had not I bin: good people cause his torments to bestayde  
That succored you: time giues you leaue to recompence my payne,  
If yee with death will guerden mee, I aske none other gayne.  
AL. Where shall I wretched mother of Alcides wishe to bee?  
Where is my chylde? where is my sonne? If sight deceaue not mee  
With gasping mouth, and panting heart lye where hee sprawling lyes.  
Where as (alas) in raging heate of boyling sits hee fyes,  
Hee groues, all is dispatch, deare childe let mee Alcides myne  
Embrace thy pining lims: with kisse enfold me my armes in thine  
Where are the lims? where is the neck that bare the skies alone?  
What thus hath mangled thee that all thy corps is waste and gone?  
HE. I am your Hercules mother deare, whom thus yee see here lost,  
Acknowledge mee all though God knowes I seeme but as a ghost.  
Why doe you turne your face away and mourning visage mylde.  
Are yee ashamde that Hercules should counted bee your chylde?  
AL. What world hath bred this vncooth bug? what land engendred it?  
Or els what monstrous mischiese may on thee triumphing sit?  
Who ist that conquers Hercules? HE. By treason of his Wyfe  
Thou seest how wretched Hercules do leese his lothed Lyfe.  
AL. To ouerthrow my Hercules, what treason hath the might?  
HE. That which a wrathfull Dame dorch seeke to ease her of her spight.  
AL. How hath this pestilence gotten to thy Limbs and bleeding bones?  
HE. Into a Shryt the woman had conuayde it for the nonce.  
AL. Where is the Shryt for nothing but thy naked corps I see?  
HE. The besture by the poyson ranke deuowred is with mee.  
AL. And can such poyson be contriued? HE. I thinke within my guts,  
That hideous Hydra hissing Snake his slowghy body puts,  
A thousand plagues of Lerna Poole within my Bowelles rampes:  
What raging heate is this that dries vp all Sicilia dampes?  
What Clime of Hell forbids the day to passe the boyling zone?  
O Hates amid the greedy gulphes and pooles let me be throwne.  
What Ister can my Carkas coole? no not the Ocean mayne  
Of these my stewing vapours may the raging quench agayne?  
All moy=

(Al mayfure of my limmes in thefe my fits are cryde away)  
 The fuyce wil fone be soaked vp, what prefident of hel  
 Let me returne from vnder grounde agayne with Ioue to dwell  
 He ought to haue retaynd me ftill, receiue me once agayne  
 Into thy dungeon darke that hel may in this pickle playne  
 Behold the man that conquerd yt, no bootp bringe I will  
 Away with me: why doft thou quake for feare of Hercules ftill.  
 Set on me death coragiously for now I may be kilde  
 A. Now ftint thy tender tears that down thy cheekes fo long haue trild,  
 And mayfter this thy mallady compell thy foyrowes ftoupe.  
 And fheue that in thefe plunging panges Alcides did not droupe,  
 And as it hath bene earft thy gyfte force death and hel to thynke.  
 Her. If ougly grefted Caucasus. In chayne of yrons linke  
 Should bynd me as agroning pray the greedy grype to feede  
 Yet from myne eyes it fhould not ftayne a broke teare indeede  
 If wandring Symplegads would me with eyther rocke affaile,  
 To hyde the hunt of double wracke my courage would not quayle.  
 Let Pindus tumbled be on me, houghe Aemus let me haue  
 Or Athos rocke in Thracian feaſ that breakes the weltring waue,  
 And hode the bouldes of thondring Ioue although thunweildy maile  
 Of all the world fhould fal on me: and might be brought to paſſe  
 That Phœbus flaming apeltree fhould burne vppon my graue  
 No vncourth crye fhould force the mynd of Hercules thus to rane.  
 Let meete a thouſand ſauage beaſtes and rent me al at once  
 Let Symphal ſoules with howling hoarſe lay ſtrokes vppon my bones  
 Or ſcrawling hul on thother fyde ſtrike on with head and horne  
 Or els of other ſerpentes wilde let al my partes be torne  
 With roving earthquakes, hougpy lumpes be puffd vppon me  
 With griping greeke let all my limmes to nothing pynd bee  
 Although I be to pouder cruſht I wil with patience peace  
 In ſpite of beaſtes or buſing blowes my ſighes and teares ſhal ſeaſe  
 Alc. It is not ſonne the womans bane that in thy bones doth boile  
 But ceftring teares and brydſing knockes of thy continual toyle  
 The wrinches old with aking panges begin to ſmart anew.  
 HE O where is death where is hee now? of all that I do reu:  
 Can any witnes what it is? let death now bend his bow  
 A naked hand is ſtronge ynough to make mee ſtompe ful low  
 Let any wight in al the worlde attempt to ſet on mee  
 I warrant him, approch let him, Ah wretched might I bee

Ee 3.

This

## Hercules Oetæus.

This wayward agony hath take his perfit wits away.  
 Haue hence his tooles, and eake his shafres for daunger hence conuay.  
 His ruddy gills that glow like fier some mischiefe doe pretend.  
 To throwde my selfe (alas) into what corner shall I wend?  
 This mallady a frensy is, this onely is the meane  
 To conquer Hercules, why then doe I as doting queane  
 Thus fall to teares and seeke to thynke, may bee that hee will haue,  
 Alcmenas hand to giue the stroke, to bring him to the graue.  
 But dye he in a Hurreyne name, ere I for cowarde will  
 Such deadly penaunce bee enjoynde, that on my doings still.  
 His haynous hand may vaunt it selfe, loe how the pangues full deepe,  
 With struggling ceast, doe binde the purple baynes with deadly sleepe.  
 And heaving soze lift vp and downe his faynt and panting breast:  
 If I O Gods of this my noble Childe bee dispoest:  
 Be gracious yet, and for the worlde some lusty champion saue.  
 Rid his annoy and let his limmes agayne theyr courage haue.

Hyllus. Alcmena. Hercules.



Dismall day, O anguiste, O  
 the heaper vp of ill.  
 Ioues Sonne is slayne, his Daughter dyes,  
 his Nephew lyueth still.  
 First by the Stepdames treason, is  
 the Sonne to ruin brought.  
 The Daughter likewise trapt in traynes,  
 and thereby come to nought.

What hoary head in chaunge of tunes, or teanour of his age  
 Hath seene, that Fortunes frowning Face hath sturd such stozmy rage.  
 One dolefull day bereaueth mee (alas) of parents twayne.  
 But least I speake to spite the Gods, I will somewhat refrayne. }  
 I lost a Father, Hercules this onely I complayne.  
 AL. O noble Impe of Hercules, (alas) my Nephew deare,  
 That dost of wretched Alcmenas Sonne the liuely feature beare.  
 Refrayne my chylde thy wayling woordes, this quiet sleepe perhap  
 Will ouercome these plunging fits. But loe / loe in my lap.  
 Hee doth begin to striue agayne, his fits begin a fresh.  
 Sleepe giueing vp the feeble ghost to ranckle in the flesh.

HE. What

HE. What meaneth Thrachin craggy crest to shew before myne eyes?  
 O now forlaking man am I aduaunst aboute the skies.  
 Why do the heauens proude for me? the father Ioue I see,  
 And eake my stepdame Iuno dire appealed now with me.  
 What heauenly harmony is this that soundeth in myne eare.  
 Dame Iuno calles me sonne in law, I se the pallace cleare  
 (Of christal skies and beaten rakes of Phœbus flaming wheele)  
 I see the dumpish moary denne of glowming lady night  
 Here he commaundeth darknes dini to shew it self in sight.  
 What meaneth this, who is it that the heauens agaynst me sparres?  
 And am I thus O father myne brought downe againe from scarres?  
 Euen now Appolloës sowltring car did fume about my face  
 So nie I past the pinch of Death, lo Thrachin top in place  
 Who brought me backe to ground agayne, beneath me earst it lay  
 And al the world was vnder me, thou smart wert worne away,  
 Thou forcest me confesse the same. Ah mercy, mercy now.  
 In stead of farther vengeance do these humble wordes allow.  
 Lo Hillus, lo thy mothers giftes such presentes thee preparte  
 Ah, might my trunchion punch her puddinges once as whilom farde  
 The haughty Ladye Amazon wel trounsed for her pride  
 On thedge of pely Caucasus afront the mountayne syde.  
 O noble lady Megara were thou my wretched wyfe,  
 When rapt in rage of franticke fittes, I rest thee of thy life  
 Geue me my batt and bow in hand, my wrelkes I wil imbzew.  
 And force ye all your brages on me with blemish blacke to rue.  
 Thus let of Hercules exployts a woman be the last,  
 Hi. Forbeare O Syre thy hateful threates, she hath it, all is past.  
 The vengeance that ye leke on her already hath her spedd.  
 With wound receiued at your hand my mother lieth dead  
 (Her. O blynded anguish: dye she should of Hercules furious hand)  
 Thus Licas hath his marrow lost the heate of burning brest  
 Wil haue me on the breathlesse coarise for to reuenge the rest  
 Why doth thee not yet fele her force both let her want a graue  
 And on her curled flesh to feede let beastes her carkasse haue.  
 Hil. The silly woman was more woe then ye that bide the smart.  
 We wil releale some part hereof for pittie in your hart.  
 For greeke of you with her owne hande, alas her selfe she slew  
 Thus more then ye do aske of her, she doth her doying rewe



## Hercules Oetaeus.

Yet is it not your *Ulyses* misdeede that brought you to this plight.  
 No nor my mothers traytrous hand hath wrought this deepe deceit.  
 This treason *Nessus* did contraine whom yee did pay his hire,  
 With arrow shot into his Ribs for rape of *Deianire*.  
 Thus farther with the *Centaur*s blood your thyrst was sore embzowde.  
 At *Nessus* hand the vengeaunce of your deede thus haue yee reuolde.  
 HE. Hee hath his will: all is dispatch, our fates themselues display.  
 This is the day of death to mee. Thus earst to mee did say,  
 A charmed Oake, and all the wood that range with yetting noyse  
 Of *Parnass* hill the *Temples* shooke, and thundred out this voyce.  
 The dead mans hand whom thou before hast slayne,  
 O *Hercules* shall murther thee agayne.  
 Thou hauing mot the space of gulph and grounde,  
 And deapth of hell, heare shall thou bee confounde.  
 I therefore doe bewayle no more, such should our ending bee.  
 That *Hercles* conquerde after him no man aliue may see.  
 Now let mee dye a manly death, a stout and excellent,  
 And meete for mee: this noble day shall valiantly bee spent.  
 Fell all the *Timber* on the grounde hew down all *OETA* wood.  
 Let coales deuour *Hercules*, let fyre fry his bloud.  
 But ere I dye thou noble *Junpe* of *Pæans* royall race.  
 This dolefull duery doe for mee: See that an whole day space,  
 My funerall fier flaming burne. And now my tender Hill,  
 The last petition of my mouth make vnto thee I will.  
 Among the captiue Ladies, one there is, a noble Dame,  
 Of royall bloud, *Euritus* Chylde, *Iole* is her name:  
 Accept her to thy spousall Bed, whom victour I vnkinde  
 Haue trayned from her native home and but my heart, and mynde  
 Poore silly mayde I gaue her nought, and now thee shall mee lose.  
 Doe thus the wretched woman wailes her still encreasing woes.  
 But let her foster that she hath conceaued as *Ioues* ally,  
 And childe to mee: bee't thyne by her that earst begot haue I:  
 And as for thee deare mother myne your dreary dole forgoe,  
 Your *Hercules* shall liue: doe not bayne teares on him bestowe:  
 My manhoode made a strumpet thought a *Stepdane* vnto thee,  
 But if that eyrther *Hercles* byrth shewe her vnure to bee,  
 Or be a man my fier or els be falsified my kin.  
 Now let *Ioues* iugling cease, and let my mothers slander lin,  
 I haue deserued a father well that haue aduaint so hye  
 The glory of the rolling heauens, of nature framde was I.

To worke

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To worke the wondrous prayse of Ioue, and Ioue him selfe doth Joy,  
To haire the name of Hercules, begetting such a boy.

But pardon now my strayned teares, but you as Ioue his niece.

Shall as a stately matrone bee among the Dames of Greece.

Though Iuno with the thunderer in spousall chamber lyes

And in her heauenly hand doth weilde the scepter of the skies,

When euer bare thee such a Babe, and yet though heauen she should

In heart agaynst a mortall man the fosters mallice oulde,

For spighte that bozne of womans womb becounted thus I should.

Goe Titan goe, run out thy Race, thee onely I forsake.

I that went with thee foote by foote nowe to thy infernall lake,

And Ghostes, I go yet with this prayse to thy pit down will I passe

That Hercules of open foe yet neuer foyled was.

But hee in open combats brought his conquests all to passe.

## Chorus.

O Titan crownd with blasing bush whose morning moistures make

The Moone her foamy bridell from her tyed teame to take.

Declare to thy Easterlinges whereas the ruddy moone doth ryle.

Declare unto the Irishmen aloofe at western Skies.

Make knowne vnto the Moores annoyed by flaming arentree.

Those that with the ply Wayne of Archas pestred bee.

Display to these that Hercules to thy eternall ghostes is gone

And to the hawling mastiffes den from whence returneth none.

With dusky dampe of filthy fog O Titan choake thy blaze,

With lowring light of wanny Globe on wofull wordlings gaze,

And let thy head bee muffled by with cloudes and darknesse dim.

For Hercules sake, when shall thou finde, or where the like to him?

(O wretched world to whom wilt thou henceforth thy woes complaine,)

If any scattring pestilence on earth shall be renewed,

By venom ranck, from popson mouth of scaly Dragon spewde:

If any Boze of Arcadie shall comber all a wood,

And reare the trauelers flesh with tuske embrewed in goary blood:

If any champion rough of Thrace with heart more hard in breast,

Then are the ply rockes, where as the frozen Beare doth rest,

Shall trample thycke his stables fowle with bloud of slaughterd men,

When people quake for feare of warre, who shall assist them then?

If wryth.

## Hercules Oetæus.

If wrathfull Gods for vengeance will some monsters to be bread?  
 Loe nowe enfebled all of force his Rarkasse lyeth dead,  
 Whom Natures mould had made a match to thūding Ioue in strength.  
 Hale out (alas) and let your playnt be hearde to townes at length.  
 Let women beat their naked armes, and wryng their trembling handes,  
 Untrusse their hayre, and from theyr locks pluck of their binding bands.  
 Boulte vp, and lock the Temple gates of Gods, and oape bee none,  
 But despyet Iunoes Chapple doares. O Hercules thou art gone  
 To Lethes lake, and streame of Stix, from whence no Keele agayne  
 Shall bring thee backe: O silly soule thou goest to remayne  
 Among the grisely goblins grymme: from whence thou whilom came  
 With triumph sooner daunted death, and conquest of the same.  
 With gastly face, and karrayne armes, and neck that yeeldes to waight,  
 Thy ghost retournes, but Carons boate then shall not haue her fraight,  
 As balaced with thy onely payse, and yet shalt thou not hyde  
 Among the rascall spites, but sit on bench by Eacus side,  
 And with the Iudges wayne of Creete as Umpier there to bee,  
 Appoynting paynes to soules that maye to their desartes agree.  
 Fro slaughter hold your guiltlesse hands, hath not your blades in bloud.  
 See states, that beare high sayle on earth, and floate in worldly good:  
 It merits prayse a mayden sword vndipt in goare to beare,  
 And while thou rayne, to keepe thy realme from cruell doings cleare.  
 But vertue hath a pyuiledge to passe vnto the skies.  
 To th top of frosen Apell tree O Hercules wilt thou ryle?  
 Or where the sunne with scorching blaze his burning beames doth rest?  
 Or wilt thou bee a shyning starre amid the lukewarne west?  
 Where Calpe Rocke is heard with roaring noyse of wastling waue?  
 What place amid the azur skye intendest thou to haue?  
 What place shall be in all the heauens from hurley burley free?  
 When Hercules amid the starres shall entertayned bee?  
 Let Ioue appoynt thy hyding from the ougly Lion farre,  
 And burning Crab: least thou with gryfely countnaunce do the skarre.  
 And make the trembling starres in heauen for feare to breake aray  
 And Titanquake: while spring doth prank with flowers y<sup>r</sup> tender spray,  
 Then hasty winter strip the trees of all their braunches greene.  
 Or sudden Summer deckt with leaues in busshy woods be scene.  
 And from the trees the Apples fall, the haruest being doone:  
 No age on earth shall wipe away the fame that thou hast woone.  
 As farre as Sun, or Stars can thyne, thy glorious name shall goe.  
 Amid the botome of the Sea first Cozne shall sprout, and grow,  
And brac-

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And brackish Seas his waters salt to water fresh shall chaunge :  
 And fixed starre of ply beare from Cline to Clyme shall raunge,  
 And sink into the frozen poole agaynst his kindly way,  
 Ere people cease the honour of thy triumphes to display :  
 O soueraygne Ioue wee wretched wightes this boone of thee doe craue,  
 No monstrous beastes, no noysome plagues, hereafter let vs haue :  
 With bloudy champions let the earth encombrd bee no more :  
 Cast downe the hauty sway of Courtes : if ought annoyaunce soze  
 Shall cloy the earth, a champion to bee our thyld we caue,  
 Whom as an honour of the Crowne his ruefull realme may haue.  
 (That stil will keepe his swerd from being taint with guiltlesse bloud.)  
 But loe what meanes this rumbling noyse ? loe Hercules her doth grone,  
 And sigheth for his sonne : is it the Gods that wayle, and mone.  
 O is it Iunoes fearefull thike, whom Hercules doth aggrise,  
 That seeing him for feare thee roares, and runneth from the skyes.  
 O els did Atlas saltring feete with feeble flurring stumble ?  
 And thinking from his tottring waight thus force the Gods to rumble ?  
 O feared he the wauling ghostes, the which to feare he draue ?  
 O Cerberus brast his gingling Chaynes with buckling in his caue.  
 It is not so : but loe where Philoctetes doth appeare,  
 And Hercules famous shaftes to him bequeathed doth hee beare.

THE



# Hercules Oetæus.

## THE FIFT

### A C T E.

Nutrix. Philoctetes.



If Hercules most heauy haps  
Good youngman make repoyte  
How did hee beare it at his deatch?

PH. In such a chearefull sort  
As no man liues. NV. And could he with  
So sweete and merry looke,  
The scorching panges and tormentes of  
his ending fier brooke?

PH. That there was any heate at all his face did not bewray,  
Who proude that power might force al things to stoupe and to obay,  
That vnder sonne vntained be. NV. Where did the noble knight,  
Among the wrastling waues of sea display his matchlesse might:

PH. That mischiefe witch all only yet the worlde knew not before,  
Euen fier hath bin conquered as beastes and monsters more.  
Among the toples of Hercules the fier is crept in.

NV. Declare vs how the flaming force of fier coulde hee win.

PH. As soone as hee with smarting hand the Oeta hill had grypte,  
And forthwith from y<sup>e</sup> braunched Beeche y<sup>e</sup> thinking shade was wipte:  
And felled from the stump it lyes, a Pyne tree hard hee bendes,  
That crakes the clowdes, & down from skyes his hawty head he sendes  
The Rocke did totter ready for to reele, and with the way  
It tumblerly downe, a little groue withall it beares away.

A spreading Oake of Chaon big, whose leaues did euer rust,  
And dimde the sunne, and did beyonde the woode his braunches push.  
It being hewde doth crack, and eake in twayne the wedges knappes:  
The Steele startes back and thus the toole of Iron bides the rappes,  
And flies out of the Logge, at length at rooze it shogde and shooke,  
And falling downe full lythily the ouerthrow it tooke.

Forthwith the place lost all his light the byrds scaard fro their nest  
Doe loare about the cropped wood, and holes wherein to rest.  
And chirping with their weary winges about the plot they flicker  
In euery tree the ringing strokes were multiplied thicker.

The holy

# The tenth tragedy

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The holy Dakes in hugy hand the Iron Axe did feele.  
 No timber on the fallen stocks might scape the heaving Steele,  
 Thus all the wood vpon a pile is heapt, and one by one  
 The Logges are layde as hygh as heauen that Hercules thereon  
 Might haue a narrow roome: his burning bones for to bestow.  
 On Pynetree top, and towghest Dake the fier begins to glowe.  
 And on the stumped willowe flainth, and thus the Forrest wyde  
 Doth make the Kill: the Popler wood all Hercules blocks doth hyde.  
 But as the puissaunt Lyon when his firs doe bere him soze,  
 Lies wallowing on his back, and through the Forrest lowde doth roze.  
 So fareth hee, who woulde haue thought hee had to burning gon?  
 As one that climbs to heauen, not fier, he was to looke vpon  
 When bp he slept on Oeta mount and gazed on his Kill.  
 Being layde aloft he brake the blocke, so heauy was hee still.  
 The thyues yet coulde not beare his wayght he calling for his howe }  
 Did say to mee, haue Philockter, on thee I it bestow, }  
 This same is it that Hydra with his swarming heads did know. }  
 This did fetch downe the stimpall foules, and all that wee haue daunt,  
 Goe thou with this let victorie, and happinesse thee haunt,  
 For neuer shall thou shute agaynst thy foes with these but speede.  
 If at a byrde amid the clowdes thou aame thee dies indeede.  
 These certayne shaftes shall bring thy marke down from the azur sky,  
 Thys howe shall not deceaue thy hand, full oft I did it try,  
 And made it meete to beare a shaft, and cast his leauell dew.  
 Thyne arrowes shall not faile thyne aame if that thou nock them trew,  
 I aske but only this of thee, put fier to the Stack,  
 Bestow on mee my funerall flame to byng me to my wrack.  
 This knarry Club (quoth hee) the which no hand shall euer tolle  
 Shall onely with his Hercules in fier goe to losse,  
 This also (quoth hee) shouldst thou haue if thou could weild the same,  
 Beside his maister let it lye to help towarde the flame,  
 And then beside him down hee layes the Lyons hary skin  
 To burne with him: the shaggy case hid all the pyle within.  
 The people sobde, and none there was but sorrowe straynde his teares.  
 The mother mad for egar grieve her breast all bare shee beares,  
 And naked downe roth Nauill steade displays her tender teates,  
 And languishing with winged hands her naked dugges shee beates  
 And cryeth out vpon the Gods on Ioue himselke shee calles,  
 Her shynking rang through all ths place so womanlike shee galles.  
 Wee still

## Hercules Oetæus.

Be still (quoth hee) good mother: force your showres of teares to cease.  
 Your dreary dole disgraceth much the death of Hercules.  
 Waile secretly vnto your selfe: why make ye Iuno glad,  
 To see that you a weeping day with store of teares haue had?  
 (It doth her good to see her bawdes, to stand with weeping eyes.)  
 Forbeare, forbeare your malady, tis deadly sinne for yee,  
 To teare the teates, and rent the wombe, that first did foster me.  
 And as he blustred giuing gruntes, when earst he led in chayne  
 The hownd aboute the townes of Grece what tyme he came agayne  
 Tryumphing ouer conquerd hel despying Plutoes might,  
 And dreadfull destiny: so on the fyre he lay vpight.  
 What conquerour euer sat in coach with such a cherefull grace?  
 What tyrant did controll his folke by law with such a face?  
 Now huiht was al thing at his deatly: himselfe he could not weepe  
 And also we had cleane forgot the wound of sorowes deepe  
 None doth lament him at his death now were it shame to waile:  
 Alcmen (whom nature ought to moue) her teares now do her waile.  
 And thus as yll as was the sonne the mother stode almost.  
 N. But at his burning did hee not call on the heauenly host,  
 Remembryng Ioue to heare his suite. Ph. As on in depe dispayre  
 He lay, and starvng vp so rould his eyes into the ayre  
 To spye if Ioue lookt downe to him from any turret hye.  
 Then with his handes displayd to heauen (quoth he) where so thou lye,  
 And lokest downe to see thy sonne, this same, this same is hee,  
 Whom one day eeked with a night engendred hath to thee  
 If East and West, if Scythia, and euery burning plot,  
 That parched is with glowing glede of Phoebus fier hot  
 Doth sing my prayle? and if the earth ful satiffyde with peace  
 If languishing and wayling woords in euery towne doe cease.  
 If none their alters do imbrew with any guiltles gore,  
 Then Ioue let my vncaged spirite haue heauen for euermore.  
 As for thinferrall denness of death they do not me detarre?  
 For scouling Plutoes dungeon darck, but Ioue I do abhorre.  
 Vnto those gasty Goblins as a silly shade to goe,  
 Sith I am he whose conquering hand gaue them their ouerthrowe.  
 Withdraw these foggy cloudes of night, display the glimtyng light  
 That Hercules boyld with flying flammes the Gods may haue in sight  
 And if thou do denye (O fyre) the starres and heauen to mee  
 To geue me them agaynst thy will thou shalt constraind bee,  
 If glutting grieve do stop thy speech, the Stygian goulphes set oape,  
 And let mee dye, but first declare within the heauenly coape,

That

That thou acceptst me as thy soone: this day it shal be wrought,  
 That to bee rayld aloft to starres, I may be worthy thought.  
 Thou hast doone little for me yet: it may be doubted well  
 Whether Ioue did first beget his sonne, or damnd him first to hell.  
 And (quoth he) let my stepdame see, how wel I can abyde  
 The scorching heate of burning brandes: for eyer then he cride,  
 And sayth to me O Philoſtet in haſt vppon me throw  
 The burning logges, why quakeſt thou? doſt daſtard thow forſlow,  
 For feare to this wicked deede? O coward, peaſant ſlaue,  
 Thou art to weake to bende my bow, bnnieete my ſhaftes to haue  
 What ayleſt thou to loke ſo pale? and as thou ſeeſt mee lye  
 With cherefull looke couragiouſly do thou the fier plye.  
 Behold me wretch that byrple and burne my father opes the Skyes  
 And vnto me ſonne Hercules come, come away he cryes.  
 O father Ioue (quoth he) I come: with that I wared pale  
 And toward him a burning beame with might and mayne I hale:  
 But backe from him the billets flye and tumbling out they leape,  
 And from the limmes of Hercules downe fallerth all the heape.  
 But he encrocherth on the fyre as it from him doth ſhrinke.  
 That many mountaynes whole were ſet on eyer a man would thinke  
 No noyle was hard, and all was huſht, but that the fyre did hiſſe  
 In Hercules glowing paunch when as his liuer burning is.  
 If boyſteous gyant Typhus had amid this fire bene throwne,  
 Theſe torments would haue ſtraind his teares & forſt him ſigh & grone.  
 O tough Euceladus that toſt a mountayne on his backe.  
 But Hercules liſted vp himſelfe amid his fyres all blacke.  
 With ſmoake beſineard his corps halfe burnt in ſuiuers, gubs & ſlawes,  
 And downe the throate his galping breath & flames at once he drawes  
 Then to Alcmen he turnd himſelfe: O mother myne (quoth hee)  
 Should ye ſo ſtand at Hercules death? ſhould you thus wayle for me?  
 And thus betwene the fire and ſmoke, vpright and ſtiſſe he ſtandes.  
 And nexther ſcoupes nor leanes awrye, but moues and ſtirſ his hands,  
 With al his liuely geſtures ſtill, and thus he dorth perſwade.  
 His mother leaue the languſhing, and mourning that ſhe made.  
 And did encourage all his men t'encreaſe the fyre than  
 As though he were not burning, but would burne ſome other man.  
 The people ſtoode aſtoniſhed, and ſcant they would beleue  
 That fire had any force on him, or that it did him greeue.  
 Becauſe his chereful looke had ſuch a maieſty and grace,  
 And neuer wilde vs meue the fyre that he might burne apace,

And



## Hercules Oetæus.

(And now when as he thought, he had endured pangues ynough,) And stoutly bode the brunt of death, the blocks hee doth remoue, That smothering lay, to make the burne: then downward doth he shoue And where the skewing heate did chiefly scorch, and burne most hot, That way he thrusts his frying linis, and therher hath hee got. (With steaming countnaunce vnnapaulde his mouth now doth he fill) With burning coales, his comely Bearde the blaze about his cheekes: And now when as the sparkling fier vnto his visage seekes, The flame lickt vp his singed hayre, and yet he did not winke: But open kept his staring eyes. But what is this? my thinke Alcmena cometh ponder as a woefull wight forlorne, With sighes and sobes, and all her hayre bestroutced rent, and tozne. And beares the remnaunt in her Lap, of Hercules the great.

Alcmena. Philoctetes.



Earne Lordings, learne to feare and dread  
th' unwellby fatall force  
This little dust is all that's left  
of Hercules hugy coarle.  
That boysteous Giaunt is consumed  
vnto these ashes small  
O Titan what a mighty masse  
is come to nought at all.

Aye me an aged womans lappe all Hercules doth shrowde,  
Her lap doth serue him for a graue, and yet the champion prowde,  
With all his lumpe fills not the roome. Aye mee a burthen small  
I feele of him to whom whole heauen no burthen was at all.  
O Hercules, deare chylde, O sonne the season whilom was,  
That thou to Tartar pits, and sluggish dens aloofe didst passe  
For to repasse: from deepe of hell when wilt thou come agayne?  
Not to purloine the spoyles thereof, or bying from captiue chayne  
To life thy friendly Theseus. But when wilt thou returne  
Alone: can flaming Phlegethon thy ghost in torments burne:  
Or can the mastiue Dogge of hell keepe downe thy woefull spyte?  
Where then might I come see thy soule and leaue this loathed light?  
When shall I rap at Tartar gate? what Iawes shall mee deuower?  
What death shall dawnt mee: goest thou to hell, and hast no power  
To come

To come agayne: alas why do I waite, the day in teares and playnte  
 O wretched life why dost thou last thou shouldst droupe and faynt,  
 And loath this dreary daye: how: can I beare to Ioue agayne  
 Another noble Hercules, what sonne may I obtayne  
 So valiant to call mee thus (Alcmena mother myne)  
 O happy spouse Amphitrio twyse happy hast thou bene  
 In entering at the dennes of death, and through thy noble sonne  
 The Deuis at thy presentes quake to see thee thether come.  
 Though thou but forged father wert to Hercules of late  
 Whether shall old beldam goe whom many kinges do hate:  
 If any prince remayne with bloody breast and murthering mynde  
 Then woe to mee: if groning babes be any left behynd,  
 That sorrow for theyr parentes deathes now, now for Hercules sake  
 Theyr mallice let them wrecke on mee, on mee dyre vengeance take  
 If any young Bustris be, I feare the Persians sore  
 Will come and take me captiue hence in chaynes for euermore.  
 If any tyrant feede his horce with gubbes of straungers flesh  
 Now let his pampered iades vnto my Carkle fall a flesh.  
 Perhaps dame Iuno coueteth on me to wrecke her ire.  
 And on vs of her burning breast wil turne the flaming fire  
 Her wretched hand doth loyter now sith Hercules is slayne.  
 And now to feele her spurning spyte as harlot I remayne.  
 My valiant sonne is cause of this my wombe shall barrayne be,  
 Least I shoul beare another child as hardy as was hee.  
 Oh whether may Alcmena goe? or whether shal she wend?  
 What countrey or what kingdomes may my careful hed defend  
 Where may I couch my wretched coarle, that euery where am knowne?  
 If I vnto my natiue loyle repayre among myne owne,  
 Euristeus is of Argos lord thus woefully forlorne.  
 I wil to Thebes where I was wed, and Hercules was borne:  
 And where with Ioue I did enioy dame Venus deare delight.  
 O blessed woman had I bene and in most happy plight,  
 If Ioue with flash of lightning leams and blasing flakes of fyre  
 Had smolthred me as Semele was cōwst at her desyre.  
 Would God that Hercules whyle he was a babe, had ryped bene  
 Out of my wombe, then wretchedly I should not this haue seene  
 The pangues and tomentes of my sonne, whose prayse doth cōteruaile  
 Euen Ioue: then had I learnd that death at length might him assaile,  
 And take him from my sight: O child, who wil remember thee?  
 For now vnthankfulness is great in men of each degree:

If f.

That

## Hercules Oeteus.

(That for thy sake I do not know where entertaynd to bee)  
 The curtesie of the Cleonies. I wil attempt and trye  
 Whom from the Lyon rescwde he and made the monster dye  
 Or shal I too th'Archadians go where thou didst slea the boare  
 Where thy renowne remaineth ryse of great exploytes befoze,  
 The parlous Serpent Hydra heere was slayne there fel he dead,  
 That with the flesh of slaughtred men his greedy horyses fedde  
 And ponder were the Stimphall burdes compelde to leaue the skye  
 And tamed by the handy toyle, now doth the Lyon drie,  
 And belkerth stifling fumes in heauens whyle thou liest in thy graue.  
 O if mankynd but any sparke of thankfull nature haue  
 Let all men pzeace to succour mee Alcmena thy mother deare.  
 What it among the Thracians I venter to appeare,  
 Or on the bankes of Heber floud? thy prowesse euery where  
 Hath succoured all these soyles: for earst in Thrace thou did put downe  
 The fleshy maungers of the King and put him from his crowne,  
 By slaughter of the saluage prince the people liue in peace,  
 Where diddest thou denye thy helpe to make toymoyling cease?  
 Unhappy mother that I am a thyne where may I haue  
 To shrowde thy coarke: for all the world may striue aboute thy graue  
 What temple may he meete to thyne thy reliques safe for aye,  
 And hallowed bones? what nationa vnto thy ghost shal pray?  
 O noble sonne what sepulchere what hearle may serue for thee?  
 The world it selfe through flying flame thy fatal tombe shalbe:  
 Who taketh here this payle from me his ashes which I heare:  
 Why loath I them? imbrace his bones keepe stil his ashes here,  
 And they shal be a shield to thee his dust shal thee defend,  
 To see his shadow, princes prowde for feare shal stoupe and bend  
 Ph. O mother of noble Hercules forbear your dreary playnt:  
 His valiant death thus should not be with femal teares attaynt.  
 We should not languish thus for him, nor count him wretched man  
 In dying, who by noble mynd preuent his destiny can.  
 His cheualry forbydderth vs with teares him to bewayle:  
 The stately stomacke doth not stoupe: they sigh whose hartes do fayle.  
 Alc. (He mone no more: behold, behold, most wretched mother I)  
 Haue lost the shield of land and seas, where glittring Phoebe displays  
 With whirling wheeles in foamy gulphes, and red and purple rayes  
 The losse of many sonnes I may lament in him alone.  
 Through him I lifted Kings to crowns, when crown my selfe had none  
 And neuer any mother liude, that neded lesse to craue.

Df

Of Gods, then I. I asked naught while I my sonne might haue.  
 What could not Hercules tender loue like on me to bestow?  
 What God would once denye to graunt, or what he held me foe,  
 Was in my powre to alke and haue. If Ioue would ought denye,  
 My Hercules did bring to passe I had it by and by.  
 What mortall mother euer bare and lost, so deare a sonne?  
 Carst downe the cheekes of Niobe the trilling teares did runne.  
 When of her deare and tender brattes she wholly was bereuen,  
 And did bewayle with strayned sighes her children seuen and seuen  
 And yet might I compare this one (my Hercules) vnto those  
 And I in him as much as shee in all her impes did lose.  
 The mothers that are mourning dames do lacke on hed and cheefe,  
 And now Alcmenes halbe shee depriude of all reliefe.  
 Cease woeful mothers cease, if that among you any are  
 Constrayne to shed your streaming teares by force of penſiue care:  
 Ye Lady whom lamenting long of women tourmed rockes,  
 Geue place vnto my gluttyng greefe, beat on with burning knockes  
 Ye handes vppon my riuelled breast, alas am I alone  
 Enough for such a funerall to languish and to mone,  
 Whom al the world shall shortly neede: yet stretch thy feeble armes  
 To thumpe vppon thy sounding breast thy griefe with doleful larmes  
 And in despyte of al the gods powre out thy woeful crye  
 And to receiue thy flowing teares thy watry cheekes applye.  
 Bewayle Alcmene's woeful state: the sonne of Ioue bewayle,  
 Whose byrth did cause the dusky day in kindly course to fayle.  
 The East compact two nightes in one: Lo, lo, a greater thing  
 Then glorious day the world hath lost now let your sorowes ring,  
 See people al whole lowyng lordes he draw to denness of death  
 Theyr blades (that reekt with guiltles gore) he put into the sheath.  
 Bestow on him your Christall teares, which he deserued well:  
 Howle out ye heauens, ye marble seas, and goulphes with gronings yell.  
 O Crete Deare darling vnto Ioue for loue of Hercules roze,  
 Ye hundred ctyes beate your armes: my sonne for euernmore  
 Is gone among the grieelly ghostes, and shimmering shades of hell  
 Lament for him ye woeful wightes, that here on earth do dwell,

F f 2

Her



# Hercules Oeteus.

Hercules. Alcmena.



By Mother wayle you mee as tost  
in torments hoat of hell?  
Or plunged in pangas of death, (tho I  
among the Spheares doe dwell?  
Forbeare, forbeare, to moane for mee  
for vertue opened hath  
To mee the passage to the Starres:  
and set mee in the path,  
That guides to euerlasting Lyfe,  
whence coms this dreadfull sounde?

Alc. Whence roares this thundring voyce, y<sup>e</sup> doth against mine eares reboūd,  
And biddeth mee to stint my teares? I know it now I know,  
The darksome dungeons daunted are, and Denness of Lakes alow.  
O Sonne art thou retourn'd to me from Stygian gulph agayne?  
And can thou twise of ougly death the conquest thus obtrayne?  
And hast the balefull prisons twise, of glum and gaskly night.  
Against th' infernall fyres foorde preuayling thus by night?  
May any scape from Acheron? Or dost thou scape alone?  
Hath hell no power to holde thy spite, when breath from breast is gone?  
Or els hath Pluto baalde thee out, for feare least thou alone  
Should clayne his Scepter from his hand, & pluck him from his trone?  
For I am sure I sawe thee layde vpon the burning trees:  
And from thy Corps the flame and sparkes agaynst the welkin flies:  
That sure thou wast to poulder burnt, and feeble lyfe was lost:  
But sure the deepes and pits of hell did not lock vp thy ghost.  
Why were the deuills afrayde of thee? why quaked Ditis grim?  
And did thy noble ghost seeme such a gaskly bug to him?  
HE. The dampy dikes of Cocitas coulde not keepe me from light.  
Nor Carons fusty musty Barge transported hath my spite.  
Now Mother mourne no moze: once haue I seene the Hags of hell,  
And all the stearne and steaming fiendes in dungeons deepe that dwell.  
That mortall mould I tooke of you to nought the flames haue fryed:  
Heauen hath the substance that I tooke of Loue: in fier yours died.  
And therefore pause your playntiue teares which parents ble to shed,  
When wretchedly they wayle their sonnes, that dastardly are dead  
Thus bul-

Thus vulgar varlets weepe: loe vertue hopes the Starres to get:  
 But faynting feare stil dreames on death, from heauen where I am set,  
 You heare my voyce: Euristeus now shal hyde the deadly puth  
 With charyot sway his cracked scull ye shal on lunder cruh  
 Now must I hence aduance my Ghost vp to the rolling skyes  
 Once more I daunt the deuilles, and do the goblins grim aggrife  
 Alc. But stay awhile my sonne: he fades and thynketh from my sight  
 Aduantst he is among the starres: dorch this my charmed Spirite  
 Dore in a traunce: or do I dreame that I haue seene my sonne  
 A troubled mynd can scante beleue the thinges he seeth done.  
 But now I see thou art a God posselling heauen for aye.  
 I see it sure. I wil to Thebes thy triumphes to display.

Chorus.



O vertue scapes the gastly shades of hell,  
 Ye noble peeres that shyne in vertue bright  
 Dire desteny cannot constrayne you dwell  
 Among the glowming glades of ougly might,

Nor sinke your fame in loathsome lakes of spyte.  
 But when deaths day draws on the gasping howre,  
 You purchast glory shall direct your right  
 To fynd the passage to the heauenly bower.

When flesh doth fall, and breathing body dieys

Then (Fame the child of Vertue) doth arise.

But sluggish fottes that sleepe their dayes in sloth,  
 Or geue their golden age to loath some lust.  
 Them and their names the wretches bury both,  
 When as their bones shall shryned be in dust:

The clay shall couer their carkases forlorne,

As though such kaytiffes neuer had bene borne.

But if that ought of memory they haue,

F f. 3.

In

## Hercules Oeteus.

In thafter age it ſhalbe filthy ſhame.  
The gnawing wormes torment not ſo in graue  
Their rotten fleſh, as toungeſ do teare their name,  
That dayly kild to further miſchiefe liues.  
Lo both the fruites, that vice and virtue giues.

## FINIS.

*Ouid.*

*Omne genus ſcripti grauitate Tragædia vincit.*

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Seneca, Lucius Annaeus  
The tenne tragedies

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